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THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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The Guide Post

THE recently revealed correspondence of the former German Emperor with his Chancellor, Prince Bülow, and with the Dowager Empress of Russia, which appears in this month's LIVING AGE, is one more example of the magazine's earnest effort to be of value to those cultivated Americans who seek to keep themselves abreast of the age in which they live.

Occasional excerpts from this correspondence have, of course, been published here and there in the daily Press, apparently without investigation of their genuineness. THE LIVING AGE, however, approached the Kaiser's letters in a different spirit. The editors, scanning the Press of the world from day to day, 'spotted' the letters the moment the first of them appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and each succeeding document, as it appeared, was studied and preserved. But so much dubiously historical material has been appearing of late that the editors preferred to be cautious. Were the documents authentic? Or were they forgeries by some clever imitator of the Kaiser's epistolary style, with reasons of his own for discrediting the former ruler? THE LIVING AGE had no desire to add to the number of recent literary hoaxes, or to abet any one of them, and it therefore took precautions to make sure that what it offered its readers was genuine. The letters were first submitted to two distinguished American historians. Each believed them to be genuine. European press comment confirmed this opinion. But to be doubly sure, copies of the two most important letters were sent directly to Haus Doorn itself. This resulted in a letter from Freiherr von Sell, of the Administration of the former Royal House of Prussia (*Generalverwaltung des vormaligen regierenden Preussischen Königshauses*), writing from Berlin, admitting the authenticity of the documents.

We dwell upon the manner in which these unique historical documents were secured and their genuineness verified, because it continues THE LIVING AGE's traditional policy of 'bringing to America' all newly discovered material which sheds an important light on the history of our time. Our older readers will remember that we were the first American journal to print the Dariac Report on the French occupation of the Rhineland, the *Humanité* revelations of Tsarist payments to the French Press, and the Castex article from the *Revue Maritime* which had just caused an explosion at the Washington Conference in 1922. Marshal Foch's

(*Continued on page 77*)

World Records

—As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

—Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ NOBEL PRIZES. With the recent award of Nobel chemistry prizes to Professors Adolf Windaus and Heinrich Wieland, the small university town of Göttingen, Germany, can boast of three Nobel prize winners. The third member of the group is Professor Richard Zsigmondy, who won the chemistry prize last year. It is asserted that no other town so small in population can justify a similar claim.

¶ PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS. The last U. S. Presidential Campaign was the most expensive in the history of the world. According to David Lawrence, editor of the *United States Daily*, published in Washington, it cost the people of the United States, including the expense to the two major parties, about $18,000,000 to elect Herbert Hoover President. Is the game worth such a candle? It is too soon to answer this question.

¶ BEAUTY CONTESTS. A beauty contest, the first to include every section of Brazil, will soon be held to select a suitable representative from that progressive republic to the international beauty contest to be held at Galveston, Texas, U. S. A., during the year 1929. *Noite*, the enterprising afternoon daily of Rio, is conducting the contest, and will, it is said, pay all the expenses of the competitors, and in addition award to the winner a prize of $10,000. 'Miss Brazil' should be a very efficient 'good will ambassador' to the U. S. A., if she is only half as comely as some of the Brazilian maidens whose descriptions we have heretofore had from gallant and admiring tourist friends.

¶ DRUNKENNESS. For the adoption of a novel test for drunkenness, a Pretoria, Transvaal, magistrate is entitled to honorable mention in this department. A constable brought in, on a charge of intoxication, a man declared to have been staggering in the street. The defendant denied the charge, and offered to support his case by standing on one foot. This feat was perfectly performed, whereupon the magistrate discharged the accused.

¶ PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT. The French liner, *Rochambeau*, a vessel of but 16,600 tons, had the distinction, when she last docked in New York, of having assigned to her more customs inspectors than have ever before been on a single ship at one time. One hundred men were ordered to the French Line pier by Deputy Surveyor William S. Conrow, of the Port of New York, to see that no alcoholic beverages were taken from the hold of the ship for distribution throughout New York City. It is asserted that not one bottle of intoxicating content was discovered outside of the ship's stores, which were securely locked and sealed.

(*Continued on page 80*)

World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

ARGENTINA

BUENOS AIRES. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural Show.

AUSTRIA

ADELSBERG. *May* 20th, Peasants' Ball and illumination of the Adelsberg Caverns.
HALLSTATT (TRAUN LAKES). *May* 30th, Corpus Christi Carnival.
LINZ. *March* 25th through 31st, music festival and art exhibit; *April* 7th, popular fête, fair, and art exhibition.
SEEFELD (TYROL). *March* 3rd, bobsleigh race finals.
ST. ANTON (TYROL). *March* 13th, international ski races; *May* 4th and 5th, ski jumping contest.
VIENNA. *March* 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, performances at Spanish Riding School (only one in the world); 10th through 17th, Spring Fair; 29th, 'Holy Sepulchre' in all churches; *April* 1st, celebration in the Prater Gardens; 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, performances at Spanish Riding School; *May* 1st, holiday celebrated in the Augarten; 5th, Spanish Riding School performance; 8th through 13th, Congress of German Psychologists; 30th, Corpus Christi festival.

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *April* 8th, King's birthday.
BRUGES. *April* 18th through *May* 11th, annual fair; *May* 2nd, festival; 6th, Procession of the Precious Blood; 6th through 8th, Rogation Days processions.
BRUSSELS. *April* 8th through 22nd, Official International Commercial Fair; 10th through 24th, Annual Commercial Fair.
CLUYSEN-TERDONCK. *May* 9th, International Regatta.
GHENT. *March* 11th, Horse Fair; 18th, Easter Cattle Fair; *May* 12th, Horse Fair.
HAL. *May* 21st, Whit Tuesday Pilgrimages.
LIÈGE. *March* 23rd through *April* 7th, International Radio Show; *May* 19th through *June* 19th, Art Exhibition, Palace of Fine Arts.
LOUVAIN. *May* 5th, Church Pilgrimages.
MONS. *May* 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, Carillon concerts; 26th, Procession of the Lumeçon.
NIVELLES. *May* 20th, Whit Monday processions.
ROCHEFORT. *March* 31st, Grottoes of Han are open.
WALCOURT. *May* 26th, Trinity Sunday Pilgrimage.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 7th, Masaryk Day; 28th, Komensky Day; *April* 30th, Carnival of the Burning of the Witches.
KARLOVY VARY. *May* 1st through *September* 31th, Sample Show.

(*Continued on page 63*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

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The World Over

THE WORLD WELCOMES HOOVER

NO ELECTION of an American president was ever acclaimed by the world at large with such enthusiasm as was that of Mr. Hoover; and it is a safe prediction that no American president will ever have been so felicitated by the foreign Press upon his induction to office as will be Mr. Hoover.

There are two explanations, perhaps more. First, Mr. Hoover is better known, personally, in Britain and upon the continent of Europe, than any other President of the United States has ever been, whether before or after election. Prior to the World War he lived for years in England. During the War he sojourned protractedly in Belgium, and after the Armistice he visited other European countries, devoting himself to War relief work and to post-War philanthropy and reconstruction. Many present-day statesmen of other nations not only are personally acquainted with Mr. Hoover, but also know that he is sympathetic with, and understands, certain of their problems and needs. As an article in *El Universal*, of Mexico City, expresses it, echoing European sentiment, 'Mr. Hoover will give a new turn to the international relations of the United States by considering the human, living side of them.'

Then there is a second explanation, more far-reaching than the first. There was never a time when the rest of the world considered American good will as important as it now does. Courteous gestures toward, and verbal flourishes for the head of the new American administration, riding into power upon the crest of a veritable tidal wave of popular votes, would be but the natural, the expected, the inevitable.

In addition, there is in certain foreign chancelleries an abiding faith that the Hoover Administration will soon set about a solution of what European nations consider the major international problems of the day; that the new President will lead America to take a more definite share in world affairs, will assist in a solution of the problem of reparations and their relation to international debts, and will take practical steps toward making disarmament a reality. 'In his policy toward Europe,' writes Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe in the London *Contemporary Review*, 'Mr. Hoover will be governed by a resolve to aid in the speediest clearing away of all that remains of the wreckage of war.' This is a happy prediction. May it be realized in the fact.

British press comment is quite generally in accord with Mr. Ratcliffe's view, and especial confidence is expressed that under the Hoover Administration the Anglo-American estrangement over naval armaments and trade rivalries will speedily disappear. The *Spectator* describes Mr. Hoover as 'a

Rollin Kirby in the World, New York

HOOVER TO COOLIDGE

'AFTER ALL, THE WORLD IS A SMALL PLACE.'

A FAMOUS AMERICAN CARTOONIST expresses better than can be done in words one important reason why Herbert Hoover has been acclaimed at home and abroad on the eve of his coming into office.

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Travaso delle Idee, Rome

YUGOSLAVIA'S CONSTITUTION GOES TO PIECES

GENERAL ZIVKOVIĆ (the new Prime Minister) to Father Korošeć (his predecessor): 'A touch of iron, my friend, is good for the Constitution!'

convinced friend of English-speaking co-operation,' and the *Manchester Guardian* comments on his 'warm interest in the maintenance of cordial and intimate relations between the English-speaking peoples.' While the *New Statesman*, London Labor weekly, declares that 'his very considerable experience of Europe has not taught him to love it, and least of all to love Great Britain,' it is, after all, not so much brotherly love, but fairness and freedom from ignorance, narrowness, and prejudice — a sort of 'international-mindedness' — that is most needed in the world to-day.

The Honorable Charles Evans Hughes, be it ever remembered, declared that he preferred Mr. Hoover for the presidency largely because Mr. Hoover was 'internationally minded.' Mr. Hughes's personal opinion upon this point corresponded with world opinion. That is now made manifest.

And then a final word. The retiring President of the United States has never been popular or even picturesque as a world figure. Internationally, President Coolidge has not loomed large. He has seemed reticent and dour; lacking in imagination and initiative; devoid of dash and capacity for leadership. At what was described by foreign critics as his militaristic outburst in his Armistice Day speech, with the treaty for the renunciation of war about to be brought before the United States Senate, the rest of the world stood aghast; and it has not yet recovered from the shock. Mr. Hoover, it is true, has declared with solemn emphasis that 'in an armed world there is only one guaranty of freedom, and that is preparedness for defense.' But knowing Hoover the man, the governments across the sea do not regard this statement as a challenge to competition in armaments. They believe, and we think rightly, that, as President, Mr. Hoover will prove himself to be earnestly devoted to the ideals of peace; for he, of all men, may be counted upon to understand the wicked waste of war.

ANOTHER DICTATOR

THE sudden assumption of dictatorial powers by King Alexander of Yugoslavia adds a sixth to the number of European states which have had to make scraps of paper of their constitutions and submit to the rule of one man. But in Yugoslavia, as in Spain, Poland, and Italy, dictatorship seemed the only alternative to complete anarchy.

The troubles of the new state began almost with its inception. In territory and in population, Yugoslavia represents that Greater Serbia which has been the dream of Southern Slavs since the Serbian standards went down in defeat before the Turks on the fatal Field of the Blackbirds in 1389. The establishment of the pre-War state of Serbia in 1878 was only a step toward the realization of this dream. There is good reason for supposing that the assassins of Serajevo (who did their deadly work on June 28th, 1914) were quite willing to bring on a world war if thereby they might serve the cause of a Great Serbia.

At the close of the World War the Serbians — who had been driven entirely out of their country — were recompensed for their sufferings by the longed-for union with their compatriots, who had hitherto been the restive subjects of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Friction developed from the first.

Its causes were readily apparent. The Croats and the Slovenes, who now threw in their lot with the Serbs, were by race and language closely allied with their new fellow subjects. But their religion, culture, and modes of thought were widely disparate. The Serbs are Greek Catholics, while the Croats and Slovenes are for the most part Roman Catholics. The Serbs use a modification of the Russian alphabet, while the Croats and Slovenes, though speaking dialects which are practically the same as Serbian, use the familiar Roman alphabet, modified only by a few diacritical marks. Moreover, the Serbs as a race are a group of sturdy and somewhat untutored peasants, while the Croats and Slovenes — having been long in touch with the culture of Vienna, their erstwhile capital — are somewhat more sophisticated peoples.

All might have still been well, had the Serbs been wise enough to set up a federal government under which Croatia and Slovenia might have enjoyed a degree of autonomy roughly similar to that of the forty-eight states of the United States. Unfortunately they chose instead to set up a highly centralized state under the Serbian royal family, and with the Serbs in the saddle. The Croats, under their leader, Stepan Radić, offered a fierce resistance. The Slovenes were somewhat less determined, and the Montenegrins seemed on the whole inclined to acquiesce in Serbian dominance. Last June,

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after their leader, Stepan Radic, had been shot down in the *Skupština*, or Parliament, by an assassin who as yet has not been brought to trial, the Croatian deputies withdrew entirely and refused to take any part in the government. Efforts to coerce them from the capital met with complete failure. Even a coalition cabinet under the Slovene politician, Father Anton Korošeć, failed to bring about any agreement, and the government had nearly reached a deadlock when King Alexander suddenly issued a decree abrogating the constitution and announcing that he would take over supreme power and rule without parliament. Under this decree the king has authority over every department of government. He makes laws, appoints officials, commands the army, pardons criminals, fixes his own personal income, and is independent of governmental check or restraint on any of his acts.

King Alexander's decisive act has probably prevented the worst dangers of a serious situation which was gradually developing in such a way as to threaten the peace of the Balkans and thereby the peace of the world as a whole. Communist propagandists are perpetually active in the Balkans and have undoubtedly been encouraging the separatist tendencies in Yugoslavia. Had the Croatian discontent grown just a little more bitter, an attempt would probably have been made to set up an independent Croatia. The Yugoslav Government would have endeavored to hold the country together by force of arms, and, in the resulting civil war, it is probable that Hungary and Italy, both of which covet portions of Yugoslav territory, would have intrigued for what they wanted or even seized it by force.

It is too early to say what the results of the royal seizure of power will be. If King Alexander allows himself to fall under the influence of the extreme Serbian nationalists, he may only carry their policy, the danger of which has already been demonstrated, one step further. On the other hand, he may be able to shake himself free of their influence and use his dictatorial powers to set up a true federal state with a large degree of autonomy for Slovenia and Croatia. This might in turn be a stepping stone to that larger Balkan federation — including Bulgaria — which has often been suggested as an ultimate solution of the whole Balkan problem.

Morganizing the German Reparations

THE 'Second Dawes Plan Committee,' to adopt the name given it by one of its distinguished American members, has as its prime purpose the completion, rather than the revision, of the reparations settlement reached by the original body of experts in 1924. It began work early in February, with the strongest possible American support, upon this crucial post-War problem of European reconstruction. None other than the head of the House of Morgan — which bore the brunt of the inter-Allied financing in the years prior to the entrance of the United States into the War — has turned his attention to the economic fate of Germany, to reparations, and to the Dawes Plan itself. Collaborating with J. P. Morgan is Owen D. Young, a veteran of the original Dawes Committee. Supporting these two leaders as deputy members are Thomas W. Lamont, a partner of Mr. Morgan, and Thomas Nelson Perkins, a Boston legal expert.

Even if the work of the new body of experts is to comprise no more than a consideration of Germany's capacity to meet the much debated 'normal-year' payments under the Dawes Plan, and the determination of the duration of this arrangement, it promises to run through March and well into April. It is felt in London that the results must affect deeply the whole future course of international finance and trade. And, though the United States Government has refused steadfastly to recognize the degree of intimacy between debts and reparations claimed by other nations, Americans cannot help feeling that the question of Allied debts is not far in the background.

Across the Yellow Sea

JAPAN, alone of all the Foreign Powers, has opposed to the last moment the inevitable enforcement of the new Chinese Nationalist tariff, scheduled to go into effect February first. Japan, alone, has continued to pursue a Chinese policy carried out through intervention and intrigue. Japan, the residuary legatee of a quarter of a century of *Realpolitik* in East Asia, stands firm on her paramount Manchurian interests. Indeed, Premier Baron Tanaka has just told the Japanese Diet that Japan will maintain her special rights, and is 'fully determined to take appropriate steps should a state of affairs arise in Manchuria which would disturb local tranquillity and thus put her vital interests in jeopardy.'

To-day, such a 'state of affairs' indubitably threatens Manchuria. This Alsace-Lorraine of the Orient, dominated economically by Japan since the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05, though recognized as an integral part of the Republic of China at the Washington Conference, has been playing an uncertain rôle since the assassination of the northern war lord, Chang Tso-lin, last fall. Those who are backing his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, the 'Young General,' who has held nominal control of Manchuria since his father's death, and whose career is described elsewhere in this issue, have split on the question of whether they should support the victorious Nationalists or the Japanese imperialists. Nanking has done everything possible to consolidate the none-too-secure reunification of the 'Twenty-One Provinces' comprising China proper, which was accomplished, in appearance at least, when Manchuria hoisted the Nationalist banner in the face of warnings from across the Yellow Sea. Tokio, fighting this prospect of effective Nationalist supremacy from Siberia to Indo-China, has made a desperate effort to secure the remaining strategic railway concessions needed to clinch the results of her twenty-five-year struggle for domination in Northeast Asia.

This move on the part of the Japanese is thought to have a close connection with the summary execution of General Yang Yu-ting in his Mukden palace early in the year on the direct orders of young Marshal Chang. Not only had Yang opposed Manchuria's swing to the Nationalists, but latterly, this 'strong man' had also been credited with switching to the Japanese in the all-important railroad deals which were embarrassing Chang. Moreover, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the 'Christian General,' supposedly the ally of the Nationalists in North China, had been linked with Yang in a pro-Japanese movement directed against the stability of the Nationalist régime.

With the struggle between Japan and Nationalist China thus complicated by the rivalry of Chinese leaders among themselves, it is not likely that any rapid clearing of Far Eastern political horizons will take place.

Germany's Naval Prodigy

REVELATION by the London *Review of Reviews* of a secret memorandum by the German Minister of Defense, General Gröner, outlining Germany's reasons for building her new 10,000-ton war-ship, is fairly certain to have far-reaching effect in future international relations. It can hardly fail to be used by chauvinists in France, Poland, and Great Britain in order to justify their own military and naval projects. For it will be held to justify the view that an unrepentant Germany retains all her pre-War faith in the value of

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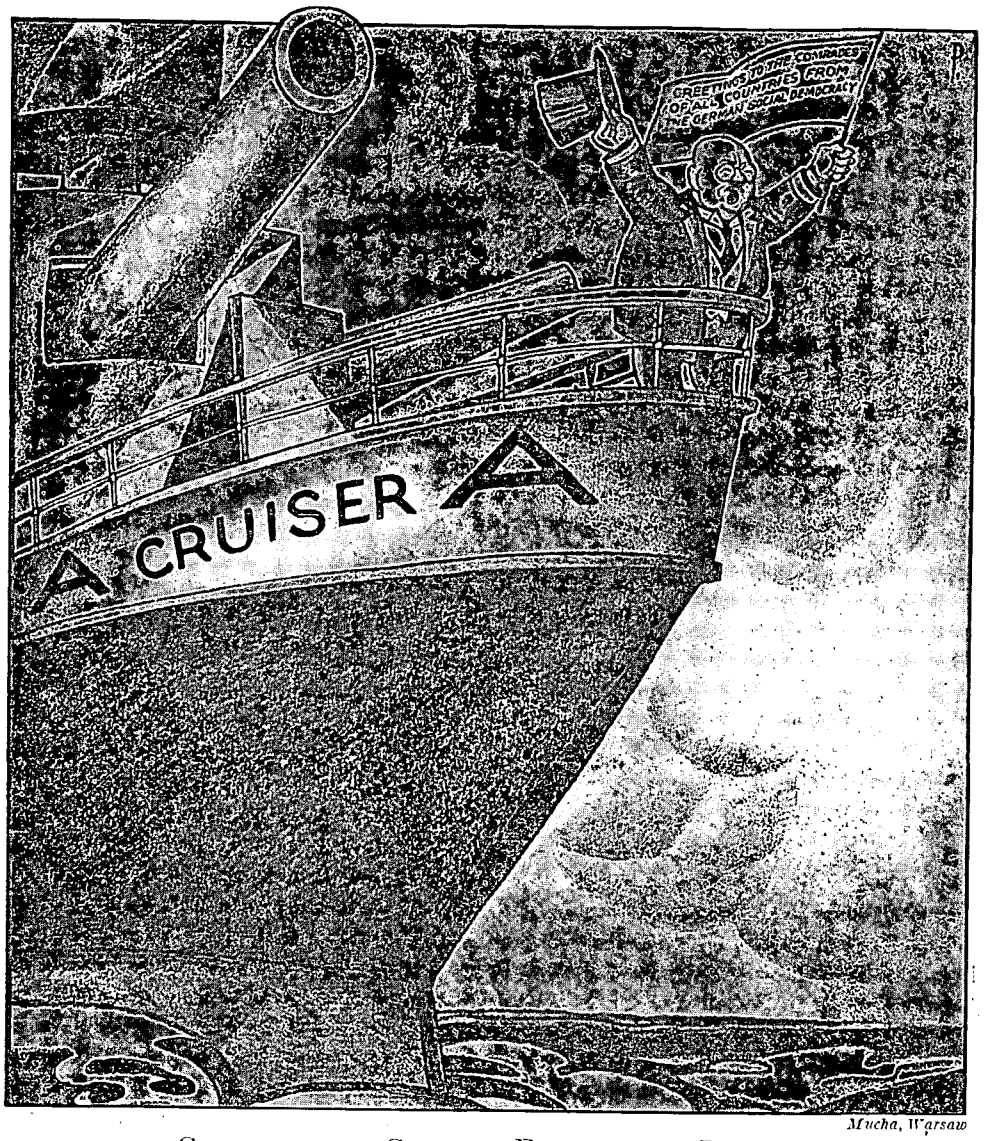

Mucha, Warsaw

GREETINGS FROM GERMANY, ESPECIALLY TO POLAND

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT'S Social-Democratic platform seems to the Poles inconsistent with Germany's policy of military preparedness — within the limits set by the Treaty of Versailles.

armaments, and that her neighbors must be prepared accordingly.

If this seems like taking a single small war-ship with undue seriousness, it must be remembered, first, that it is the official German state of mind revealed by the memorandum, rather than the building of the ship, which alarms Europe; and secondly, that the new war-ship, small though it is, is an exceedingly ingenious piece of naval architecture, which may have an effect on other navies roughly similar to that of the *Dreadnought*, twenty years ago.

There can be no doubt as to the first point. Since he believed himself to be writing for the eyes of a few important German officials only, General Gröner was entirely frank as to Germany's policy. After outlining the friction known to exist among various European states, the Minister of Defense declares that 'the fighting out of these antagonisms is only a question of time, and Germany, a people of 60,000,000 in the heart of Europe, runs the gravest danger of being drawn into the struggle. If we do not intend that our neutrality shall be violated, we must defend our neutrality in arms.'

General Gröner regards Poland as the principal enemy at present. He believes that even the single ship now being built will enable the Germans to exert pressure on the Poles, who have only a few miles of seacoast. France, he thinks, will be unable to spare ships from her Mediterranean fleet to aid her Polish allies in any future naval combats in the Baltic.

Many will doubt whether Germany has chosen wisely in thus deciding to equip herself even with such naval armaments as the Treaty of Versailles allows. The new war-ship may be a naval prodigy, but the ideas which it introduces will soon be copied by other Powers.

Events since the War have shown that Germany's real strength lies in the concentration of her national energy upon the arts of peace. Young men in other Continental countries lose a year or more of their lives in military service, while the whole manpower of Germany can be concentrated on production. The result is seen in the speed of Germany's economic recovery. The more she reduces her armaments, the greater will be her moral prestige, and the greater pressure she can bring to bear on other powers to carry out the unfulfilled clauses in the Treaty of Versailles, which provide for general disarmament.

THE VATICAN STATE

AS all know, from early Christian times until 1870 the Pope was a temporal as well as a spiritual sovereign. Although the Papal Domains have differed in extent and importance through the centuries, the City of Rome and its environs always acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of the successor to the See of Peter. This was taken so much as a matter of course by the nations of the world that papal diplomatic and consular representatives regularly formed a part of the diplomatic corps of all countries, even including the United States.

Then came the great movement for national unity in Italy. Under Garibaldi and Cavour the dominion of the present Italian royal family came to include all of the peninsula of Italy, except the Papal States. These the nationalists dared not seize, for the Catholic powers, especially France, threatened intervention in case the new united Italy took action against the Pope. But in 1870 France was overwhelmed by Germany, and nationalist Italy saw her opportunity. Rome was attacked and easily overcome. The Pope (Pius IX) retired to the Vatican.

Pius IX declared himself a 'prisoner in the Vatican.' He considered the new government a usurper. The government, having taken a plebiscite which showed that it had the confidence of the people, passed the Law of Guarantees (1871), ceding to the Pope the use of the Vatican and its surrounding buildings, setting aside moneys for their upkeep, and guaranteeing the Pope security for his person. This was unacceptable to the Holy See.

It has long been known that Premier Mussolini was ambitious to be the one who should solve the 'Roman Question.' He has likewise pledged himself not to give the Pope sovereignty over an inch of Italian territory. For the past year or more, he has apparently been trying to find a formula whereby he could reconcile the achievement of his ambition with his pledge.

It is now known that an agreement

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has been reached and ratified by the high contracting parties. The terms of this concord have not at this writing been announced in detail. They are rumored to involve a money payment to the Vatican in return for the property 'ravaged' in 1870, and a bilateral treaty which acknowledges the existence of a small independent state, including the Vatican grounds, which the Pope would be allowed to administer as he might see fit. This would avoid an official proclamation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and thus ease Premier Mussolini's conscience concerning his pledge. And it would confer upon the Pope *de facto* sovereignty over a small state, thus giving him the freedom of personal and international action which he deems essential to his status.

For Americans, this settlement raises important questions. Before 1870, the United States had regular governmental representatives at the court of the Holy See. Special accredited envoys from the Vatican to Washington have often been received by American presidents, even so recently as during the Taft administration.

Will the United States send an official representative to the Vatican if the proposed arrangements reach a successful culmination? If the recent presidential election and its attendant religious complications bear any relation to the temper of American feeling, it is obvious that there may be opposition to any such proposal. It is also obvious that American Catholics will be very desirous of it. A controversy upon this point might have the unfortunate result of establishing the 'religious issue' permanently in American politics, a possibility which no patriotic American can view with equanimity.

For the world in general, the settlement can have only good results. A thorn will have been removed from the side of the Italian Government; the vexed problem of church and state in Italy will have reached an amicable and, it is to be hoped, a permanent settlement. Outside Italy, most Catholics will be pleased, and the special representatives of the governments now represented at the Vatican will achieve, nominally and formally, the position they have long held in fact. Nor should the Pope's revived power to mediate between belligerent states be counted for nothing, as an added security against war.

Unrest in the Moslem East

IN an area about as large as the United States, stretching some 4,000 miles from Egypt on the west to India on the east, and 1,500 miles north and south from the tip of Arabia to the Black Sea, dwell more than a hundred million followers of Mohammed. This is the Moslem East, the mother of trouble, the despair of those to whose interest it is to keep the world at peace. The eight countries which it roughly includes are racked with revolt, and those who are responsible for the almost weekly uprisings are actuated by such varied and apparently conflicting motives that the man who tries to follow newspaper reports is left with little more than a confused impression of troubled peoples in turmoil.

In Afghanistan, King Amanullah is cast from his throne by a people protesting against his too rapid modernization of the country. He is succeeded by his brother, who rules for three days and then is succeeded, in his turn, by a bandit chieftain. This ruler's power is shortly shaken, when it is learned that he is of Persian rather than Afghan origin. Britain and Russia meanwhile watch each other jealously from their positions on opposite frontiers of the country; news reports vary and contradict one another according to whether they are telegraphed from London or Moscow.

In the Hejaz, Ibn Saud, long believed the strongest of the Arab rulers, is suddenly threatened with the loss of his power. His unruly Wahabite subjects resent his dictatorial attempts to restrain them from attacking their fellow Arabs in the neighboring British mandate of Iraq. There is also resentment among his people because he, too, has attempted to modernize his country, and has succeeded in placing on its desert roads more than a thousand automobiles where none were to be seen five years ago. But the next day he is reported to be back in control again, so strongly supported that he can afford to leave Mecca, his capital, and march with 10,000 men against his rebellious subjects in Hasa. He then threatens to break into British-protected territory on the coast of the Persian Gulf and even into the British mandate of Iraq itself; while nearby a wandering band of his Wahabite warriors shoot and kill an American missionary traveling by automobile along the Basra-Koweit road.

The hinted explanation of this murder leads the observer to another restless Moslem country, farther to the South — the Imamate of Yemen. In the same automobile with the murdered missionary had been a second American, a former ambassador to China, Charles R. Crane. He is known to be a close friend of the Imam of Yemen, who, with Italian support, still holds out stubbornly against the advancing power of Ibn Saud; and it is possible that the latter's raiders meant to kill Crane but shot his companion by mistake.

In both the Yemen and in Egypt, Russian influence may lead to further trouble. Ten months ago a Soviet trading ship sailed down the Red Sea to the Yemen port of Hodeida, and late this January came the consequence. A treaty of 'commerce and friendship' between Yemen and Soviet Russia was signed — to be greeted in the Soviet Press as a significant forward step in Russia's campaign to encourage the nations of the East to fight against encroaching British 'imperialism.' In Egypt, King Fuad, forced last July to suspend a parliamentary régime which was so anti-British that it made peaceful Anglo-Egyptian relations impossible, has now arrested four alleged agents of Moscow engaged in stirring up fresh anti-British feeling in Cairo.

Similar anti-British sentiment in Iraq, centring around the question of British military control, has caused the fall of that mandated territory's twentieth prime minister, at the same time that the country stands in fear of invasion by Ibn Saud's warriors from the south. In India, the All-Moslem Parties Conference has passed a resolution which, while it does not mention in so many words the thorny problem of Dominion status, demands constitutional reforms to protect Moslem rights, and is likely to complicate still further the Simon Commission's attempt to discover a satisfactory formula by which Indian home rule may ultimately be put into effect. Persia, the seventh of these eight troubled Mohammedan lands, has lately suffered a fresh revolt against the dictatorship of Rheza Khan; and in Turkey, the last and stablest of them all, Mustapha Kemal still finds dictatorship the only practical method of governing the country.

Anti-British feeling, Russian intrigue, the stubborn opposition of Eastern peoples to attempts to force them into Western ways of life, the downfall of prematurely established parliaments and their replacement by dictatorships which soon become galling — all these form a logical enough explanation of the present turmoil in the Moslem countries of the East. By what measures quiet may be restored is a problem which even the most hopeful political logicians find discouraging. British interests are most directly affected, and it is hence the British who are the most anxious for peace. For it is a major tenet of post-War British foreign policy that peace is the prerequisite of trade, and that trade is what the British Empire needs. Other European countries, too, knowing that Eastern markets are vital to the

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economic health of the West, have come to the sharp realization that unrest in Kabul or Teheran may very well result indirectly in higher taxes for the man in the streets of Paris or Brussels or Berlin. If peace is to be brought about, therefore, it is most likely to come through European efforts. For Europe has an economic reason to desire peace; while in the Mohammedan East the Caliphate is dead, Moslem is fighting against Moslem, and the old dream of Pan-Islam, of a united, organized Moslem world, seems no longer even so much as a dream.

THE LEAGUE AND PAN-AMERICANISM

THE clash between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Gran Chaco district has served as more than a mere lesson in political geography. It has brought into the realm of practical politics a decade of speculation upon the relations between the League of Nations and Latin America. We now find ourselves face to face with a diplomatic triangle at the three corners of which are Pan-Americanism, Washington, and Geneva.

The immediate danger of conflict was recognized in Briand's sharp reminder to the belligerents of their obligation, under the Covenant of the League of Nations, to abstain from recourse to force; but war was actually averted only by a fortunate accident — the fact that the Pan-American Arbitration Conference was in session in Washington at the time. The upshot of the battle of *communiqués* between La Paz and Asunción, with its repercussions in Washington and Geneva, has been the simultaneous opening of two avenues of settlement. Both Bolivia and Paraguay have come to favor the Pan-American Commission of Inquiry appointed in Washington with an American as leader. The investigation of the actual border incident, therefore, rests in the hands of a committee composed of representatives of the United States, Colombia, Cuba, Mexico, and Uruguay. Bolivia, on the other hand, has proposed to the League Council that the conflict of territorial claims which underlies the present flare-up be adjudicated by the World Court; and Paraguay, so Geneva reports, is now prepared to discuss the same means of bringing about a judicial settlement.

Coming at a time when the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact has successfully run the gantlet of the United States Senate, these moves are significant in that they reveal a willingness on the part of Latin American nations to play the League against Pan-Americanism. The Senate debate had thousands of listeners below the Rio Grande, and in Europe as well, who were hoping that new light might be shed upon that shibboleth of American diplomacy, the Monroe Doctrine. To them, the Senate's insistence that the report of the Foreign Relations Committee record its 'understanding' of the Pact in traditional American terms conveyed an intimation which could not be misunderstood. Though no 'reservations' as such were used by 1929's 'bitter enders' further to attenuate Mr. Kellogg's highly moral gesture against war, the Senate deftly countered British and French exceptions with the thesis that the Monroe Doctrine is a logical corollary of the unfettered right of self-defense.

Latin American nations, frankly irked by Washington's single-handed exercise of police power in the New World, predicated upon the Monroe Doctrine, have found membership in the League of Nations valuable. For example, Panama, balking at the ratification of the Treaty of Alliance of 1926 which would have bound her to the apron strings of the United States, as far as foreign policy is concerned, in possible conflict with her obligations under the Covenant, seized the opportunity afforded by the 1927 League Assembly to proclaim her sovereign rights. Then Costa Rica, in 1928, regretting her withdrawal, two years previously, from the League, set up an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by the League Council as a condition for renewing her membership. Geneva's Delphic reply, phrased in such a way as to avoid offense to Washington, has found favor in Latin America; and Costa Rica expects to resume her place in the League. Moreover, other Latin American members of the League, frequently in arrears for dues, have been paying up. Peru is the latest to send a check to League headquarters.

It is not to be assumed, however, that the League is without opposition in Latin America. Two of the three A. B. C. powers cannot be counted upon: Argentina, because of the disposition of her present administration; Brazil, because of the wound to her pride inflicted by the League when that body refused to give her a 'semipermanent' seat on the Council in the crisis of 1926 over the admission of Germany. Chile, on the other hand, has played a distinguished rôle in both Assembly and Council. Mexican membership was blocked by the United States in 1919 during the Wilson administration. Ecuador has held aloof from the League apparently out of sympathy for the similar attitude of the United States.

ROYAL MARRIAGES

EVEN where purposes of state are not directly served, royal marriages are rarely 'love matches' in the romantic sense of a union between two young persons independently situated who have all the world from which to choose. For royalty seldom marries entirely out of its class, in spite of a few conspicuous examples to the contrary. As a result, first degree cousinships exist among most of the reigning houses of Europe.

As the marriage of Crown Prince Olav of Norway and Princess Martha of Sweden, which will take place on March 20th, has no immediate political significance, it is no doubt a love marriage, as royal marriages go, in spite of the fact that Princess Martha, who was born March 28th, 1901, is more than two years older than Crown Prince Olav, born July 2nd, 1903. This prospective reunion of the two thrones by such close family ties naturally recalls the events of a quarter of a century ago (1905) when, by a bloodless 'revolution,' the Norwegians, after several generations of friction, seceded from Sweden and set up a government of their own. There was bitterness, of course, and some recriminations between the two nations, softened by an offer of the Norwegian throne to Prince Charles, third son of Oscar II, then ruler of Sweden. This monarch, who survived the division of his kingdom by only two years, rejected the offer of a throne to his son. It is the daughter of this Prince Charles of Sweden, who, by marriage to the Crown Prince of Norway, is destined to become Queen of the nation of which her father, instead of her prospective father-in-law, might have been sovereign. When Prince Charles of Sweden declined the proffered throne, Prince Charles of Denmark was chosen King of the Norwegians. He now reigns under the name of Haakon VII. He was a brother-in-law of Charles of Sweden, who had married a daughter of the King of Denmark. Martha and Olav are therefore first cousins.

In both Norway and Sweden many voices have been raised in favor of a monetary and customs union, and, as recently as last October, the Norwegian magazine, *Samtiden*, printed an article by a well known writer (Karl Johannsen) in which it was earnestly argued that there should be a complete reunion with Sweden. But in neither country is there any considerable body of public sentiment in favor of such a change. While, therefore, the approaching marriage may encourage the more visionary of the 'reunionists,' it is doubted whether anything short of some international emergency, threatening the sovereignty of both nations, would cause a voluntary political merger between them. King Gustaf of Sweden, the uncle of the prospective bride, waiving etiquette, has consented to have the wedding ceremony performed at the bridegroom's capital, Oslo, instead of in the bride's home city, Stockholm. As it is a thousand years since Norway's ancient capital has staged a royal wedding, the good feeling between the two countries will be enhanced by this concession. Only last year, Stockholm was the scene of a similar event in the wedding of Princess Astrid, the younger sister of Princess Martha, to the Crown Prince of Belgium.

RUSSIA'S 'WINDOWS ON THE BALTIC'

RUSSIA has changed in many ways since the days of Peter the Great, but she has never ceased her struggle to gain and maintain free access to the sea. Whether under Tsarist or Bolshevist direction, Russian expansionist activity has always had as its aim the attainment of ice-free harbors — to the west, the south, the east, or the north. In the early years of this century, when the Baltic ports were safely in Russian hands, it was toward southern and eastern Asia that the statesmen of Saint Petersburg turned their eyes, and the groping of the Slav toward the sea made history from the Dardanelles to the Straits of Korea.

The World War, however, not only failed to give Russia Constantinople, but left her faced with a group of new, independent nations where her Baltic ports had been. To-day her rulers in Moscow, postponing until another day their plans for expansion to the south, are bending every effort to open again, through the war-born states of Poland, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, and Esthonia, the old routes which her goods used to travel on their way to the Atlantic. The weakness of these new nations has led them to consider from time to time the wisdom of combining to defend themselves against Soviet action, and they have been inclined to regard any proposal emanating from Moscow with extreme suspicion.

It is natural, therefore, that the newest Soviet gesture of conciliation — the proposal of a triangular anti-war pledge between Russia, Poland, and Lithuania — has been treated in Warsaw with great caution. So hesitant, indeed, were the Poles that the official Soviet Press called upon the world to contrast the deliberation of the Polish Prime Minister, M. Zaleski, with the 'lightning speed of Litvinov,' the strength of his 'iron logic,' and the Soviet's 'sublime honesty of purpose and utter reasonableness.'

Poland, however, is fully aware that she needs friends, and does not propose to be singled out and detached from her Eastern European neighbors. She is determined to extend the proposed triangular pact into one which shall include her neighbors and shall thus approximate the 'Eastern European Locarno' which has been so much discussed. The statesmen of Warsaw wonder why Russia wished to confine the pact to Poland and Lithuania, two countries which are in chronic disagreement. They

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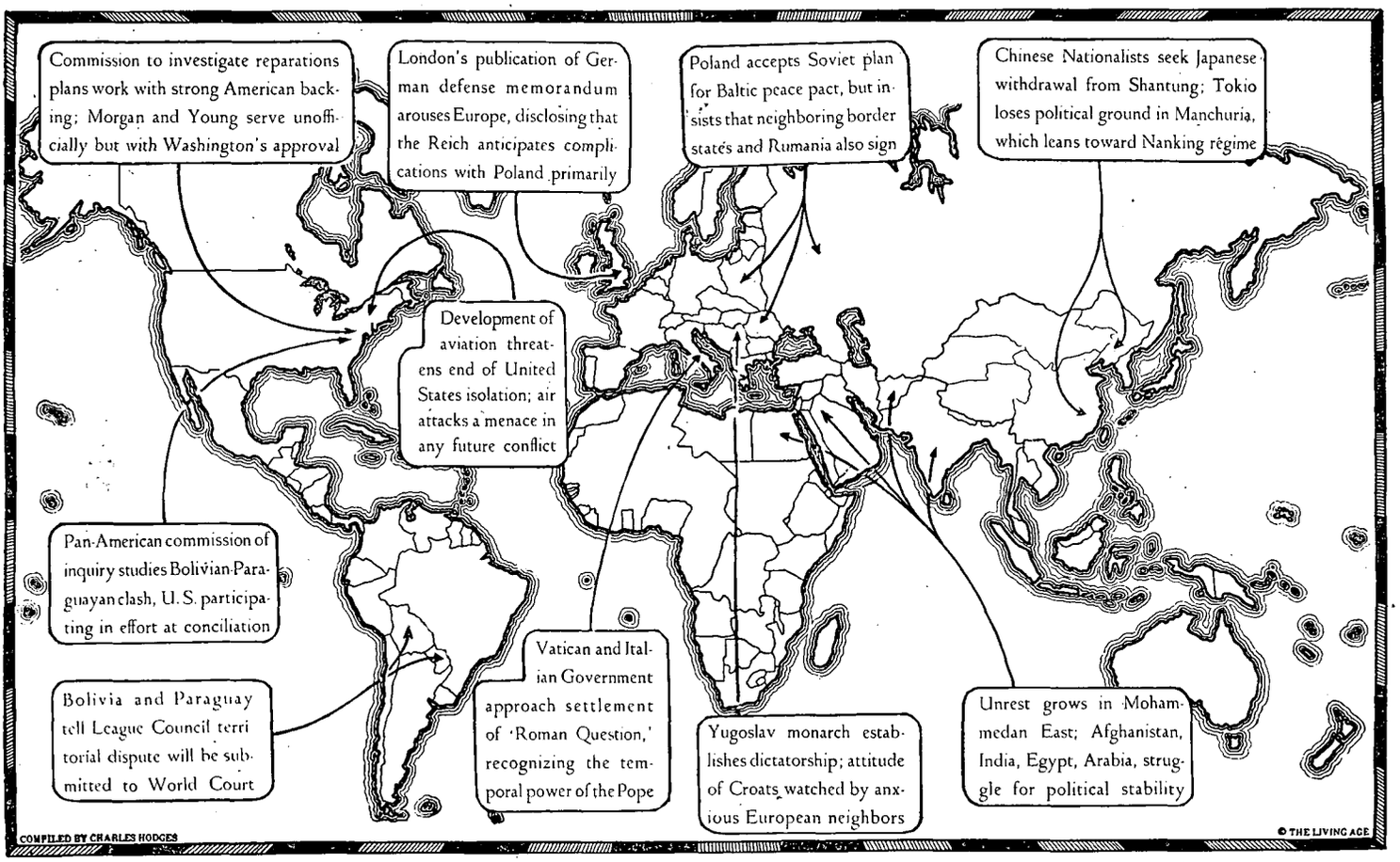
Commission to investigate reparations plans work with strong American backing; Morgan and Young serve unofficially but with Washington's approval
London's publication of German defense memorandum arouses Europe, disclosing that the Reich anticipates complications with Poland primarily
Poland accepts Soviet plan for Baltic peace pact, but insists that neighboring border states and Rumania also sign
Chinese Nationalists seek Japanese withdrawal from Shantung; Tokio loses political ground in Manchuria, which leans toward Nanking régime
Development of aviation threatens end of United States isolation; air attacks a menace in any future conflict
Pan-American commission of inquiry studies Bolivian-Paraguayan clash, U. S. participating in effort at conciliation
Bolivia and Paraguay tell League Council territorial dispute will be submitted to World Court
Vatican and Italian Government approach settlement of 'Roman Question,' recognizing the temporal power of the Pope
Yugoslav monarch establishes dictatorship; attitude of Croats watched by anxious European neighbors
Unrest grows in Mohammedan East; Afghanistan, India, Egypt, Arabia, struggle for political stability
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

suspect the Soviet Government of some ulterior motive in desiring to set up Moscow as the clearing house for Eastern European disputes, as well as in trying to 'rush' the Kellogg Pact by putting forward a Baltic peace declaration of its own before Mr. Kellogg's treaty could be ratified by the fifteen major signatories.

Poland's determination that all the Baltic states participate in the new pact is a real contribution to the political stability of this part of Europe. Not the least significant result of the Moscow-Warsaw negotiations may be the extension of the pact to cover existing differences between Russia and Rumania. Such a regional anti-war treaty, whose effect would be felt from the Baltic to the Black Sea, would be a step toward general European conciliation.

THE 'QUESTION MARK'

SO RECENTLY that everyone still remembers it, the brown and gold Fokker monoplane, *Question Mark*, equipped with Wright motors, succeeded in remaining in the air 150 hours, 40 minutes, 15 seconds, re-fueling 'on the wing' from other planes. This record-breaking performance of a United States Army transport plane suggests interesting queries, and answers pregnant with significance.

If airplanes can re-fuel in mid-air and thus have their effective radius indefinitely increased, what becomes of the supposed immunity of nations remote from hostile air bases against air attacks by a foreign enemy? In the past, the United States has been considered safe from attack as long as the Navy could control the adjacent waters, preventing hostile war-ships from approaching near enough to coast cities to destroy them by gunfire. Armies, it has been said many times, can land only from transports, which are helpless against battleships. Heretofore, it was possible to gain reassurance from the reflection that even an air attack could be launched only from aircraft carriers, which, because of defending submarines and surface craft, could not approach near enough for effective action.

But, of course, what the United States Army aviators have done in the flight of the *Question Mark*, the aviators of other nations are also able to do. It may soon be possible, therefore, for military airplanes to start from Europe, re-fuel on the way from accompanying planes or dirigibles, and reach the United States ready for attack. Transport planes, laden only with gasoline, might accompany bombing planes with much ammunition and less fuel. The only defense against such an attack upon the United States would be the fighting airplanes that the Army and Navy could send up against the invaders. But the experimental air manœuvres over London and Paris during the past year demonstrated that there could be no effective defense against a well organized air attack; or, in the language of military strategists, the defense must be a counter offensive against some enemy city or stronghold of equal tactical importance. One need not be an alarmist to feel that developments in military aviation may place the United States in a position of less security from foreign enemies than heretofore.

The possible effect upon international good will of the sustained flights which will soon be frequent also gives rise to speculation. For, though it may be true that increase in the effective duration of airplane flights will facilitate the invasion of a remote country, it will also make commercial and social relations more intimate by the quicker exchange of goods and travelers. In the not distant future, transatlantic airplane crossings will cease to be 'stunts,' and will become matters of everyday occurrence and of much practical utility. Like every development of communication or transportation which tends to make the modern world a more closely knit economic unit, and to increase intelligence and general information, aviation should help render more apparent the waste and futility of war. And, like every discovery of science that multiplies the possibilities of death and destruction between belligerent states, the development of aviation should be strongly promotive of world peace.

PROPHECY

AS LONG ago as mid-November, when the December LIVING AGE appeared, it was said in that number: 'Of all European countries, Spain would probably have the most theatrical and the least bloody revolution. Perhaps visitors there who have found the country dull may soon be rewarded by sights of soldiers, bedecked and marching, sound of drums rolling, trumpets calling.' All this has come to pass. Soldiers have recently marched, drums have rolled. An uprising has been nipped in the bud. The daily papers have given, graphically and adequately, the details. But THE LIVING AGE predicted the revolt. Our esteemed contemporaries of the newspaper press did not.

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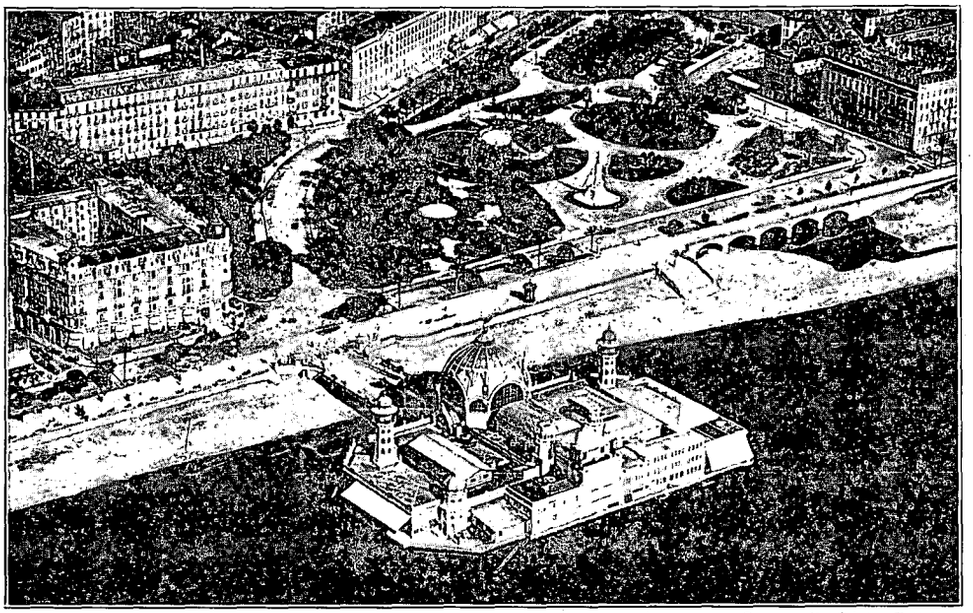
A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days



Compagnie Aérienne Française

FRANCE: THE BEACH AT NICE FROM THE AIR

THE CASINO, built out into the Mediterranean, the Promenade des Anglais, and King Albert Park, surrounded by hotels, shops, and *pensions*.

ENGLAND

ONE never hears of the 'police' pass or 'traffic' pass in London, as one does in many American cities, where the municipal authorities oftentimes issue identification cards to city officials, newspaper men, 'leading' citizens and certain other favored individuals, who use them to ignore traffic lights and signals, to pass through 'fire lines,' and to mark their holders, for such purposes as occasion may suggest, as persons kindly regarded by the powers that be.

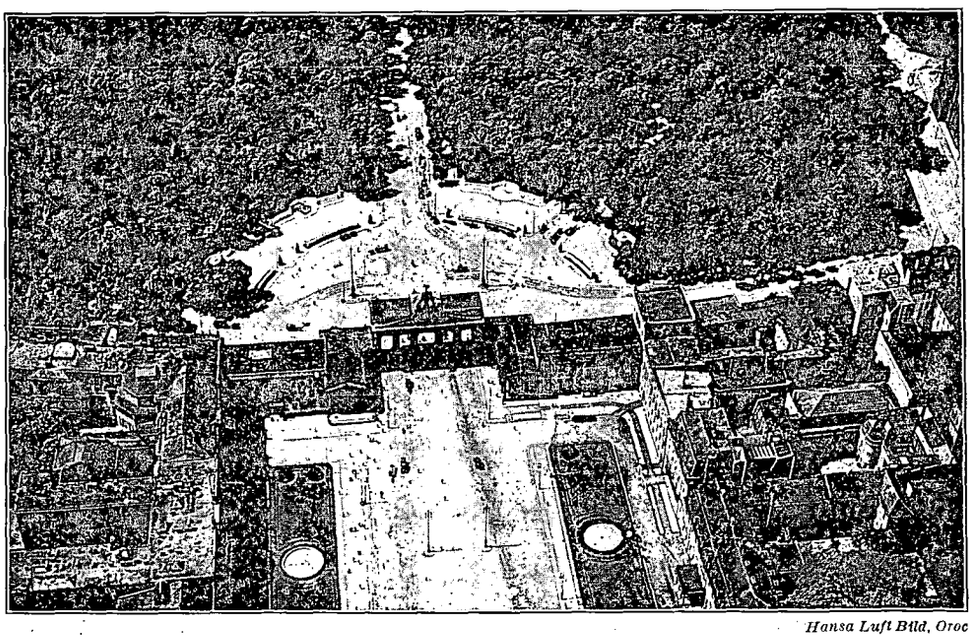
Perhaps the London police are able in some way readily to distinguish the equipages of Cabinet ministers, foreign diplomats, and other truly great personages, and to extend to them, unostentatiously, privileges and immunities in and about the London streets which all do not enjoy. But if there is any such favored class in London, it does not flaunt itself in the face of less fortunate users of the streets, and one does not see white or pink cards flashed before the eyes of a deferential traffic officer by the occupant of some speeding automobile, while the general stream of traffic is tightly bottled up waiting for the specially favored motor to make its way. One may visit London many times or sojourn there protractedly, without being tardy for a single business appointment or dinner engagement by having one's taxi delayed for such a cause. In Paris, by contrast, police cards, or *coupe-files*, are fairly familiar. They were first printed on pink pasteboard, but so widespread was the effort to secure them, and so general their issuance, that their value, as conferring real distinction, tended rapidly to decline. Then, it is said, a new series was secretly issued to the genuinely privileged, printed on white cardboard instead of pink. But this innovation soon leaked, and the campaign for white cards became as eager and successful as the earlier efforts for the pink. Now, it is rumored, a new color is being employed in a design not yet known to the holders of the pink and the white pasteboards, whereby the extremely distinguished individual in Paris will be given a preference over the pink and the white card holders which should satisfy any vanity.

FRANCE

IN PARIS, be it known, the fashionable milliners not only sell hats, but rent them; but a hat a day did not keep the bill collector away from Mme. Cécile Sorel, Comtesse de Ségur, noted French actress. This fact the justly celebrated artiste discovered to her discomfiture in a recent action in the Paris Civil Court. The lawsuit was typically Parisian, and, because it could have occurred nowhere else on earth, is presented to our paragraphic world tourists this month. Mme. Sorel attended the hearing of the case, and gave an entertaining account of the way in which leading artistes were solicited by dressmakers, milliners, manufacturers of footwear, and even by makers of lingerie, who begged them to accept goods on account of the advertisement which this gave the shops. In the case before the court, it was the manager of the firm of milliners which had brought the lawsuit who had begged the actress to wear their hats. As she needed *chapeaux de style* (Mme. Sorel is a great exponent of Molière), she sent various artists to the milliners' workrooms, and they designed suitable models. These hats were always returned after having been worn only once. After a time, the actress was notified that a charge of one hundred francs would be made for each hat, even though it was returned immediately, but Mme. Sorel declared that she had never accepted this condition, though she continued to order numerous hats. The court decreed the payment of 8,100 francs by the actress as 'rent' for eighty-one hats.

GERMANY

WHILE Berlin, in comparison with other large cities, is not overcrowded with traffic, it has an especially difficult problem in the fact that the western part of the city, which has developed rapidly of late years, is connected with the older section by only three avenues. The great number of vehicles using these presents a serious traffic problem, and it is probable that the city authorities will soon insist that the gardens of the Wilhelmstrasse be cut through



Hansa Luft Bild, Oroc

GERMANY: THE BRANDENBURGER TOR FROM THE AIR

IN THE FOREGROUND lies Unter den Linden; in the background, the Tiergarten. Over this famous gate is a group of statuary representing *Victory*, which was taken to Paris by the French in 1807 and restored to Berlin in 1814.

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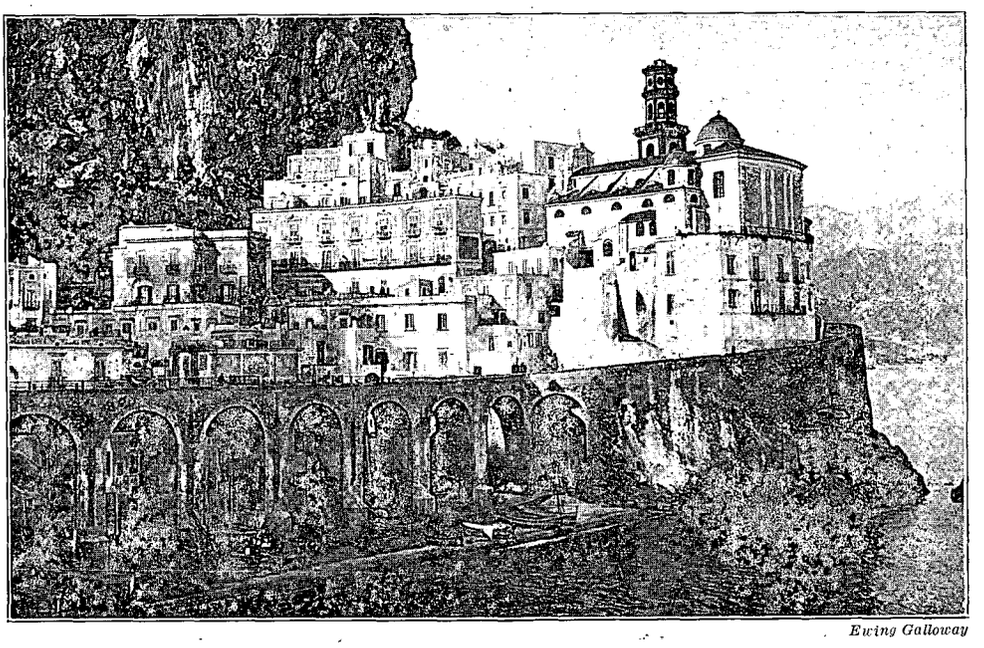
to relieve congestion. Recently sixty organizations submitted suggestions concerning the handling of traffic, and somewhat elaborate traffic regulations have resulted from them. For pedestrians there are eight commandments, mostly of the 'thou shalt not' order. Jaywalkers and loiterers are to be fined. Crossing streets is to be at the pedestrian's risk, and crossing against traffic lights, punishable by imprisonment.

Hungary

Visitors to Budapest who feel that they have made a mess of their lives may soon be able to visit a 'soul clinic' where those who have been shipwrecked on the sands of adversity, due to dissipation, errors of judgment, losses at gaming, or disappointments in love, may have their cases scientifically analyzed, and receive expert advice upon the subject of making a fresh start. Dr. Rafael Schermann, a noted psychologist of Vienna, will be in charge of the clinic, if the plans of a wealthy but anonymous donor of a fund for the purpose are put into effect.

Italy

Most visitors to Rome will recall Piazza Navona, that beautiful oblong of fountains and palaces marking the site of Domitian's stadium. If their sojourn coincided with the feast of the Epiphany, and they were well advised, their recollections of Piazza Navona will be especially vivid. For many centuries Piazza Navona has been the centre for festivities of one kind or another. In Roman times there were games and sports, and in Renaissance days jousts, feigned battles, and water displays. For the last hundred years, from the evening of January 5th until dawn, January 7th, Piazza Navona has been in possession of the humbler citizens, who turn it into an immense toyshop. Wooden shelters and picturesque stalls rise up as if by magic the day before Epiphany, and a merry trafficking ensues. Colored lights are scattered among the endless variety of toys and puppets in tinsel and satin, clowns beating drums, long trumpets of the Epiphany, painted figures of the Nativity for household shrines, and sugar dainties fashioned into many shapes, together with every kind of mechanical toy. Within recent years there has been an annual discussion by the Press as to whether it is seemly to keep up these popular customs of old Rome in the greater Rome of to-day. It is probable, therefore, that the years are numbered of the carnival toyshop of Piazza Navona.



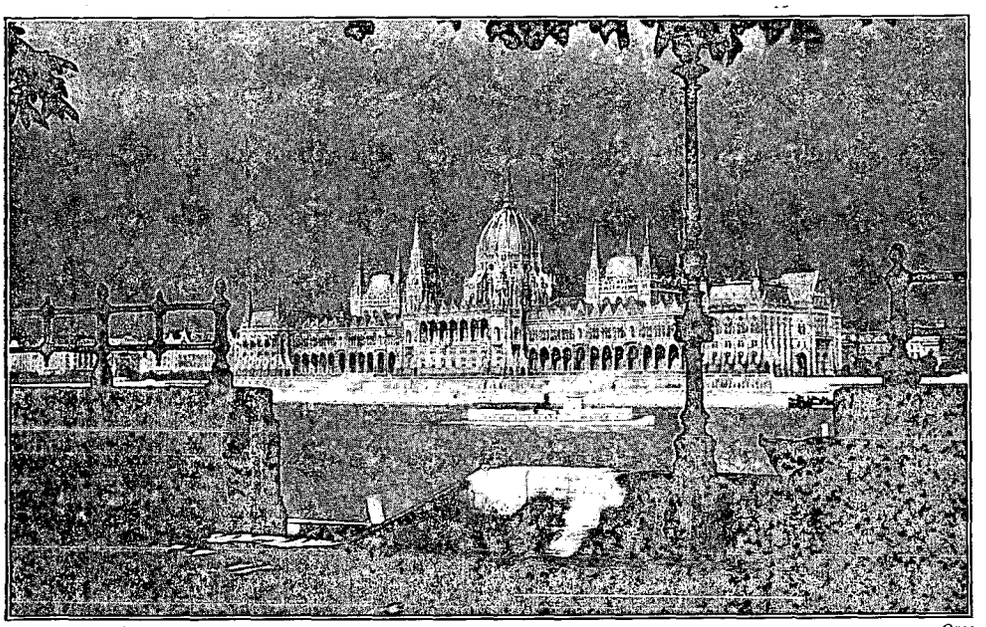
Ewing Galloway

Italy: Amalfi from the Sea

Snug against rocky mountains, the town is built almost on top of the deep-blue water, at whose edge lie fishermen's shallops.

Japan

In Japan, the laying of the keel of a fighting ship is attended by impressive ceremonies. In most of the nations of the world it is only the launching that is celebrated. Recently the keel of the *Maya*, the last of the eight 10,000-ton cruisers called for by the Japanese Navy's current building programme, was laid in the Kawasaki dockyard at Kobe. A dozen Shinto priests, in white robes, carrying branches of the sacred *sakaki* tree, emblem of sacramental purity, performed the purification rites accompanying the laying of her keel, designed to ward off evil influences and beseech the blessing and protection of the gods. It was commented that these rites of an ancient cult seemed a little out of harmony with the modernity of the *Maya*, intended to be 'the last word' in navy cruisers; but the ceremonial helps ensure the human morale that must make these modern machines of destruction tragically effective when war becomes supreme.



Orac

Hungary: The Parliament Buildings at Budapest

This beautiful structure, completed in 1896 and covering more than four acres, is Budapest's most imposing building. It is here seen from across the Danube.

Palestine

Visitors to Jerusalem may now see, in the ruins of an ancient synagogue built just after the destruction of the second temple of Jerusalem, the most perfectly preserved zodiacal mosaic floor to be found anywhere in the world. The ruins were revealed by workmen excavating for irrigation canals near Beit Alpha, north of the Holy City. The circle containing the signs of the zodiac, which is more than ten feet in diameter, was found in what is taken to be the central nave of three. Similar signs of the zodiac thus far found in ancient synagogues have been unearthed at Naaran, near Jericho, and at Kfar Birim, north of Safed, but the designs in both these places are not clear and have mostly been destroyed. Being north of Jerusalem, this ancient synagogue, conforming to the ancient practice in temple architecture, faced southward. It covered an area about forty feet from north to south and fourteen, from east to west.

Switzerland

For many generations the archives of Schwyz, where are to be found all the most important documents about the legend of William Tell, the foundation of the Swiss Federation, and later Swiss history, have been lodged in a small but strong tower, which survived the fire that once destroyed the whole village. So safeguarded, they have been available only to privileged visitors. But now the ancient parchments, torn flags, and other precious relics will be removed to one of the splendid old patriarchal houses and there made accessible to all who wish to see them.

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The Kaiser's Letters

Personal Correspondence on World Politics between William II and His Foreign Minister

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*

GERMAN monarchists have been deeply stirred by the recent publication in the liberal *Berliner Tageblatt* of a series of personal letters written by William II. Germans still faithful to the Hohenzollerns resent the light which these letters throw upon the Kaiser's character, and protest especially against the way in which they were secured by the newspaper.

Originally a part of the archives of the former royal house, they appear to have been purloined while in the guardianship of the present Government, and then to have found their way to the newspaper.

Freiherr von Sell, an official of the administration in charge of the property of the former royal house, asserts in a letter commenting on the proposed translation of the Bülow letters by THE LIVING AGE: 'They are merely private letters of the Kaiser's, scratched off with a pencil on the spur of the moment, and represent nothing more than His Majesty's mood at that time. They have no historical significance. Every man at one time or another indulges in utterances to a friend, such as Prince Bülow then was to the Kaiser, which he would not regard as suited for print and to which he would not wish to give permanence.'

Whether these letters have historical significance or not, it is for our readers to judge. At least they provide an interesting insight into the Kaiser's mind and are, in Stevenson's phrase, 'a footnote to history.'

Brown Brothers

THE GERMAN KAISER IN 1900

WILLIAM II was noted for his striking appearance. This photograph shows him at the time the first of the accompanying letters was written.

The first of these letters, written by William II to the former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Bernhard von Bülow, need no profound commentary. They were written at a period when, for the first time in the reign of the late Emperor, the British Government, through Joseph Chamberlain, then in the Colonial Office, was making serious proposals of alliance to Germany. These, as was later the case with other British offers, met with little sympathy in Berlin. William II had, unfortunately, a personal antipathy to the British Premier, Salisbury. In the German Foreign Office, Baron von Holstein avoided making any decision; German naval policy, which had just begun its growth, could not be endangered by any such treaty.

In 1899, Germany's relations with France improved, for, under the influence of the Fashoda conflict, hatred of England was more bitter among many classes of the French population than hatred of Germany. When, in 1900, England was completely isolated from the political world as a result of the Boer War, she tried, nevertheless, to arrive at an understanding and an alliance with Germany. The letters published here are typical of the erratic nature and other peculiarities of the last German Emperor, who first telegraphed encouragingly to the Boers, then drew up a plan of action for England, to be used against the Boers, and wished to make England a gift of both republics. And, after he had written the letter offering the 'gift,' he rejected again the new offers of alliance from England. It was William's opinion that they 'were not as valuable as the British thought they were,' to Germany. But, if the British offers of alliance had been favorably received in Berlin, the English-French-Russian Entente would have been prevented and the World War would in all probability have been prevented.

Wilhelmshöhe,
August 22, 1898.

AT LAST I have the British, squirming and struggling, exactly where I want them. Yesterday, in the course of a very penetrating, really serious, and extremely candid conversation with Sir Frank Lascelles [British Ambassador in Berlin], I gleaned the information that Chamberlain's treaty proposal has now been changed to an offer of a 'defensive alliance.' The gist of it is that England solemnly undertakes, in all seriousness, to come to our aid with men and horses and vehicles, that is, with all available means of combat by land and sea, in case 'we are attacked by two powers at once.' He begs us to do the same in case 'England is attacked by two powers at once'! Now that has a very different sound from what was said in April of this year: 'You are to kick Russia out of China for us.'

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This astonishing turn of events, which is, for us, very much like the famous 'guarantee treaty' that Bismarck had with Russia, provides an acceptable basis for negotiation and is entirely due to the endeavors and the zealous labor of this fine fellow, Lascelles! He had his first glimpse of the documents of Chamberlain and Balfour during his summer trip to England. It is incredible, but true!

Thereupon, in his direct, frank manner, he told the astonished Chamberlain that, in the first place, he had no chance of getting Germany to declare against Russia, and in the second place, that the Germans did not need his help! He told him that with the whole English Navy it would be impossible to make a Cossack budge out of East Prussia! And that England could not possibly do as much harm to the Russians as the Russians were capable of doing to Germany. Chamberlain was so flabbergasted (excuse the expression!) that he stared at the good Lascelles absolutely speechless and with his mouth hanging open. As someone has said, 'For once this man was utterly without an answer, which never happened to him, and he remained so until after lunch!'

Thus, it has finally been given an Englishman to show the British clearly that their plausible, prodigious, and, in their own estimation, priceless offer of aid has not the great value for us that they attach to it. Frankly, this deserves to be called a deed of rescue, a deed of emancipation! As soon as the veil had been withdrawn from the eyes of the British, it was evident to them after lunch that we had no kick whatever against Russia. On that account, they have tuned their lyres in a key which makes an entirely different sound and which in my opinion has produced very agreeable results! Now we can negotiate and feather our own nests in the process. And, if Heaven wills it, I shall bring good wishes in person to my grandmother on her eightieth birthday next year! Lascelles must reap a special reward!

Wilhelmshöhe,
August 9, 1899.

Your message crossed mine, and if I had been in Ilmathen I should have said, '*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.*' Many thanks for your interesting news. The most astonishing, although hardly the most surprising thing was, again, the attitude of the fat British Prime Minister. Three weeks ago he was full of anxiety, attention, and ardent wishes for an interview with me; now the situation is just the opposite. I take this to mean that his wife has again come to the front, for she manages him; and, in general, British womenfolk seem to stir up a breeze that blows contrary to me and my plans. Well, one must accept this and reckon with it. It's a great thing to see what a fine impression it makes on European society when we greet Madame Galliam on the promenade and she tilts her parasol to the other side and bows to us and stands for a moment engaged in friendly conversation with us! That has more significance for the peace of Europe than ten Hague Conferences and several dozen blockheads from peace tribunals, courts of appeal, and adjustment and arbitration conferences. Nevertheless, *la belle France* always has to have her hysterics. The most unheard of experience that I've yet had is to hear an energetic warrior like Gallifet, who is careful of appearances, entreating me in the name of God and his position not to show any respect to the Army and its dead! The reverse seems to me so natural and understandable that I should have felt like branding any neglect of the tribute on my part as clownish tactlessness. And now a different story! May the Devil understand what it's all about! In any case I beg you to inform Prince Derenburg [Münster] that he must watch like a lynx the comment that appears in the Parisian press on the 18th. And as soon as there is any intimation that the speech may have been made in the form that I proposed but to which Gallifet objected, then Derenburg must come out with the truth, even if Gallifet still feels squeamish about it. My speech is perfectly proper and inoffensive, and I intend to make no further alterations.

Punch London, November 8, 1899

IN 1899 PUNCH NOTED THE KAISER'S OVERTURES TO ENGLAND

'SENTINEL PUNCH: Who goes there?
GERMAN EMPEROR: Friend!
SENTINEL PUNCH: Pass, Friend, and all's well!'

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The second part of the letter printed above refers to the address that the Kaiser gave on August 18th, 1899, at Saint-Privat, a battlefield of the Franco-Prussian War. In Paris, when the objects of the Kaiser's journey became known, it was feared that they might hold possibilities of discord that would lead to chauvinistic outbreaks in France. However, the Kaiser had expressly wished that the French Government be acquainted beforehand with the text of the speech, though only for purposes of official information, as he wished to avoid premature publication. To this end, a representative of the French Minister of War (Gallifet) heard the French translation of the speech read aloud at the German Embassy, without having the document actually in his hands.

S.M.S. Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm,
Heligoland, March 11, 1900.

WELL, this is a pretty kettle of fish! We stay together in Spreeathen the whole winter and nothing whatsoever happens, but as soon as you are off somewhere and I am in Heligoland, then things begin to get hot right away. Thank God that I had previously had that exchange of letters and conversations with Lascelles, so that official England knows exactly where I stand, and our course of action is clear to the British! What a blessing that we refused the Tsar's offer. Since the Boers have chosen to work in the open, the trend of events must be pretty well known in the country. So it is a matter now of complete candor and quick action.

The Boers are worn out; the British, who are not pressing them hard, are pretty well done up, too. So it will not be long before Pretoria is reached and captured. There is food for thought in the symptoms of activity in other quarters of the globe, especially among the Russians and French, and, above all, in the marked accentuation of anti-British sentiment noticeable in the Tsar himself. From all this the fact emerges that John Bull might perhaps have good intentions if he found anyone whom he could trust.

He will certainly not bring Russia to terms, nor France. He has left, then, the Triple Alliance. It would be best if we could put the thing through. To be prudent, I mentioned to Sir Frank recently that I took it for granted that England would take over the two republics in some fashion — news that our trading circles will receive with joy. I merely intimated that it would be agreeable to have it happen in a soothing, pleasant way — by providing a corner in the flag for the Boer colors, or something of the sort. Besides that, we must have guarantees that there shall be no more threats of war in that quarter. England the Paramount Power! That pleases Lascelles and London! If England should be inclined to enter into mediation, she knows, at least, what to expect from us. If she turns to us directly, so much the better, for then my goal will be reached and England will receive my gift of South Africa! *Voilà!* You can figure out the consequences for yourself.

Wide World

THE EX-KAISER TO-DAY

SEATED ON A BENCH at his retreat at Doorn, Holland, in tranquil enjoyment of the afternoon sun.

THE first of the following letters was written at the time of the Algeciras Conference which adjusted the Morocco question in 1906. It is now generally known that the Foreign Office in Berlin, in spite of all warnings, insisted on the preparation of such a conference. This was particularly due to the pressure brought to bear by Herr von Holstein of the German Foreign Office. The Foreign Office did not care to believe that Germany would find herself isolated at the conference. The support of Spain, Italy, America, and Austria was counted on. Now disillusionment came.

My dear Bülow!

I have mulled over your communication about Algeciras, and it inspires me to a thought. According to your account, the King of Spain has steadily refused hitherto to give us any information about the Franco-Spanish agreement concerning Morocco, because he has been making secret promises to France. After the reception that he had here, this action on his part seems insolent and gives rise to the suspicion that there is dirty work going on at our expense. You tell me, too, that Rome, as usual of late, has been showing a double tongue, and that Visconti [Italian Foreign Minister] leans in the direction of recognizing French claims more and more. We might already call this a 'Latin Union' against the Germans in Germany, supported by the Germans in London. This Union has apparently been dividing up for a long time the whole African littoral bordering on the Mediterranean by means of mutual concessions and agreements, and we have been left out of the bargaining. This has gone on with the sanction of England. She has been able to make considerable reductions in the fleet at Malta, on the ground that a 'Mediterranean question' in the earlier, Nelsonian sense no longer exists — because of the *entente cordiale* between Paris and London. Thus England has ships released for the new fleet in the North Sea. The King of Spain is expecting a visit from me, is he? Please refuse for me every political encounter. I propose to your Highness that we have the following announced bluntly in Madrid: If His Majesty does not inform me about the agreement with France concerning Spain, and if Spain, with France's aid, causes the Conference to take a tumble, I shall not visit Madrid at all this year! — I am so much older than the old scoundrel that he owes me that favor.

On a post-card from the naval base at Kiel:

The week at Kiel has been glorious! Splendid weather! A good wind! Yesterday and to-day there were two fine regattas, with sailing near Hamburg! We made fifty-four miles in four hours and seven minutes! Almost fifteen knots! In fine spirits! Everywhere we saw *fidelitas* and merry faces. I'm glad that my modest words met with your approval! I got in touch with Ballin and have sent him to you. Greetings to Contessina! I always have most agreeable memories of Misère and the lemon-

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ade. With best wishes for a good summer.

WILHELM.

P. S. Because the channel to Norderney was too shallow even for my little *Sleipner*, I sent the president of the council in Aurich, who is supposed to look out for such things, a telegram giving him a suitable dig in the ribs! Perhaps you could have him around sometime and polish his middle for him. That place is supposed to be a world famous sea resort, or to become one, and to find such conditions is a scandal!

Cadinen, West Prussia,
October 7, 1906.

Dear Bülow.

I am in a rage over Alexander Hohenlohe! This is the most impudent cheek! Take drastic disciplinary measures against him at once. If necessary, throw him out of my service. I include a few post-cards for the ladies, with my best greetings! Thank God that the *Braunschweig* affair is winding up so well!

In connection with this letter it should be mentioned that William II had expressed himself in like terms a few years before when the memoirs of Otto von Manteuffel, the notorious minister of Frederick William IV, were published by Poschinger. When the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* reviewed the book on November 2nd, 1900, William wrote in heavy characters on the edge of the paper: 'How can such a thing be published without my permission and without preliminary survey of its character?'

March 16, 1907.

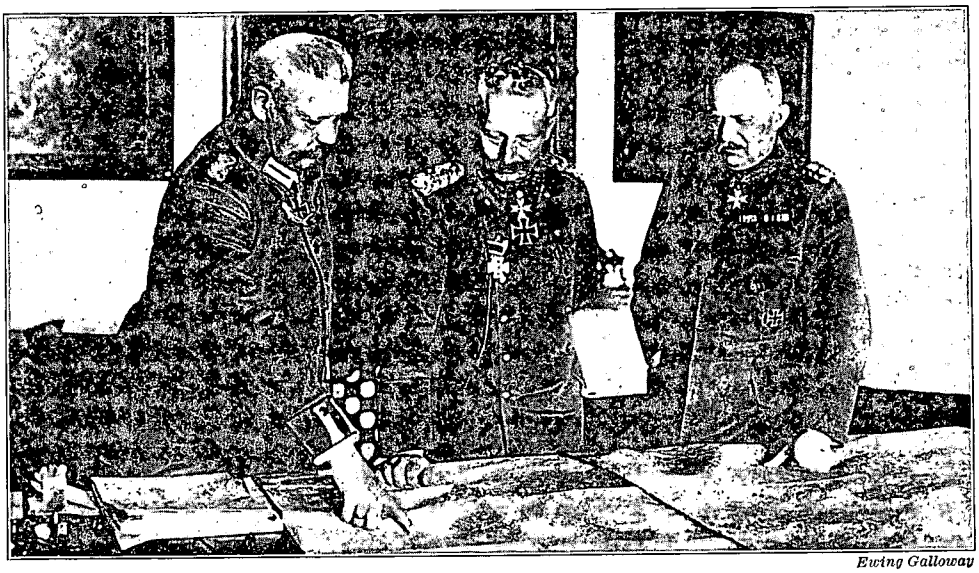
Dear Bülow:

Just now a private message from Hintze [German military attaché in Saint Petersburg] arrived, with the following news, which is so important that I communicate it to you by the next post. He speaks of the project of reform of the marine which is being worked on in the Russian Ministry. The battle fleet is to leave the Baltic Sea and change its position to the Black Sea, leaving only coast defenses and submarine flotillas in the Baltic. In the Black Sea Nicolaev and Sebastopol, the bases for operations, are to be developed. Thus it is essential to the scheme that the Straits be kept open either by neutralizing them or by dividing up possession of them so that Russia will have the Bosporus and England the Dardanelles. In any case, Russia will be in a position to open the Black Sea to the war-ships of all the nations of the earth. It is so certain that the question of the Straits will be discussed that I suspect it is already under negotiation! London and Petersburg are keeping quiet about the whole affair. It's a very clever blow at Austria and our position in the Orient! It means that we shall have to give up the idea of the Bagdad railway and Asia Minor, and that all Islam besides is lost to us! Italy will have the mouthful it has begged, just like all the other curs of the Balkans! Poor Emperor Francis Joseph would be neatly snubbed in front of his subjects. Hintze has kept a sharp eye out.

Your faithful

WILHELM.

P. S. Bulgaria is arming as fast as she can. Wonder if she knows the situation?



Ewing Galloway

TOWARD THE END OF THE WORLD WAR

THE HARRIED AND WORN ruler of Germany consults with the leaders of his armies, Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Compare with photograph on page 12.

Berlin, the Palace,
May 30, 1908, 6:30 P.M.

Dear Bernhard:

When you are with the King [of Sweden] this evening before dinner he is going to present you with the Order of the Seraphim as a mark of gratitude for your work on the North Sea question. He told me this confidentially. Perhaps you will be so kind as to suggest to him that he might perhaps make me a General in the Swedish Army. I have been an Admiral since 1888; but the Admiral's uniform is really so hideous that I look like a subprefect in it. Therefore I could not wear it on the occasion of the reception at the station as I should have. You will naturally not mention this reason, but Swedish officers who come to inspect our army are often brought before me, for instance fourteen are coming next month. But I can't receive them in dress clothes! And I would like to be Swedish!

There follows, in connection with the Eulenburg case, which was pending at that time, a passage dealing with the personal vices of court officials, who are mentioned by name. We omit this passage save for the closing observation, which is characteristic of Wilhelm: 'I wished, that I could have had the worthless fellows shot.'

William took a more bloody attitude in this matter than he had the year before when he wanted Eulenburg punished merely by exile in case the complaints brought against him by the famous German editor, Maximilian Harden, proved to be well founded. On May 30th, 1907, just a year before, he said in a letter to Bülow that if there were the slightest doubt about the normal condition of Eulenburg, the latter would have to 'send back immediately the Order of the Black Eagle and leave the country to avoid a lawsuit and public comment.'

Of especial interest to Americans is the Kaiser's reference to President Roosevelt's share in ending the Russo-Japanese War.

August 30, 1905.

Dear Bülow:

At last! A difficult disentanglement! Theodore Roosevelt has done his job admirably! He must have knouted the Japs! But even the Japs are shrewd people and have abandoned their original demands — at any event, those made for trading purposes. Britain's absolute refusal to support Roosevelt by bringing pressure to bear on the Jap ally is interesting. It's a good thing that this thorn is left sticking in the President's side.

It is noteworthy that the Americans, during the peace negotiations, have gradually turned away from the Japs and toward the Russians — in spite of Witte.

This is a proof that they see further than England does and recognize the community of the white race, which ought to present a solid front to the yellow race. It is, in fact, a race question, and the opposition between yellow and white will soon become noticeable between America and Japan, since the Japs will never pardon the Americans for having thus let them down.

Stettin ran off very well, with fine weather. The launching was unbelievably magnificent and very smooth. Burchardt made a splendid speech —

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the best characterization of my wife I have ever heard. English naval officers were not present, since Vulkan [the shipbuilding concern] refused to admit them, with the explanation that the admission of foreigners was not authorized.

A large number of English correspondents had come on, expecting a great speech from me and hoping for a fraternal offer on my part, such as that of my paying a visit to their Admiral. They wore very long and dismal faces when nothing happened and no notice was taken of them. And these faces were for once entirely honest.

At Swinemünde everything is going well. Loewenfeld is on spy duty there and makes a secret report daily. The crowd of foreigners is enormous and opinion is favorable. We are getting the cattle well prepared in case of a dissolution on account of the naval bill. It pours here all the time without a break, and storms, so we could, of course, see nothing of the solar eclipse.

Neues Palais, December 31, 1905.

My dear Bülow:

Your very interesting letter, with the inclosure from Wetterlé, impressed me greatly. The information that in France 150,000,000 francs have already been spent secretly for war preparations is especially serious and worthy of consideration. It is all the more so since up to now I have had only the slightest inkling of it from either the military or the naval attaché. By this move the French have won a very important advantage over us. We must try next to discover for what these sums were spent.

It is understandable and not improbable that they would be glad to prepare a Fashoda for us. Adroit policy must contrive that it does not look like one or does not come to one. On account of Morocco, to do England the favor of taking on ourselves the odium of an attack on France, so that the former will at last have the desired chance to fall upon us, on the grateful pretext of 'supporting the attacked weaker nation' — that is not to our interest and besides is no kind of a programme for stimulating the enthusiasm of our people.

Above all, in the eyes of the other spectator states, which have no grudges against us, it apparently puts the right on the side of our opponents!

If you, dear Bülow, reckon with the possibility of a war, which might arise from France's attitude at the Morocco conference, then you must busy yourself energetically with our allies. Their aid must be solicited without conditions, for their existence would also be at stake, since it would be a world war.

Above everything else an alliance must be made at once with the Sultan, cost whatever it may, in order to put the Mohammedan forces in the broadest sense at my disposal — under Prussian leadership — and also with all the Arabian rulers. For we are not in a position to make war alone against France and England combined.

The next year is especially unfavorable, since we are engaged in equipping our artillery with a new gun, which business will not be over for a year. Also, the infantry is undergoing the process of reequipment and is receiving new rifles and munitions. Everywhere near Metz there are unfinished forts and batteries, which will be the first to be attacked.

So we are not, in the technical, military sense, at a stage at which I, as Supreme War Lord, would agree lightheartedly and without further preparation to involve my army, especially over Morocco.

The trouble with the situation is this: that (1) our diplomacy in England has absolutely failed to understand how to present itself to Edward VII and to win him over; (2) our Press in the most shameless manner — consciously or unconsciously — has irritated and angered the English to a dangerous degree; (3) the Reichstag, through its refusal during the first ten years of our reign to build up and increase the fleet, has so weakened us in comparison with the other sea powers that we are almost verging on a condition of helplessness. We are absolutely defenseless against a combined French-English fleet.

We should in past years have experimented more with the system of ententes and agreements which Edward VII understands how to manipulate in so masterly a manner, instead of always assuming the indignant legalistic attitude of the wronged party.

In this also our contemptible Press has committed horrible sins! For the windows smashed by it since 1896 the bills anticipated by me are now being presented to us, even in committee report form. So I should like to advise you urgently to direct affairs so that as far as possible a decision to go to war is spared us for the present.

In addition, at such moments as these, when the Socialists preach and prepare open revolt, I cannot withdraw a man from the country without the greatest danger to the lives and property of the citizens.

First shoot down the Socialists, behead them, and make them innocuous if necessary by a blood bath — and then a foreign war! But not before and not *a tempo*.

With hearty greetings and wishes for the New Year, and may it bring us blessings on our labors.

Your true friend,

WILHELM.

ON FEBRUARY 20th, 1905, the Kaiser wrote the Empress Dowager of Russia.

I am appalled by the terrible news from Moscow. In happier days Nicky and I were good friends, and now in the moment of distress and danger I feel all the more that I am his faithful comrade. I ask myself what is to be done, but in order to reply with a definite opinion I ought to be in a position to judge and weigh the dangers of your internal and external position, and this I cannot do from the outside.

Nevertheless, the possibility occurs to me that, unless some safer one can be found, perhaps the way of salvation for Nicky is the way to the Army and to Eastern Asia. If he took this masterly step, and assumed the supreme command, he would rivet the attention of his people and would electrify the Army. He would then, however, have to resolve to have only one adviser, Griepenberg or someone else, and to follow his councils, or disaster would certainly ensue.

The second condition is that a trustworthy regency must be set up, and you could be at its head. At the same time, the prospect of certain reforms, notably greater liberty of the Press, should be held out to the nation. Prince Mirski's method was undoubtedly too unpractical and too naïve. This would obviously have to be done in an orderly manner. There must be no *pacte avec l'émeute*.

En somme, I wonder how Nicky will best ensure his safety. By making himself popular. How could he do this most easily? By going to the Army. This is the same in all countries, and at all times. I assume that the Army is still capable of gaining the victory; it certainly fought heroically again recently.

It seems to me that Nicky ought, in case he leaves for the front, to establish a regency in Moscow with all due ceremony before he goes, and should promise in his own name certain concessions in harmony with the views of our time. But they need to be carried out by firm men, not by idealists.

The presence of the Tsar with the Army can have three results — uniform supreme command, willing obedience, and enthusiasm on the part of the soldiers. But, in conclusion, I must say with the Psalmist: all my knowledge is patchwork, for I do not know Russia, and judge only from general human standpoints, but with a heart full of loyal love and friendship for Nicky, for dear Alix, and for you all.

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Across Siberia to Moscow

The Far Places of Asiatic and European Russia Reveal Their Strangeness and Charm to a Frenchwoman Traveling Alone on the Trans-Siberian

By Madame Claude Eylan

Translated from the *Revue Universelle*, Paris Nationalist Fortnightly

BELOW us and to the left, stretching along the River Selenga and spreading out over rich meadows to the base of the wooded hills in the distance, was Verkne Udinsk, an overgrown village with great, bulbous green copper domes rising to the sky. After four days spent in a cage on wheels, this Siberian city, glistening from a recent rain, was a tempting sight. My companions, more prudent than I, stayed close to the train. Suppose it should go off and leave them before they had time to get aboard, and they were to be stranded without their baggage in the middle of the steppes of Sovietized Siberia! The possibility was not particularly alluring. But, in my case, logic is always vanquished by my taste for adventure; so I went to find the engineer, who sat enthroned, like a spirit of the infernal regions, behind the fire door of his locomotive. Cigarettes in hand, I made bold to try to persuade him to sound the train whistle once or twice, a quarter of an hour before he was ready to start, in order that I might get back in time.

In the open square in front of the station, three cab drivers were disputing as to which should be allowed to take advantage of the opportunity to overcharge the foreign woman who was coming toward them. I chose the oldest, and no doubt the toughest, of them — the one whose defeat would bring me the most glory.

'Five roubles an hour, *barina!*' he said (for he called me *barina*, 'my lady,' after the pre-Revolutionary style). We compromised on three roubles, and I got into his terrifying bundle of sticks, and strings, and leather, and bolts, and ragged wool, drawn by two humpbacked horses that reminded me of the primitive painters' idea of a camel. Those naïve artists, who had never seen a real camel, took a draft horse as a model, and, basing their ideas upon travelers' memoirs, stuck a cow's tail in the middle of its back, one or two humps on its spine, a little hair on its knees, and gave it round ears and cloven hoofs. It was behind two such coursers that I made my modest entry into the good city of Verkne Udinsk.

MADAME EYLAN described in last month's LIVING AGE her eventful trip on the Trans-Siberian Railroad across Manchuria from Harbin to Verkne Udinsk. She told of the anxious wait before the train started, of the flower-carpeted prairies, the birch forests, the villages, and of the long ride across the steppes. She explained how she made the acquaintance of her amusing fellow travelers — in particular, a pompous Russian Jewess in a mink coat; a helpful Soviet consul; Sergatiev, a Soviet agricultural agent, who will speak volumes about Russia, but not one word of Communism; and Dmitri, her porter, a Bolshevik of the Bolsheviks, who believes that this world is not made for one person to be happier than another. In this article Madame Eylan, who finds traveling alone in far places much more amusing than dangerous, gives a particularly vivid account of the continuation of her journey past lovely Lake Baikal and across Central Siberia to the Soviet capital of all the Russias.

RIVULETS of mud flowed through the broad streets, which were bordered, not by trees, but by board walks. We bounced carelessly along them, and my face as well as my clothes were soon covered with spatters of mud. There were few stores, in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead, there were long, low sheds covered with pinkish plaster. It was market day in the main square. I stepped down from my carriage and paid the coachman. Picking my way over narrow planks thrown across pools of mud, I went from one 'store' to another. I was particularly attracted by a place in which they were selling white and gold cornucopias of sherbet, just like those sold in France in summer time. I paid three copecks, along with the urchins of Verkne Udinsk, for the doubtful pleasure of licking a pinkish, iced mixture.

In front of the Soviet building, a group of men and women stood looking upward at the radio loud speaker attached to the balcony. Their expressions were bored and suspicious as they listened to 'the good word,' which poured copiously from the municipal horn of plenty. The children, between two licks from their cornucopias of sherbet, seized a sonorous phrase here and there, and their faces immediately took on such an expression of deadly seriousness that they looked like insolent little old men. My coachman dozed on his seat, with a good deal of earnestness. I noticed that many of those who were passing by chose the other side of the square, no doubt to avoid stopping in front of the instrument, which was busily turning out speeches and edicts, and which they perhaps had some reason to distrust. Everyone seemed tired and super-serious. Some of the women had kerchiefs on their heads; others wore their hair uncovered. In the background stood the church, white walls under a green dome. It drew me on. The iron grille was locked; but I slipped into the courtyard behind it between two broken bars, and no one noticed me. I climbed the stair leading to the doorway under the gallery, its glass covered up with planks, and was struck by the desolation of the scene inside. This church, condemned, its function gone, without worshipers, without incense, without prayers, perhaps abandoned by God Himself, froze one's soul like an outcast of Heaven. Could these be men, who had put the House of God upon the Index? . . . I could see only a few pots of lime, some ladders, broken icons, and old smashed chairs, and I left feeling greatly troubled.

BUT what is this strange procession climbing toward a wide open chapel on the bare hillside that rises behind the city? Had they relegated God to this chapel set in the middle of a cemetery? I went toward the hill, which was still touched by the setting sun. There were a

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number of crosses decorating fresh tombs, and, at the side of the avenue which went down the middle of the cemetery, there was a rectangular hole which waited its miserable due. The church was open; even before I entered the door I was welcomed by waves of chanting. All religious music has a common accent which goes to our hearts.

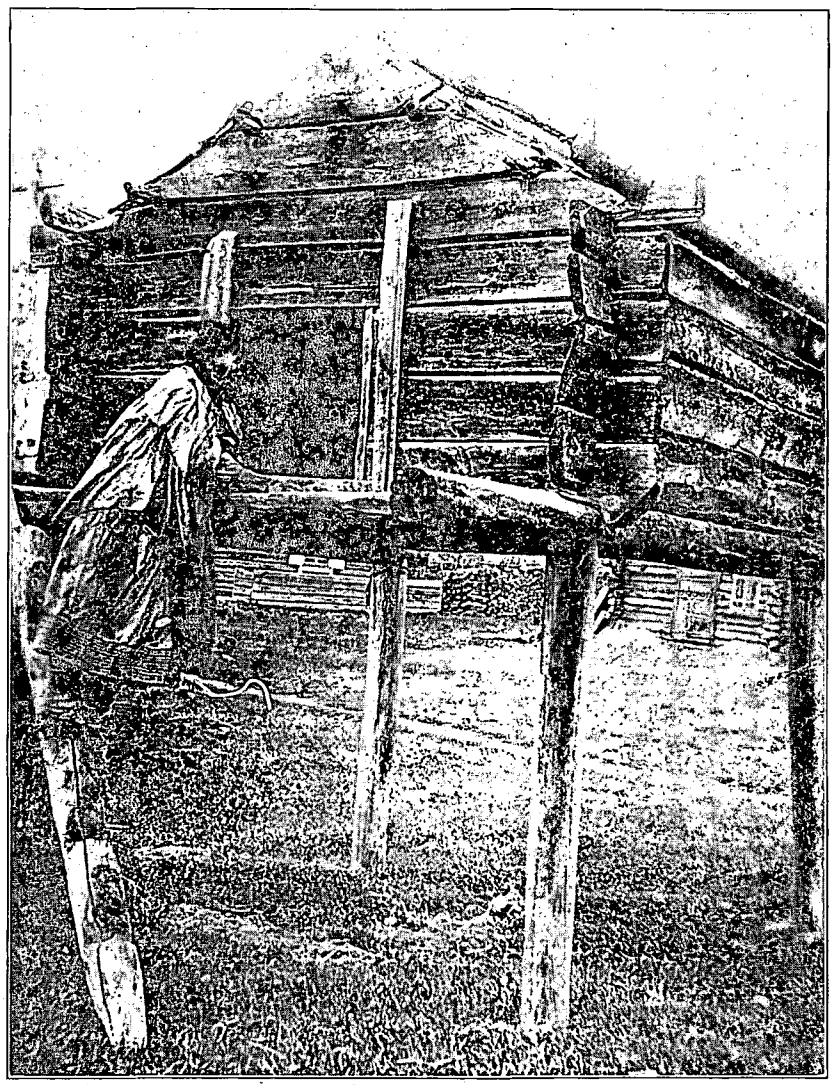
Upright, massed between the painted pillars covered with icons, the faithful, with their faces turned toward the altar, stood just like any village pastor's flock at home, except that their attitude was stiffer, and over each face lay the tragic shadow that I have seen only on Russians. On the ground, in the centre of the church, stood a coffin with a glass cover; the pale face of the corpse, that of a young woman with black hair, could clearly be seen. The priest, with a gold headdress and garments of shining white silk, surrounded by lighted candles, stood between the altar and the coffin. His priestly ornaments, his fine face lit by the hot little yellow flames shone in that plain little church with a beauty which was at once spiritual and gaudy.

As I went back toward the town, I passed in front of a great walled courtyard belonging to the local military garrison. The courtyard itself was empty at this hour, but through the windows of the building on its far side one could see soldiers of the Red Army smoking and singing. The sentinel motioned me not to stop, and I went on.

When I came to the side of the river, behind the melancholy, abandoned church, I sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree. There were some children swimming, boys and girls together, naked as they were born. A horseman came riding along the bank toward us, stopped suddenly, and cried out something which I did not understand. Immediately the children came out of the water and, dripping, began to dance wildly in a circle around the horse. The man watched them gravely without smiling, his eye gloomy. With a switch which he was using as a whip, he pretended to lash the slim little backs, gleaming with bright drops of water. I sat staring openly at this unexpected scene, but the actors did not seem in the least embarrassed. Innocence? Cynicism? It was I who left first, not they.

In the summer in this region the days are long and stretch out into peaceful twilight.

Through the windows of the ground floors of the houses I could see families grouped about samovars. The interiors seemed clean and simple. Often icons hung upon the plaster walls, side by side with a portrait of Lenin, who was already more than half a saint. The Russian people, worked upon by those who wrenched their 'idols' from them, in their mysticism gladly accept the new prophet.



Keystone

A Siberian House Built on Stilts

The Siberian winter is so snowy that the natives find it necessary to build their granaries well off the ground in order that they may not be buried by tremendous snowdrifts.

CHAINED at the back of deep courtyards, big dogs barked as I passed. One of them suddenly succeeded in breaking his chain and leaped toward me. Luckily, there was a doorway nearby, into which I slipped, slamming the door behind me. I found myself in a low, smoke-filled room, facing a woman and two men who were sitting close to a window, their hands between their knees in the attitude of people who are very tired. The woman gave a little cry of annoyance; one of the men, the younger (he wore the uniform of the Red Army), got up, opened the door, and stepped out to chain the dog up again. 'Pardon,' I said, suddenly embarrassed by my intrusion, now that all danger had passed. 'Pardon!' No one answered me and I turned around and went out. The soldier was coming back to the house. From a distance he hailed me. '*Francouski?*' '*Oui!*'

He signaled me to wait for him. In the courtyard, old carriage wheels, aëroplane propellers, pieces of torn and dirty aëroplane wings were dumped pell-mell between a pile of manure and an empty cart with its shafts sticking straight up in the air. A saddled horse was tied to the hand rail of a wooden stairway.

'Ah! French?' said the soldier in a serious tone.

'Paris?'

'Yes, Paris.'

'*Sprechen sie Deutsch?*'

'*Jawohl!*'

He took the cigarette which I offered him, and offered in turn to take me back into the house, 'because,' he explained, 'a soldier may not speak with a foreign woman in the street.'

'Is it forbidden?'

'It is suspicious.'

'Well then, good evening.'

'Did you come by the Trans-Siberian?'

'Yes.'

'You won't get away until to-morrow afternoon; repairs on the right of way will take at least twenty-four hours.'

'Is there anything to see in Verkne Udinsk?'

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'The Soviet museum. Verkne Udinsk was built by exiles; it is not an old city.'

'Will I have time to take a plane to Urga? There is a regular service, is there not? The trip takes four hours, I've been told.'

The soldier recoiled as if I had said something shocking. 'Planes do not run every day. And, if you haven't a special permit, you must not dream of going.' He examined disturbedly this foreign woman who talked of flying to Urga as if it were like walking around the block. 'Watch out,' I said to myself. 'There is no sense in making this soldier suspect that I am up to something shady; there must be a sort of Lubianka at Verkne Udinsk where they lock up undesirables.'

'Good night,' I said. 'I am going back to my train.'

I STARTED off once more. Vague echoes of music led me toward a great park cut by prettily designed alleys. There were few flowers, but plenty of long grass and a delicious freshness coming from the foliage of young trees. Groups of silent people lounged on wooden benches. A mixed orchestra, consisting of an accordion, horns, and a balalaika, sent an invitation to motion out into the peaceful atmosphere. At the turn of a pathway, a sort of open-air theatre was set up; in it the orchestra was seated on little wooden tabourets close by a platform where a dozen dancing couples puffed away. They were dancing a sort of polka which was at once violent and languorous, but at the same time pure, the beat marked by heel taps which resounded joyously from the dance floor of unpainted wood. I felt like joining in this healthy fun, which recalled the peasant dances described by Tolstoi. I felt that if I could move my arms and legs in cadence with these Siberian peasants, the mystery of the Russian soul would be instantly revealed to me. I watched the evolutions of the dancers for some time. Then among them I recognized Sergatiev, who smiled at me, not at all surprised to see me there. I signaled that I would like to get up to the platform myself. Sergatiev motioned me to come up; and, delighted, I joined the dancers and did my best to imitate them. But, alas, I learned nothing of the Russian soul!

Then Sergatiev and I started out to wander down the alleys of the big park. The soft, starless night inspired my companion to tell me childhood legends. I only half understood them, catching such words as 'wicked, jealous old woman,' 'mujik,' 'fairy,' 'enchanted sleigh,' 'invisible hut,' and building up for myself as he talked a fairy story of my own which was, no doubt, just as marvelous as his would have been, had I understood it.

We left the next afternoon. But, before we did so, I had time to prowl around the station. I stopped in front of a courtyard surrounded by a high palisade, where a handful of children, watched over by an undergrown adult, bawled out the 'Internationale' in chorus. During the two hours that I watched this open-air school, I saw these children go through a few elementary gymnastics, dance around a tree, hop on one foot, sing, make a border of pebbles for a flower bed, listen to a long speech in which the name of Lenin occurred rather often, and pick their noses. Perhaps this was a vacation period, and what I watched one long recess.

THE train stopped in the open a few miles beyond Verkne Udinsk. It was a splendid day, though slightly oppressive. Nevertheless, a delightful freshness seemed to sweep down toward us from the snowy mountains in the background. Fifty feet ahead of the point where the locomotive had stopped, the tracks were torn up across a bridge that was being repaired. Planks laid helter-skelter formed something of a passageway to walk across, and we had no difficulty in understanding the order that was given us to get our baggage together and to leave our train and cross to the other side of the bridge, where a train which had come from Irkutsk awaited us. This wholesale exodus gave us a fresh opportunity to complain of the discomfort of the trip. Protests and questions directed at the railroad employees fell on deaf ears; they contented themselves with directing the evacuation of the train. A large German lady carried a gilded cage which contained a starling. A man and wife dragged a sack full of souvenirs of Peking, made in Berlin! A tragic Italian woman loaded down her young brother with multi-colored shawls and flasks of eau-de-cologne. Some Japanese, sandals on their feet and spectacles on their noses, walked along with their hands in their pockets. As for me, with a dwarf cedar tree under each arm and my Pekinese's leash attached to

Press Cliché Moscow

IN NOVOSIBIRSK, SOVIET CAPITAL OF SIBERIA

ECONOMICALLY WELL SITUATED, this city is prosperous and contains modern buildings, one of which, housing the hotel, bank, and general store, is illustrated above.

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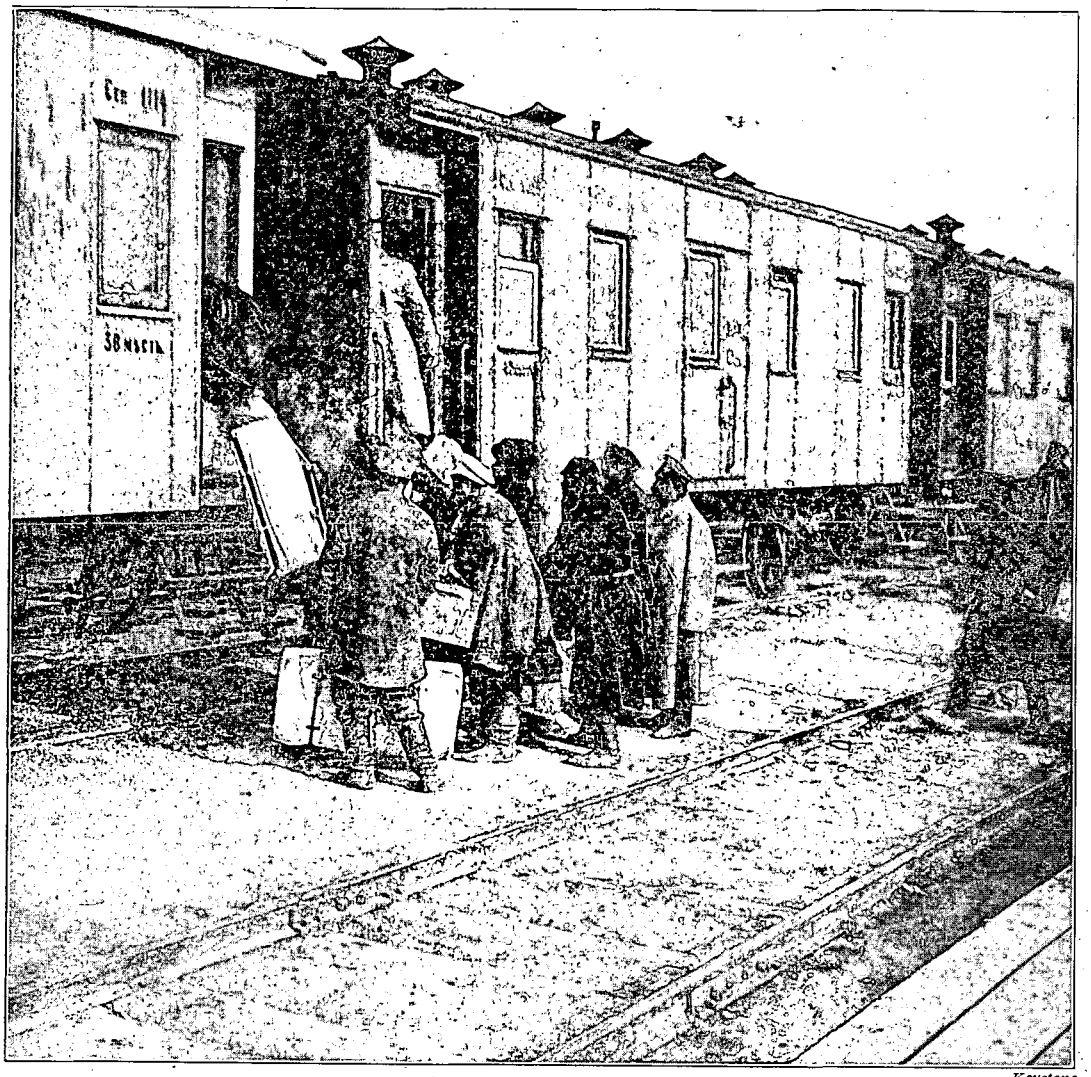

Keystone

ALL ABOARD ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN

SHOWING THE DIMINUTIVE and shabby cars in use on this longest and most uncomfortable of railroads.

my elbow, I must have made a pretty picture. Sergatiev carried my valise, and the Soviet consul carried a basket which had been used to hide my dog every time an inspector came near my compartment.

The next day brought a new disappointment to us: there was no diner on our train. All the way to Sverdlovsk (Ekaterinburg), every time the train stopped, the villagers watched us pile out of our cars like bees from a beehive, looking for something to eat. No doubt, they had been told in advance of our situation; for at each station we found big displays of bread, milk, sausages, cold chicken and duck, smoked salmon, and delicious, sweet wild strawberries. In the restaurants of the bigger stations there were also ices and boxes of caviare. Everywhere vodka could be had for the asking. Almost every town we stopped at had some specialty to offer. In the first, it was a lordly cream; in the next, delicious honey served in little birch-bark containers, which alone were worth the price; farther on, it might be an unbelievable choice of creamy cheeses that made the Dutch travelers on our train pale with jealousy. 'It doesn't come up to our Gouda cheese,' they assured one another; but all the same, they could be seen to slip two or three of them in their pockets.

LAKE BAIKAL was enchanting. When we were not in one of the innumerable tunnels through which we passed, we were being delighted by landscapes that appealed as much for their wide sweep as for their charm of detail. The mountains come down in a gentle slope to the banks of the 'Holy Sea.' Forests are reflected in water so clear that the fish may be seen many feet below its surface. Bands of otters can be seen playing about in bays that are alive with fish.

In the evening, when the moon, seeming a little less brilliant than the surface of the lake itself, rose above us, the train slowed down and finally stopped in the middle of a clearing, not far from a cottage garlanded with roses and surrounded by a clipped hedge. There are places where we spend only a moment and which we may never see again, but which instantly become so dear to us that it hurts to leave them. It is there, no doubt, one says to oneself, that one should have been born and should have lived. . . . I got out of the train and ran down the bank which sloped toward the garden of the cottage. I wandered about in the high, wet grass, slipped through a grove of birches, came around behind the building; and, with my back against a fir tree at the water's edge, I took in the thrilling landscape that I wished to fix in memory. The white curtains in the windows of the little cottage were scalloped; it was not mere peasants, therefore, who lived in such an isolated place. A police dog with a red collar ran up to me and licked my hands. The waters whispered on the beach of a little cove where an old rowboat was fastened. A man came out of the cottage. Behind him walked a young woman carrying a fish net. The man untied the rowboat, jumped into it, and, without a word, rowed hurriedly away. The moonlight fell silver upon the face and hair of the young woman. For a moment her eyes followed the disappearing figure. Then she raised her hands with a long sigh and walked slowly back to the cottage. I tried to imagine the life led by this couple in their peaceful retreat, where I myself would have been happy to live with only a dog, my books, the forest about me, and the lovely waters of the lake rustling at my feet . . .

IRKUTSK! A city with a barbaric name which I pictured in my imagination as buried in snow, its streets filled with sleighs from which trail yards of fur robes, and with Cossacks and brigands, knouts dangling from their wrists, riding wildly through it. O Michael Strogoff of the days of my youth! I was going to see that city even if the train went off without me.

I made my way through bundles of filthy rags with the faces of human beings, on the platform and in the waiting room, until I reached the exit. Where are they going, where are they coming from, these miserable, emaciated, stinking folk? Perhaps from the famous gold mines of the Lena and the Olekma

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in the north. One reaches the city by a wooden bridge across the Angora River. The streets are muddy and rutted, where they are not paved with rough stone. Steeples green with age are surrounded by modern roofs. Smoke comes from tall chimneys. The poor wretches who stumble along the board walks bordering the streets dodge as well as they can the mud thrown up to left and right by carriages rolling along at a gallop. The stores are dirty and their wares uninteresting. I went into a grocery store where a Chinese sold me apples and chocolate with very bad grace. Two workmen, completely drunk, had come in to renew their stock of vodka. They picked upon me as the recipient of an avalanche of obscenity of which I did not understand a quarter; and the many patrons who were present made not the slightest effort to clear a path for me so that I might reach the door more quickly. Irkutsk fell in my estimation from that time forward.

SOON we were in the train again and crossing the rich farm country watered by the Yenisei and Ob Rivers. The Soviet Government is wisely encouraging traffic on these water routes which link Central Siberia with the Kara Sea. Raw materials from the interior are taken on barges to the steamers which can navigate in the deep waters of these two broad rivers. The barges carry back to the interior the manufactured goods which the steamers have brought from Russian, Scandinavian, or German ports. Krasnoyark, Omsk, and Novosibirsk owe their prosperity largely to the privileged position which they occupy close to these water routes. Novosibirsk, in the last few years, has grown miraculously until it has become the controlling factor in Siberian economic life. This expanding city has been the capital of Siberia since the old capital, Omsk, fell from Soviet favor because it was the headquarters of the Kolchak counter-revolutionary government.

In a village near Omsk we met a train of exiles surrounded by soldiers with naked sabres. For the most part, these unfortunates had faces that were honest, intelligent, even refined; they must have belonged to an intellectual or bourgeois *élite*, to judge by their expressions, which were quite different from the stupid, sneering look of the ordinary criminal. Their miserable garments were covered with a thick coating of mud. Both men and women carried on their shoulders or in their hands a bundle of rags and a bowl. A pregnant woman dragged herself miserably along. It was the pitiful procession described so many times by Dostoievski. Among them were young, beardless boys; a

Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

CHINESE TYPES OF THE LAKE BAIKAL REGION

IN SIBERIA one is constantly reminded that one is in the Orient by such thoroughly oriental-looking types as these, photographed near the route of the Trans-Siberian in the beautifully mountainous region of Lake Baikal.

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Keystone

A SIBERIAN OF EUROPEAN ANCESTRY

THE AUTHOR traveled with many such unkempt, unshaven, sullen, suspicious tillers of the soil.

little black-eyed girl, as pink as a wild rose, who was leading by the hand a wrinkled old woman who looked like one of the Fates and whose package of clothes the little girl carried. These poor wretches were bundled into a car equipped with bars. They went in quietly, without a look at the handful of foreigners — as free as they were captive — who were so moved by their fate.

WE PASSED forest after forest, meadow after broad meadow. Gleaming rivers slipped through the dark masses of the fir trees. As we approached Sverdlovsk (Ekaterinburg), the mining centre to which flows the gold, silver, copper, nickel, platinum, iron, lead, coal, salt, and precious stones of the region, the forest thickened and covered the earth like a heavy coat of dark fur.

At the magnificent, spacious station of Sverdlovsk, open-air bazaars were placed all along the platform to attract travelers. We all rushed up to them, spent all our money on jewelry that may have been imitation or real, on colored leather slippers, on open-work birch-bark boxes.

All this frivolous activity shocked and saddened me. Perhaps I expected to find the station empty and hung with *crêpe*. No matter what I did, I could not help thinking of the drama of the dead Romanovs; and in my mind's eye I saw the last phase of their tragedy. Like myself, they had jumped down from the train on to this same platform that was now echoing to my heels. The faithful sailor who served as companion to the Tsarevich must have taken his young master in his arms in order to get down from the high step. It must have been night. The Red soldiers were accompanying the prisoners. The Tsar, calm and resigned, walked ahead. He disappeared down a stairway which conducted to the exit, on a level lower than the station platform. It was cold, and the young grand duchesses hugged their mother. A carriage awaited the Imperial exiles and carried them toward their new dwelling place, past rows of low houses and garden walls, jolting over the badly paved streets. The Romanovs thought that in the modest little cottage to which they were taken they would find a last refuge where they might live out their lives simply and quietly together. But there was to be one last jolt . . . Let's get away from this tragic city. I took with me only a red stone that looked like a drop of blood.

AT PERM, although our train was already more than full, twenty more first-class passengers came aboard. They were distributed anywhere and everywhere, and, when we went to go to bed, I found a bearded young man settled in the upper berth of my compartment. A leather wallet hung from a hook, and a pair of shoes lay upon the seat.

'What's the meaning of this, Dmitri?' I said to my porter. 'There is a man in my compartment!'

'Oh! don't let that bother you, *grachdenka* (citizeness),' he said. '*A la russe*, such things have no importance. As far as possible, I put men with men; but there was one left over, and since there was an empty berth in your compartment, I stuck him in there.'

Dmitri could not sit still.

In Moscow, he would say, there are wonderful restaurants. In Moscow, you can go to the movies and to the theatre. In Moscow, there is Lenin's tomb. In Moscow, this, in Moscow, that. Dmitri said 'in Moscow' with the same religious air with which the three Wise Men must have said 'in Bethlehem.' After we had passed Viatka, he couldn't keep still at all. He got his bundle ready. He whistled nervously, plastered his face against the window looking out, glanced at his watch, asked incessantly for my cigarettes, which he smoked to the very end until they almost burned his dirty fingers, offered me a friendly glass of vodka in secret, became more and more excited. And when, in the early light of dawn, after we had passed through the sleeping suburbs of Russia's capital, the train stopped under the great station roof, I too was carried away by emotion as a deep, solemn, official voice called from the platform: 'Moscow! Moscow!'

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Persons and Personages

Albert Thomas of the League—Alfred Hugenberg of Germany—Anatoli Lunacharski of Russia—Chang Hsueh-liang of Manchuria

Albert Thomas

A former official of the League of Nations has said that there are two ways of envisaging the League: one may consider it simply a new form of the old, familiar diplomacy, in which case its representative is its Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond; or one may realize that the League symbolizes a new order in the world. If it is so conceived, the man who most nearly represents it is M. Albert Thomas, Director of the International Labor Organization.

It so happened that Albert Thomas, in his youth, carried loaves of warm bread and *petits pains* about for his father, who was a baker. Work and the conditions of work were not strange to the lad who lived modestly with his family at Champigny-sur-Marne. The father found the good folk of Champigny appreciative of his bread. By saving carefully, with Albert's help, he managed to send the boy to the *Lycée Michelet*, to the *École Normale Supérieure*, and, later, to the university. Albert was impetuous in thought, with a voracious appetite for historical fact. His questioning mind was perplexed by the claims of middle-class French conservatism. At the age of seventeen, as he says, he 'definitely freed his mind,' lagging behind most of the radical youth of that period. His intellectual decisions were made after prolonged reflection. Once a Socialist, he was a devout one, as devout as the priestly uncle whom he had grieved by departing from orthodoxy.

Champigny was tolerant of the change. Observing him as he delved into socialist and syndicalist history, as he developed tastes for literature and for metallurgy, as he wrote for a capitalistic economic review and for a socialist paper, Champigny thought him fit to be made a municipal councilor, and, later, mayor of the town. When, finally, he went to the Chamber of Deputies, he was known as a dynamic socialist member and an energetic journalist who possessed an expert knowledge of mechanical production.

When the World War began, Thomas enlisted as a sergeant, and was soon made lieutenant and standard bearer of his regiment. His colonel was a Catholic, and between the two men there was a deep personal admiration and, at the same time, tempestuous disagreement on matters of opinion. When the regiment was stationed at Champigny, the citizens drew themselves up an inch when their mayor marched under the flag he carried. Twice in Champigny he spoke in honor of the dead of the village. The first occasion, in 1915, was one of unfamiliar and sentimentally glorified sorrow. On the second occasion, two years later, Albert Thomas and the people of Champigny knew intimately the implacable face of war. There was intense gravity in the words that Thomas dedicated to the fallen men: 'There will be no peace until a reign of justice, founded on the triumphant union of the Allies and strengthened by the willing adherence of neutral powers, has abolished forever the violence of war.'

Keystone

Albert Thomas

Seated at his desk in Geneva. As Director of the International Labor Organization he does more than any other individual to make felt the influence of the League of Nations in the daily life of the peoples of the world.

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During those two years France had honored Albert Thomas. Early in the War a Socialist colleague in the Chamber recommended that the Government consult Thomas about certain details of mechanical production. Millerand himself came to rely on his advice. Thomas was attached to the headquarters' staff in order that he might put all his technical knowledge at the service of the nation. It became a pressing necessity that the production of munitions be speeded up. England was finding it difficult to supply her troops adequately. In 1916, when Albert Thomas was thirty-eight years old, he was made Minister of Armaments and Munitions for the French. Throughout the land he was called the Master of the Forge.

As Minister, he miraculously caused small munitions plants to combine, to do the work of large factories. He mobilized every ounce of French strength, every scrap of French patriotism until he had a constant stream of shells and bombs, guns and gas supplying the trenches. He appealed to workers who before the War had been openly hostile to the Government. With a few magnetic words he quelled a strike that might have crippled the munitions service. He saw to it that the wages of workers kept pace as closely as possible with the swift rise in the cost of living. He talked of a League of Nations, formulating it at first as a League of the Entente Powers, later broadening his conception to include all trustworthy governments. At the War's end, with many other Socialists, he was that rare thing — a magnanimous victor.

FOR the first time in history, a peace conference realized that the stability of the world depends to a large extent on the health and harmony prevailing among the workers of the earth. One of the wisest provisions incorporated into the Treaty of Versailles was that for the establishment of an International Labor Organization in the interests of social justice. Unlike the execution of some other clauses of the Treaty, this job was not subsequently bungled. It was consigned to the skilled direction of Albert Thomas. The physical vigor, the mental capacity that he had concentrated upon war were now brought to bear upon the task of peace.

It can be imagined that with his strict, passionate devotion to causes that engage his conscience, Thomas might have founded a religion. Instead, he has chosen to be acutely aware of the ills of industry. He has observed them in history; he has studied them at first hand in North America, South America, Africa, Europe, and, now, in the Far East. His mind is busy with remedies for them. He thinks in terms of the dangers of white lead to industrial workers, of the necessity for reducing the hours in the working day to reasonable limits, of the horrors of forced labor among children or among the natives of Africa and the Dutch East Indies. The problems of agricultural workers, of seamen, of bakers are the stuff of his daily thought, and are vitally important to him. His organization has helped in the refugee settlement work, and even took it over for a time from the League proper. Recognizing the wide implications of labor conditions, Thomas has given impetus to the Economic Conference held at Geneva.

When the Labor Organization was first proposed, a few statesmen feared that it might become an organ of class propaganda, a means of spreading exaggerated, fantastically unreal social doctrines. In weak, incapable hands it might have gone the way of destruction in the first two or three years of its existence. Governments, looking upon it with disfavor, expected to have blanket labor regulations imposed on them by a small group in Geneva who took only an academic interest in actual conditions and who presumably knew little of how those conditions might vary from country to country and from climate to climate. Albert Thomas spiked most of the fears. He met criticism with a stalwart front. In his annual reports he went over with care all the accumulated criticism. These reports were fully discussed at the meetings of the Labor Conference, where Government representatives as well as representatives of the workers and of the employers could participate freely in the argument. Now the criticism has lessened, has become more reasonable. Statesmen have realized that the wisdom of Albert Thomas, brought to bear on pressing economic and industrial problems, is neither academically detached nor ineffectually theoretical. In an institution where 'the conflict of interest is constant' because more than any other organization 'it touches so closely, and at so many points, the details of ordinary life,' Thomas is a kindly autocrat. He does an enormous quantity of stiff reading, seizing its essence with a characteristic purposefulness. The facts that he gathers he hoards for effective and accurate application at the proper time. He has succeeded to an amazing degree in divorcing the social and economic from the political. It is this fact that his enemies are slow to grasp. For Albert Thomas, who does not himself cherish grievances, has bitter enemies.

COMMUNISTS everywhere fulminate against him, in spite of his efforts for the social good, which approach their own aims in character. The radical element in France has practically repudiated him for remaining at the head of the Labor Bureau. Last year the Socialist and Labor International condemned him because he was received by Mussolini and by 'Mussolini's slaves,' namely the Fascist trade unions. Radical socialists feel that Thomas has betrayed his political principles by attempting to work through existing governments instead of against them. They will not see that his is one of the rare minds with vision enough to transcend the political and local. A powerful British paper has recently raised a tempest in a teapot about his visit to China. The Nationalist Government there is manifesting tendencies to cut down the working day and to lessen child labor and night work among women. The British report claims that Thomas was carefully guided to certain Chinese factories which are not representative of conditions in the Japanese- and British-owned plants, that he made only a superficial study of Chinese industry, and that he is not qualified to draw any conclusions or to make recommendations about it. Such unbalanced judgments of his work are frequent.

Thomas visited Moscow once during the provisional régime of Kerenski. He guarded himself from making flamboyant statements about the future of Russia. On account of that cautious attitude he is to-day one of the few officials of the League of Nations who is *persona grata* in Moscow. The Soviet Government consents to talk with him in a reasoned manner tinged, of course, with skepticism. Thomas's method of accomplishing the ends that he holds desirable for labor is not to exert pressure upon governments. Usually he puts his trust in the innate sense of decency that he firmly believes every man to possess. It does not matter whether the particular person in question is the Emperor of Japan or a begrimed miner. Albert Thomas would shake hands with either with equal sincerity.

He is an impressive figure of a man, with his searching eyes and his ragged beard. Thoughtful, full of concern and understanding for his associates, he can change from solicitous affection to a furious rage that is armed with sarcasm and a variety of expressive and colorful epithets. In defense of his organization and its work he can be a Titan, using an amazing smile and significant gesture, or sheer force of personal presence to convince an unwilling financial commission

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that a new Chief of Division is needed in the I. L. O. He can be charming in reminiscence of Lloyd George and the coöperation of War days. He can be absorbed, scholarly, the socialist historian who wrote two excellent chapters on the Third French Empire in the Cambridge Modern History. And, with his wife and three daughters, in his unpretentious, tranquil home at the cross-roads in Champigny, he becomes the *bon père de famille*, the *bon bourgeois*, talking over affairs of the town with neighbors who drop in comfortably during the evening.

Alfred Hugenberg

ALL Germany caught its breath a few weeks ago at the news that Alfred Hugenberg had become head of the German National Party. His election meant far more than a mere change in the leadership of a numerically small political party. For the German Nationalists are no ordinary political party. Most political parties want to control the machinery of government, to carry out their policies, and to secure the 'spoils of office'; but the faction of the German Nationalists which Herr Hugenberg leads has entirely different aims. It seeks to control the present government of republican Germany not for these purposes but primarily for the purpose of overthrowing it. It is the party of reaction, the party which looks with longing eyes back to the good old days when Germany was an empire with a large army and navy, with great colonial possessions, hampered by no annoying treaties and reparations agreements, dealing on terms of complete equality with all the great powers of the world.

Alfred Hugenberg represents the extreme faction among these extremists. His frankly avowed programme demands the abandonment of Germany's present republican constitution, the reëstablishment of monarchy, and a far-reaching programme of reconstruction. Unlike his predecessor, Count Westarp, the new Nationalist chieftain is in a position to make the German public accept his views. He is the most powerful newspaper owner in Germany, able to sway public opinion, not only through the papers which he owns outright, but also through innumerable others which print the dispatches of his news services and through the moving picture companies which he either owns or dominates.

A Hanoverian by birth, Herr Hugenberg is nevertheless described as 'Prussian to his very marrow.' His is the mentality of the Junker aristocrat—rigid, disciplined, thorough in all things, in love with power for its own sake.

He was born in 1865, and a large part of his early education was given him by private tutors. Following a common German custom, he attended several universities — Göttingen, Heidelberg, Berlin, and Strassburg — and then spent the single year in the army which Prussian law required of university men. Then he became successively a lawyer, a banker, an official of the Prussian Finance Ministry. In 1909 he became chairman of the board of directors of the famous Krupp Steel works at Essen, a post which he held through the years when the war clouds were gathering and through four years of actual war, when the great Krupp works were running at full blast. After the Armistice, he resigned.

A new career was opening. He had already become interested in newspaper publishing. The chain of papers owned by the German magnate, Scherl, which had long found favor in the Kaiser's eyes, was in financial straits. The Kaiser, uneasy lest it fall into unfriendly hands, helped persuade his banker friends to organize a company to take over the stock. This was in February, 1914. By 1915, the new company also was in difficulty. But the War had made Krupps so prosperous that the purchase of a group of newspapers was a small matter to Herr Hugenberg. He acquired control of the Scherl group. After the War, as one newspaper after another foundered during the inflation period, Herr Hugenberg added to his string. To-day he owns

Underwood & Underwood

ALFRED HUGENBERG

THE RECENTLY ELECTED President of the German National Party and owner of the most influential group of newspapers in Germany.

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fourteen, — most of them important and influential, — together with a number of agencies supplying news, pictures, and advertising to his own and other newspapers. To all these means of influencing the public mind he has of late been adding a group of moving picture companies, most important of which is the *Ufa*, said to do, directly and indirectly, about eighty per cent of Germany's film business. Many of its productions have been shown in America.

With such resources at his command, Herr Hugenberg's influence in current German thought and feeling is tremendous; and his power, coupled with his ardent nationalism and his detestation of Herr Stresemann's policy of conciliation, is viewed with misgiving across the Rhine. 'So long as he is master and controller of the minds of a considerable number of the German people,' wrote a French journalist a few weeks ago, 'there is no chance of agreement or of genuine peace.' But that is an extreme view. Official position has a way of tempering uncompromising views; and perhaps as responsible head of his party Herr Hugenberg may prove more conciliatory than as a relatively irresponsible private individual.

Anatoli Vassilevich Lunacharski

HAD the World Revolution occurred as swiftly as the Russian Communists hoped when they seized power in 1917, perhaps the name of Anatoli Vassilevich Lunacharski, Soviet Commissar of Education, would have been lost to history. But, while Russia remains the only Communist state in the modern world, it is he whose power is felt most outside of Russia. The other members of the Communist 'Old Guard,' those who with Lenin and Trotski overthrew the Kerenski Government and did their best to plunge the rest of the world in bloody class warfare, have in turn risen to power and then been banished to exile by their erstwhile 'Comrades.' Only Lunacharski retains the post he was given eleven years ago, that of supreme chief of the Russian schools and universities, censor of the press, promotor of the theatre and cinema, and Tsar in general of the development of culture under the Soviets. His job is to guide the new artistic energies which have been released in the Russian masses; and, during his administration, though Russian economic theories have met with scant favor, Russian ideas in moving picture technique, in the drama, in the dance, and in letters have won both admiration and imitation.

Lunacharski was born in the province of Poltava. His parents were landed gentry. He was educated in the public schools of Kiev and then, during the *Wanderjahre* customary among budding Tolstoians of his time, attended the University of Zürich. Here he came into association with a group of Russian exiles. He entered, heart and soul, into the work of the Revolution, and from that time until 1917 his life was largely spent abroad, except for occasional trips to Russia followed by imprisonments and escapes. He traveled Western Europe extensively, mastering the languages as he went, and pausing wherever there was the opportunity to found and edit a Communist paper. Among those in which he played an important part were *Krylia* (Wings), *Vperod* (Forward), — in which he collaborated with Bogdanov, Pokrofski, and Gorki, — *Proletarii*, *Kievskie Otkliki* (The Kiev Answers), and *Iskra* (The Spark), until, in 1904, that paper came under the control of the Mensheviks. He had now definitely cast his lot with the Bolsheviks. But, although Communist journalism was his profession, the passion of his leisure hours, in prison and out, was literature and philosophy. In 1896, at the early age of twenty, he wrote his first play, and from 1900 until the present day his output has been prodigious and eclectic, perhaps forty books, including plays, criticisms, essays on art, music, poetry, philosophy — he calls himself a 'panpsychic monist' — Marxian socialism, religion, and a translation of the Swiss poet, Spitteler. Like most Slavs, he was particularly fascinated by Italy, the Cradle of Civilization. It was there he acquired an inclination toward mediævalism which has influenced all of his subsequent writings and which may yet prove his undoing in the bosom of his Party.

THEN came the revolution of 1917. Lenin, it is said, was cautioned against placing in the hands of such a 'dangerous cleric' the gigantic task of instilling the passive mujik with the principles of Communism. But Lenin never made a mistake in his selections of personnel. The poet, dramatist, and philosopher whom Lenin had often ridiculed, during their years of exile, for 'coquetting with religion in a laughable way' was appointed Commissar of Education, responsible for all of the contacts of the people with the Government. This position was one of particular importance in the Communist régime, for by education, of a sort, was to be overcome the passive resistance of a hundred odd million peasants. Not only this, but the realization of the Marxian dream of a proletarian culture depended upon the success of a complete upheaval of the spiritual and æsthetic life of the masses. Finally, the Revolution had stirred up new impulses and energies in some elements of the population which the Communists viewed with alarm and hoped to divert from unwelcome meddling with their hegemony into less troublesome channels.

In this very difficult capacity, Lunacharski has for eleven years ruled over the department which touches every phase of the cultural life of Russia. In many respects and for many reasons, Communist 'education' has had little more success in Russia than it has abroad. Primary schools have notoriously failed, higher education consists of a few weeks' study of Marxian history, and, in spite of all efforts, the Orthodox Church has not been uprooted. Peasants now cross themselves before the portrait of Lenin as they used to do before holy icons. But, in vocational training, in the periodical press, and, to some extent, in poetry and music, the work of the Commissariat under Comrade Lunacharski has been blessed with success. As for art, the story goes that Lunacharski persuaded the Russians to go to their museums by seeing to it that they were well heated during the coal shortage.

It is in the theatre and ballet, however, so close to the Russian soul, that Lunacharski has used his power to the best advantage in Communist propaganda. Despite his severe censorship of the printed word, he has allowed extraordinary liberalism in this field, where he has defended the dramatic and musical traditions of old Russia, except insofar as they were positively 'counter-revolutionary.' He freely admits that in the old culture there is much that the proletariat should accept and adopt for itself. Firmly opposed to the destruction of all forms inherited from the *bourgeoisie*, he maintains it is more important to eliminate the influence of the near past, of zealous and individualistic intellectuals who created a pseudo-proletarian art. He seeks, rather, the complete absorption by the masses of individuality, the identification of art with the historical destiny of the people.

THESE principles are traceable throughout his plays, many of which have been translated into other languages, and some of which have been produced, with considerable success, abroad. Among the best known are *Don Quixote Released*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Ivan in Heaven*, *Faust in Town*, and a trilogy, the *Song of Hope* composed of *The Magi*, *Vasilisa the Wise*, and *Mitra the Savior*.

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Throughout his administration there have been murmurs of suspicion from his more stern and realistic colleagues. Mythical gods and mediævalism, the recognition of *bourgeois* methods, distorted though they are to fit Communist models, do not appear to them the proper instruments of a truly Marxian education. The Commissar has often been driven to use his facile but not too pointed pen in self-defense. But his occasional deviation from strict Communist orthodoxy and the plays he writes as 'rest' from his extraordinarily arduous administrative duties are not weighed against the genius and devotion he has given to the Soviet cause. It is probable that long after Stalin has gone the way of Zinoviev and Trotski, the slouching, shabbily-dressed arbitrator of Russia's cultural development will retain his seat in the Council of People's Commissars.

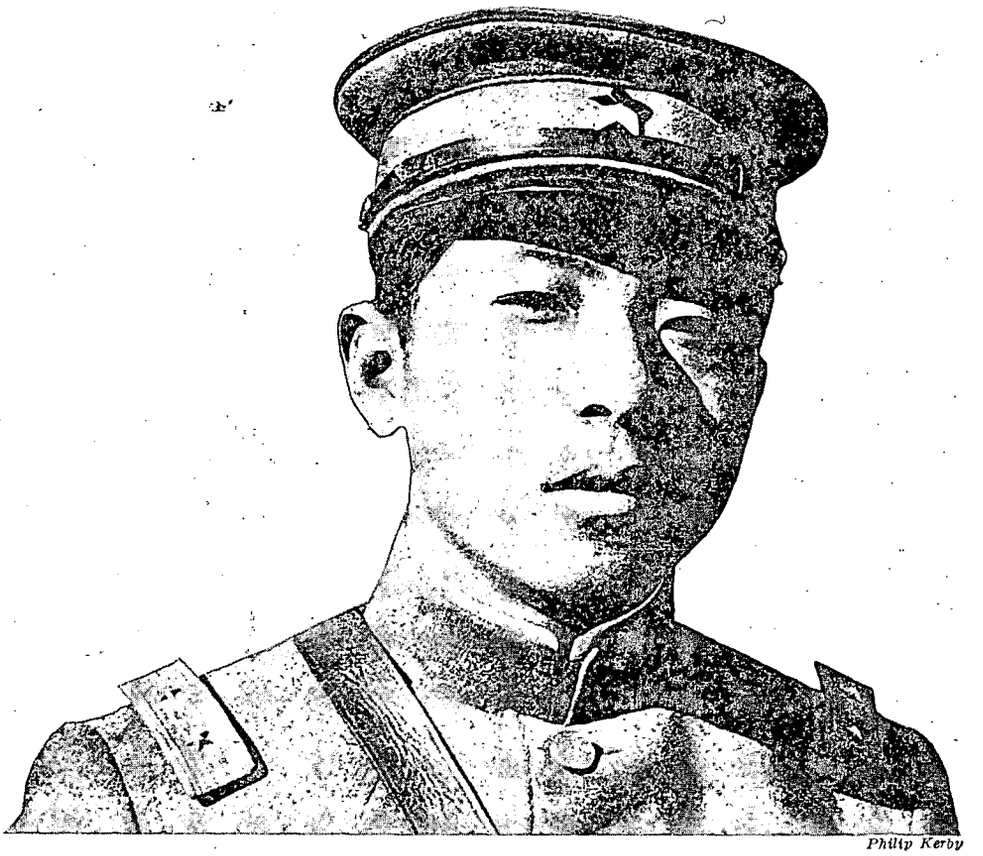
Chang Hsueh-liang

MANCHURIA'S youthful war lord is a human paradox!

To exercise absolute power of life and death over fifteen millions of one's fellow men; to rule a territory larger than the eastern half of the United States; to be in supreme command of a well equipped army of two hundred and fifty thousand; to supervise the administration of the finances of a country whose gross revenue in 1928 exceeded one hundred million dollars; and, with it all, never to lose intimate contact with the masses — this requires a glowing spirit closely akin to genius, especially when one has yet to celebrate one's twenty-eighth birthday. Such power, like heady wine, should be sipped gradually, and were it not for the fact that the 'Young General,' as Chang Hsueh-liang is affectionately known from Newchwang to Manchouli, was brought up literally on the battlefield, with all the attendant rigors of strict military discipline, he might easily have become drunk with power when catapulted suddenly into the international limelight by the disgraceful assassination of his famous father, Marshal Chang Tso-lin.

To-day he is beset on the east by the rapaciousness of Japan, seeking ever to extend her sphere of influence northward from the Liaotung Peninsula; on the north by Red Russia, pushing southward along the bright rails of the Chinese Eastern Railway to obtain a year-round seaport on an arm of the Pacific; and on the west by roving hordes of Mongolian *hunghutze* (bandits). Yet the youthful Chang has so far dealt with them all successfully.

He told me once, sitting in his father's great Yamên in Mukden, that 'only cowards see the shadow of the mountain and never raise their eyes to behold the sunlight shining on the mountain top.' No summit is too high for him to scale, no obstacle too great for him to overcome, as testified by the fact that his own brigade, during the great battle of Shanhaikwan in 1924, breached the Great Wall of China with three thousand trench mortars, swept through the embrasure, and captured forty thousand prisoners with the loss of less than five hundred men.



Philip Kerby

MANCHURIA'S DICTATOR

THE YOUTHFUL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG, whose word is law in much-coveted Manchuria. That he wears a Sam Browne belt shows how thoroughly Westernized some Chinese leaders have become.

When not engaged in fighting the battles of his country, the 'Young General' is a joyous soul. He can relax from the affairs of state and of the army with surprising ease, and enjoys the normal pleasures of a young man of his years. He called for me incognito one night in my hotel in Tientsin and suggested that we go to the movies. He had skipped away from military headquarters through a postern gate and with only a single military chauffeur as his bodyguard drove into the British concession for the express purpose of having a lark.

The film turned out to be one of the ancient blood-and-thunder melodramas of Tom Mix, with the hard riding, lassoing, and pistol-shooting of a stock Western film. General Chang was jubilant and chortled delightedly when the villain was finally brought to his just deserts. Upon emerging from the theatre, in the crush of rickshaws and carriages, he could not find his own motor car. Instead of sending the door man or one of the ushers to summon it, he buttoned up his great coat in order not to be recognized, grabbed my arm, and together we skipped and slithered up one snow bank and down another, seeking the missing car. Eventually we found it at the end of the queue, the chauffeur engaged in a heated argument with an enormous Sikh policeman.

'Never mind the argument,' he told his chauffeur. "Let's go!'

General Chang is abstemious to a degree, never drinks and never smokes. In fact, he is the only Chinese militarist I have ever met who does not indulge in an occasional whiff of the poppy.

He has inherited much of his father's sagacity as well as the latter's abhorrence of treachery. He did not hesitate to sign the execution order for one of his oldest friends, General Yang Yu-ting, his chief military advisor and his father's trusted chief-of-staff, because a military court had declared him a traitor. Utterly ruthless when the occasion demands, lovable and tender-hearted to a degree at other times, Manchuria's youthful war lord will undoubtedly carve a niche of his very own in the tangled history of the Republic of China.

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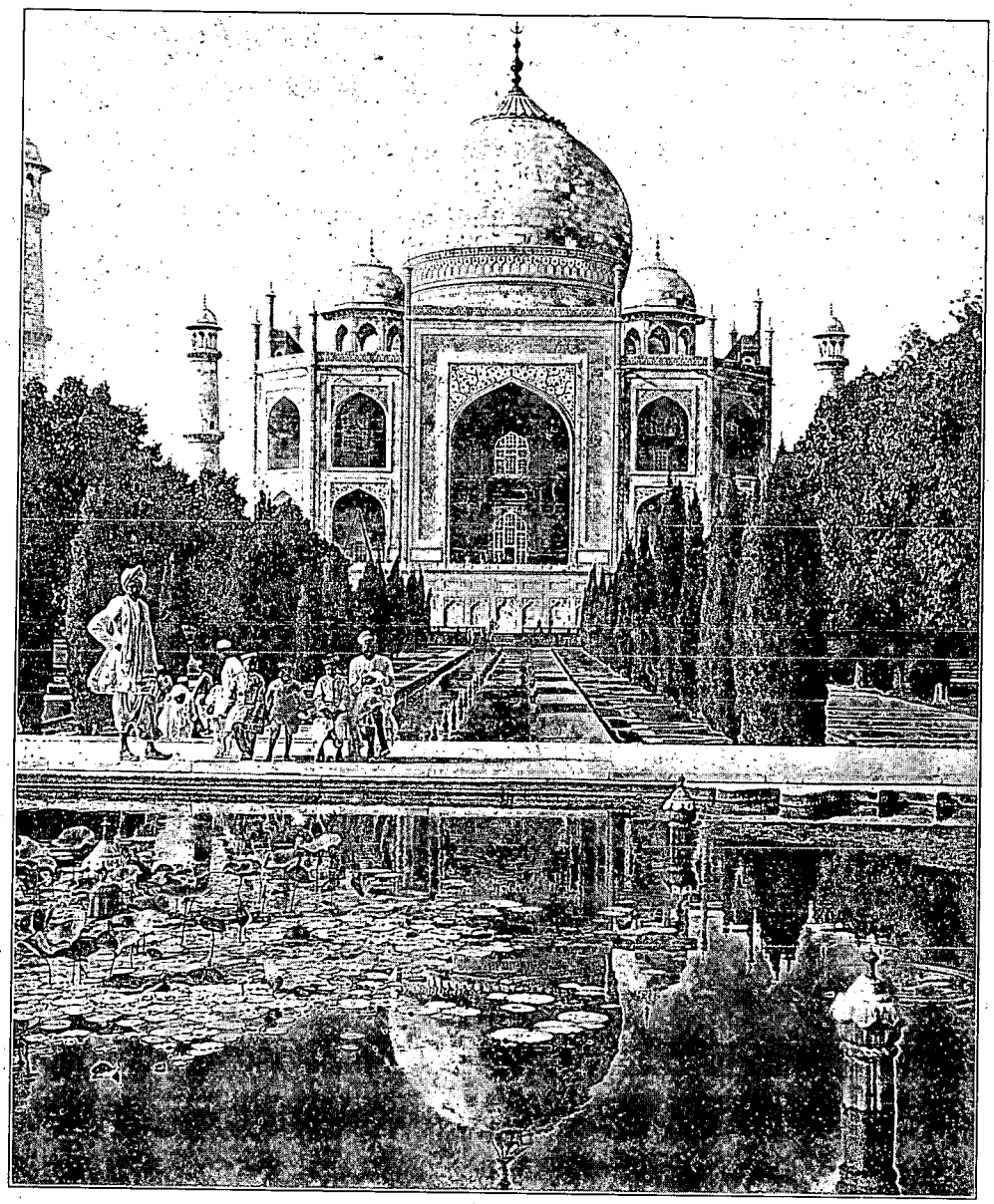

Ewing Galloway

A BUILDING KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

THE TAJ MAHAL, erected by Shah Jahan as a mausoleum for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal. Shah Jahan was the father of the Mohammedan Emperor, Aurangzeb, under whom India achieved the most united native rule it has ever had.

How the British Came to India

A Brief Outline of the History of the Great Asian Peninsula and the Racial Hotchpotch It Contains

By Lieutenant General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

Formerly Quartermaster General in India and Commander in Chief in Mesopotamia

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

MANY hundred citizens of the United States visit India each year, some arriving by the beautiful 'Gate of India,' up the landing stairs of Bombay, others reaching the garden city of Calcutta by way of the stately river, Hooghly. In nine cases out of ten, the sight-seers are members of a conducted party, faithfully reading their Baedekers and obediently following their guides, many of whom, it is safe to say, never grasp half the inwardness of the ancient East nor understand a tithe of the outstanding facts about the country. Often they come in the wrong season and endure a severe trial in an atmosphere of dust and a temperature far in excess of anything to be felt in the States.

To enjoy the East it is necessary, before all things, to go in the right season. But whereas Northern India has a long cold season and very cold nights from December to March, in Southern and Central India the days are always warm, especially at noontime, and the nights only are enjoyable. There are four months in which Northern India is fit for

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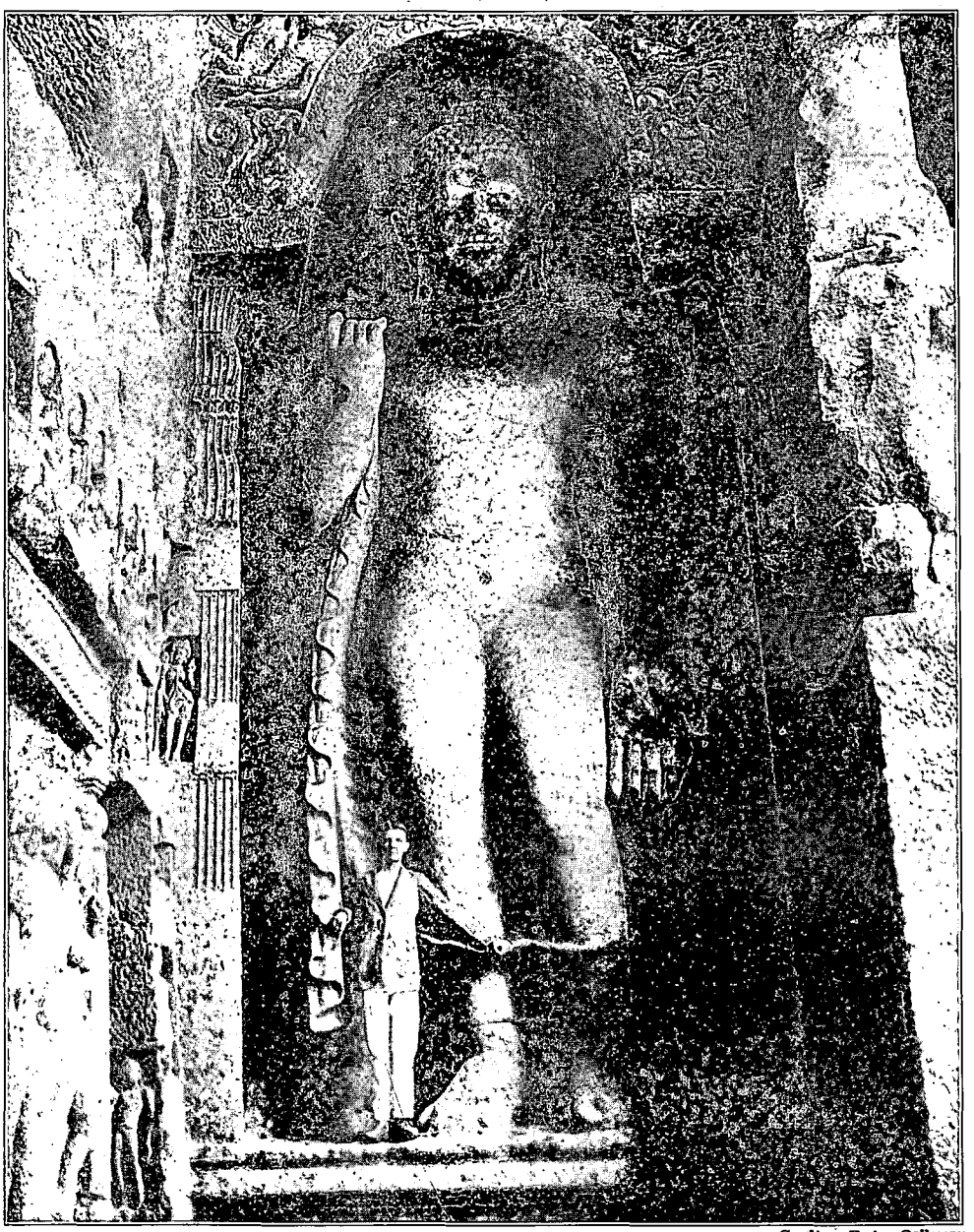
travel but only three in the case of the South. December, January, and February for the South, with March added for the North, and a permissible fortnight's margin at the beginning or end of the period for those who must. It is, however, possible to visit India in the rainy season, when dust and glare are gone, but a great stickiness pervades the warm, soft atmosphere. July and August are the months of the rainy season proper, but woe betide those who are caught in a rainy season in which the rain has failed. To those who have gone through the hot months of April, May, and June, there is nothing so sweet as the first burst of the monsoon, as the rainy season is called. Then the whole land echoes with the music of long parched rills, and what Rudyard Kipling has styled 'the drinking earth' slakes her thirst. There is a curious, sweet, earthy smell in the air, which those who have waited for it never forget, but . . . but it is hardly worth a visitor's while to try to experience it, for the date of the monsoon is uncertain, and a bad kind of hell is to be experienced by those who tour, or sit and wait.

SO MUCH for the seasons, but now of India itself. What is India, and of what does it really consist? The answer is a lengthy one, for India is a continent of over three hundred and fifteen million inhabitants, close on nineteen hundred miles in length, and with a maximum breadth of perhaps two thousand miles and a mean breadth of perhaps thirteen hundred miles. Any guide book will give its readers figures of this sort. Nearly all of the inhabitants acknowledge the rule of Great Britain and do so cheerfully and happily, though at present it has pleased some of the intelligentzia whom the British have educated in their own system to turn bitterly hostile to their European step-parents. It is perhaps worth trying to understand how India came into the hands of Great Britain. It is the fashion to represent these happenings in evil guise and to talk of rapacious conquest and the like. But, before coming to that, who and what are these three hundred odd millions? The answer is they are a people of many different races mutually antagonistic, of many different religions equally antagonistic, and of many widely differing languages.

The ethnology of the country is peculiarly involved. Several thousand years ago, how long ago is hidden in the mists of time, there came down from Central Asia, through the mountains of the north, by what are now known as the passes of Afghanistan, a vast invasion of some branches of the Aryan race, driven perhaps by the desiccation of sandstone hills and the smothering of their pastures and arable land. They must have come in waves and periods that covered perhaps many hundreds of years, and they came with a culture of some kind, and a developed religion, the Hindu religion, which survives in all its early conceptions to this day. They fought and conquered and enslaved many of the earlier inhabitants, some of the great Dravidian stock, others of even earlier races. They also wrought the greatest injustice that ever man unto man has done. They were strong enough to insist that the original inhabitants should be religiously and socially outcast for all time, and should by no manner of means save their souls alive. And so it is to this day. All the lowest and most menial occupations of the land — the sweeping, the scavenging, the leather working, the carrion skinning — are carried on hereditarily by the ancient conquered races, who are not admitted to the Hindu religion, who are often beaten secretly within an inch of their lives should they dare presume to a higher social status. Sixty million of them exist in Hindustan to this day, and, when the Prince of Wales was in India four years ago, they surrounded his car in many places by thousands, crying that from the British alone did they get protection and justice, praying and petitioning that India was not fit for Home Rule in any form. A curious story, incredible almost, yet as true to-day as five thousand years ago.

One of the outcast sweepers who had come with the Indian troops to France during the Great War died in a hospital in England. Arrangements had been



Cowling, Ewing Galloway

A GIANT HINDU MONOLITH

THIS TREMENDOUS STATUE, carved from living rock, forms part of the Bombay Elephant Caves.

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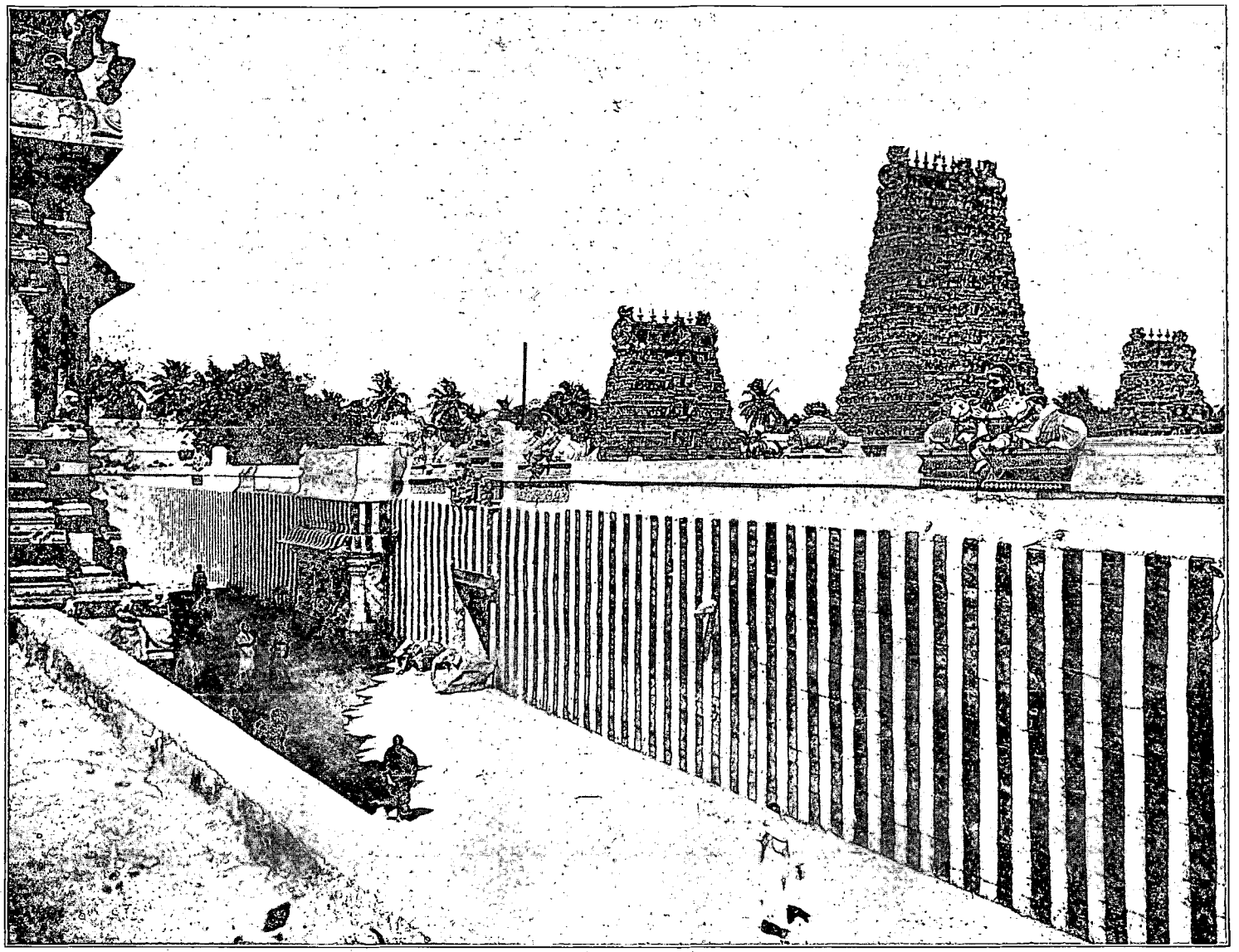

Ewing Galloway

THE 'GREAT TEMPLE' AT MADURA

A GROUP OF HINDU TEMPLES, of which the inner wall and the Elephant Gate are shown in the foreground, and a part of the interior structures in the background of this picture.

made that those Indians who were to be buried — for many are burnt — should be buried in a piece of ground in England specially set apart. The Indian in charge of this refused to allow the outcast sweeper to be buried therein. And the vicar of the parish in which the hospital was heard of the trouble and buried the sweeper himself in his churchyard, next to the tomb of a crusading knight.

HOWEVER, that is a small part of the Indian story. The Aryans spread over the north and centre of the land and founded great kingdoms and built great temples and castles and cities, and ruled for many a long day, and developed a great civilization. Then arose Prince Gautama, the Buddha, preaching against the evil complications of Hinduism, and the land turned Buddhist for many hundred years, and carved and built fresh caves and temples that stand to this day. Then Hinduism and Buddhism struggled for the ascendancy. The former eventually remained, the more colorful cult for a color- and custom-loving folk. Into this came Alexander of Macedon, also by way of the Afghan passes, conquering, forming alliances, and leaving troops and governors ere he passed to his death at Babylon. This was still some centuries before the Christian Era. A century or two later, the Greek Princes of Bactria conquered and ruled the northern provinces, leaving their temples and their coins to be dug up in the fields even in this twentieth century.

Again for many hundred years the various Hindu kingdoms warred one with another, rose, and fell, but never in all history did any one Hindu king rule over even a tenth of this vast land. In the 7th century A.D. came a curious new phenomenon, the spread of Islam and of the teachings of Mohammed. In the heart of Arabia, there rose a great Arab empire, spreading the faith by the sword all over the middle East to Persia, to China, and to India. First the Arabs invaded the valley of the Indus, and then their Turkish converts poured down to the conquest of India through the same old passes of the north. Always has India been a prey to the ruthless invader from the north. The Turkish conquerors set up a throne at the Hindu capital of Delhi, where six dead and gone cities and one surviving stand to this day for the American visitor to study. The conquerors spread over India, forcibly converting many, and tempting others by the simplicity of their faith, so that gradually there were no Hindu rulers left. But those earlier Turkish rulers never succeeded in making one kingdom. Many rival Mohammedan dynasties flourished in different parts and warred with each other. And, amid

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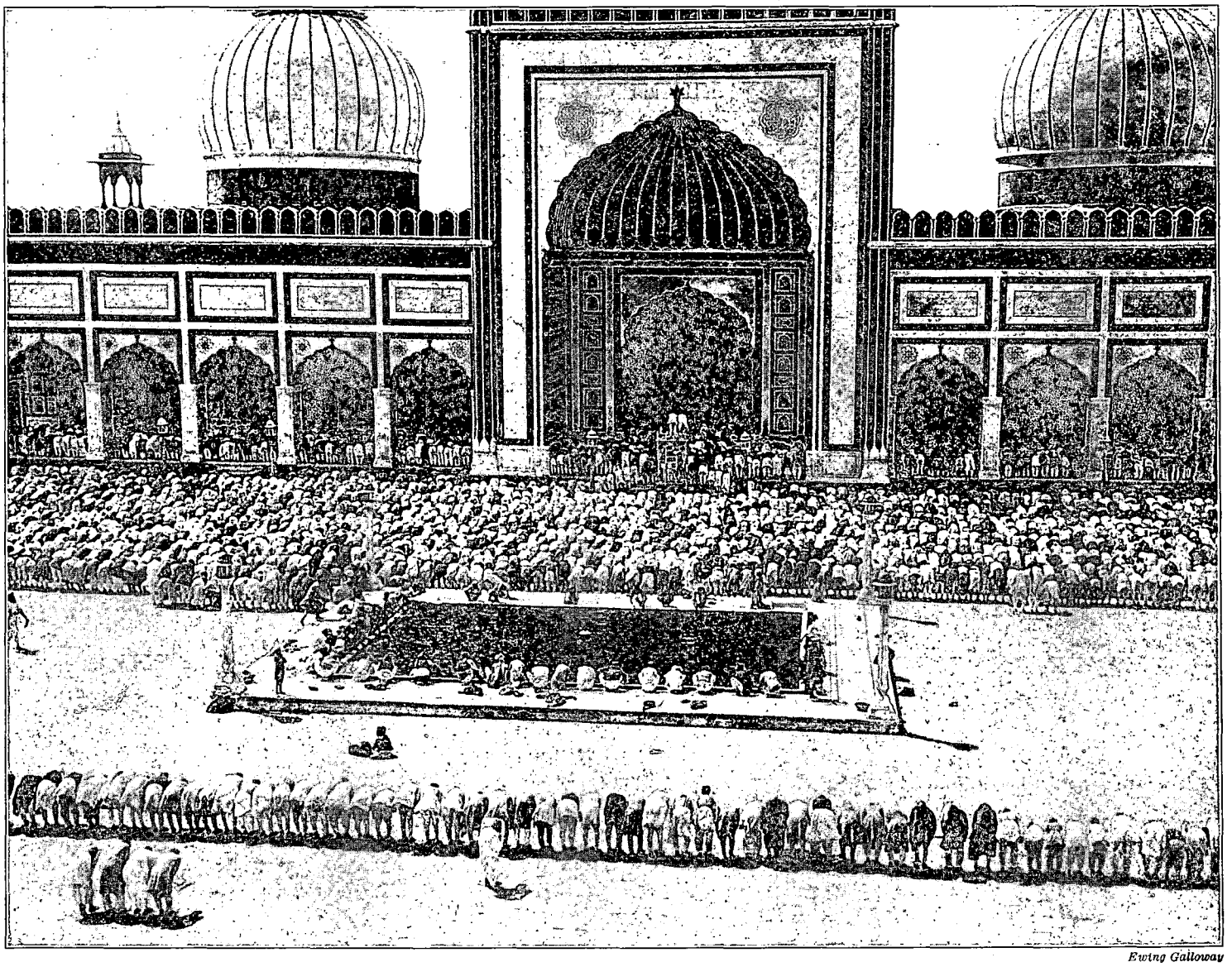

Ewing Galloway

TEN THOUSAND MOSLEMS AT PRAYER

IN THE GREAT MOSQUE of Delhi. The first Mohammedan invasion of India occurred in 664 A.D., only thirty-two years after the death of the Prophet. After a period of struggle, Mohammedanism succeeded in gaining control of India, and held control until the British came at the end of the eighteenth century.

all these warring chiefs with their armies, the peasantry ploughed the land, and paid revenue to whomever exacted it by force of arms.

BUT about the days of Queen Elizabeth of England, or a little earlier, not far from the times of the Pilgrim Fathers, a newer Turkish conqueror came down, of the race of Moguls. One Baber conquered India and founded the Mogul Empire, which ran from Samarkand through Delhi and far to the south. His son, the enlightened Akbar, ruled a great Empire, but still not the whole of India. Under him the Mogul Empire was at its zenith. Under Aurangzeb, his second successor, it reached its furthest confines, and, nominally, extended over all India. Then came quarreling heirs and governors and steady decay, Hindu princes struggled to get free from Turkish and Mohammedan rule, the central power of Delhi decayed, and the Mogul provincial governors fought one with another each for his own hand. And all was misery and anarchy and the devastation of quarreling nobles, which brings the English on to the scene.

Companies of merchant adventurers came, cap in hand, to the Mogul court, praying leave to start trading stations at various points on the coast. Protected by the governors of provinces, they traded a while under the protection and sign manual of the Mogul Emperor. Then came the days of the anarchy and the crumbling of the Mogul Empire just recorded. The merchants' night watchmen became armed watchmen and then an armed guard, since the governors could no longer protect them. Finally the trading stations were made defensible, and the armed guards became companies of soldiers. And since governors and princes and rival claimants quarreled the one with the other, the merchant adventurers increased their strength and sided with that claimant whose success was most likely to help their interest and give peace and trading facilities. In time they became arbiters and became more and more powerful, until at last they stepped into the place and power of the Mogul Emperor who could not rule and give the land peace. The last, whom a subject had blinded, they rescued, then kept him and his descendants as pensioners, and ruled in his stead.

Such, in outline, is how the British came to bring peace and prosperity and a united rule for the first time in history to three hundred and fifteen million people, and, having made the land homogeneous, now seek to help it manage itself.

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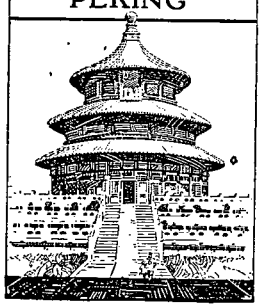
Metropolitana

Dinner in Peking — A Balloon Over Byzantium — The Berlin Philharmonic Hoax — 'Intimate' Evenings in Paris — The Emperor in Tokio — Cosmopolitan Buenos Aires — London Occupations

PEKING



THOSE Westerners who find no charm in Chinese food have in most cases partaken of it only in the West. When one is familiar with the sins which are committed in the name of French cookery in the capitals of Eastern Europe, or of American mixed drinks in Paris itself, one realizes that to damn the art of the Chinese cook on the evidence to be had in the chop suey houses of London or New York is to run the risk of missing one of the major pleasures of the palate. The wise man postpones judgment until fortune brings him to dinner in one of the better restaurants of Peking.

At the door is a smiling, bowing *maître d'hôtel*. He takes the diners in charge when they arrive, and leads them down a short passageway crowded with loungers — mere gossiping idlers, or rickshaw men satisfying their own hunger a little messily while their masters dine in dignity within. But from this somewhat unprepossessing scene one emerges almost immediately into a large, airy courtyard, charmingly lit by the glow from a score of little doors that open off it into separate dining chambers. One row of these doors is at ground level; another is on a balcony which runs around three sides of the court. If the party includes Chinese of relatively high degree, it is to the balcony that the smiling guide leads the way; otherwise, he enters one of the doors on a level with the ground.

The first duty of the diners is to clean their hands and faces with a steaming towel that is brought to each. This done, seats are taken in order of seniority. There are many urgings and protestations, each diner affecting to decline the honor, but finally yielding and taking his place. Finally everyone is seated, and over nuts and bitter tea the party awaits the *hors d'œuvre*.

Before each guest is a small bowl, a pair of chopsticks, a china spoon, and three or four paper napkins. The latter are used, not to protect one's clothing, but to clean the eating utensils before they are used and between courses. The *hors d'œuvres* — raw vegetables, cold chickens' feet, liver, or perhaps a strong-tasting, cheese-like substance made of spiced beans — are eaten with chopsticks. But with the soup course the short-handled china spoons are adopted, and the Westerner begins to feel less clumsy.

Sometimes the soup is a sweet one made of lotus seeds. Sometimes it is that greatest of delicacies, bird's nest soup. This is a broth made from the nests of a species of sea swallow which inhabits a coral reef in the Pacific a few hundred miles south of Manila in the Philippine Islands. A half-caste lady called Madame Li, who lives on a neighboring island, directs the collection of the nests, and controls the market on seven continents. The nests are made with the assistance of a good deal of saliva from the birds, and when boiled this saliva becomes a gelatin-like substance which, if the nests used are of the genuine variety from Madame Li's stock, imparts an inimitable flavor — as much like chicken as anything else — to the soup. It may cost as much as two dollars a plate, because of the rarity of the nests, but it is worth it.

For main dishes there may be mutton, beef, pork, chicken, and, above all, fish. A good Chinese cook, by the exercise of an ingenuity that is his own secret, can produce a tempting dish from anything that swims, in much the same way that a French chef can make a salad from anything that is green. In addition to the main course, there is likely to be sharks' fins in bitter brown sauce, much worth trying; or perhaps the celebrated 'black eggs' — eggs which have been buried in the earth for so long that they have long passed the rotten point and have moved on to quite another and really delicious state.

During the meal wine — served hot — is drunk: a yellow wine that looks like sherry but is much less heady, and a white wine that is slightly bitter in taste and exceedingly intoxicating.

When the meal is over, the guests sit conversing and chewing spices until fresh hot towels are brought, whereupon faces and hands are wiped once more. Then comes the leave-taking, with an elaborate ritual of smiles and accompanying deprecatory gestures. One moves out into the dimly lit courtyard again, but this time something is stirring, there is some faint sound of struck strings. And, as one passes into the passageway to rouse one's rickshaw boy and move homeward, over one's shoulder is heard the sound of a guitar, and a high-pitched voice rising in faintly melancholy song.

CONSTANTINOPLE

CONSTANTINOPLE is the joining place of two continents. Yet, as one walks in the city by the side of the Bosporus, with one foot in Asia and one in Europe, there is so much that is strange and busy and jostling going on immediately before one's eyes that all sense of standing on the arbitrary boundary line of two worlds is smothered. How much easier it would be if one could rise above this turmoil and look down coolly upon the place where one had stood! This is the thought that came to Emil Ludwig, the German biographer, when he was on his recent Mediterranean tour; and his journalist's instinct told him to go up in a captive balloon above the former city of the Sultans to see what two continents looked like from the sky. The following is his description of the experience: —

'Around me the hills are sinking in the height of the noontide sun; the earth has fallen away beneath me, silently, smoothly. Soon we can see over the hills. A broad and shining strip has become visible, not straight, but bent, three times, four times. As we rise into the blue on this perfect afternoon the ribbon becomes clearer, more sharply outlined. It is the Bosporus, for at either end it expands into a sea. That one to the west, a white mirror, calm, unruffled, with three islands on its surface, is the Sea of Marmora. The sea that lies to the east of us, huge, stormy, dark, and threatening, well deserves its name of the Black Sea. Far off, on both these seas, ships are gliding through the clear waters and the dark; but to me it seems as if they were gliding, like myself, through the blue heavens. Are we not all alike, floating in the ether, the ships on the severed seas and I?'

Suddenly Ludwig heard a voice, and realized that his companion in the wicker

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basket of the balloon was talking through a telephone to those on the earth below. The speaker offered Ludwig the mouthpiece, but Ludwig refused it hurriedly, lest he be brought back to earth again.

'Only beneath me, only in the Bosporus, is the world of reality. There, too, I can see tiny ships, their sails bellying in the wind. Some of them are making their way toward the bright sea, and others toward the dark one; some toward calm, others toward storm. On the shores of the Bosporus — white specks in the green hills — are towns and villages. Over there, on the far shore of the blue band, lies the huge city, with its domes and minarets, its cypresses and its palaces, its vast extent asparkle in the sunshine.

'That is Byzantium betwixt her seas; Byzantium, round which for thousands of years the nations have thronged, because she reigns as Empress amid the waters. As I continue to rise slowly in the swinging basket of my dreams, it seems to me as if, for a few seconds, I were holding the scales of universal history in my hands, and were able to ensure that the pointer shall come to rest between two continents.'

But refusing the telephone, shunning all contact with the world below, was no use. The balloon was earthbound. There was a jerk as the cable that held it captive tightened, and slowly the wicker basket containing the German writer descended toward the rattle of the winch that wound the cable in. Suddenly there were voices, green hills, camels, and the return to the city of earthly noise and activity and cosmopolitan crowds, where the conscientious Herr Ludwig, no doubt, hurried to get his impressions down on paper and send them off in the mail.

FRAU Lisa Maria Mayer, the Viennese composer, with Dame Ethel Smyth of London, has the distinction of being one of the two women musicians who have successfully conducted symphony orchestras. Last month she was invited to Berlin from Vienna to lead the Philharmonic Orchestra in her own and classical compositions. When she accepted the invitation, neither she nor her hosts had any idea of the unique experience that awaited her.

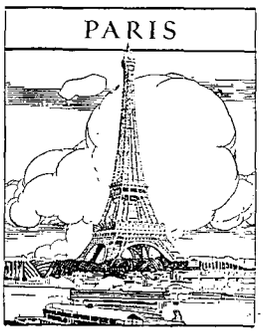
The concert, which took place in the Berlin Philharmonic Hall, began uneventfully enough. Frau Mayer conducted Beethoven's Fourth Symphony beautifully, and was acclaimed at its conclusion. Then she began on one of her own compositions, whose modernism may be judged from its title, 'Cocaine.' But Berlin is accustomed to modernism in the arts, and the contrast between this number and the preceding classical music was not enough to explain the strange restlessness which seeped through the crowd.

Frau Mayer, upset by the rustling and the craning of necks and the shuffling of feet that was taking place behind her back, stopped the orchestra in midcourse and turned about. Then she too joined the audience in staring at a young man who had mounted on a chair and was beginning to address the hall in loud tones while he waved a pink envelope in his hand. Gradually it became apparent that scattered through the audience were two hundred other young men, each bearing a dainty blue, green, or pink envelope in his hand. The spokesman on his chair shouted above the growing hubbub, explaining that he and his two hundred companions had replied to an advertisement in a big Berlin paper, and had each received an answer which read: 'Come to the Philharmonic Concert on Friday night with a letter in your hand and approach a lady in the front row who carries a bouquet of white roses.' The advertisement itself had read: —

> A young, pretty, and well educated Viennese lady, the widow of a Berlin industrialist, with a large independent income and a handsome Berlin apartment, is lonely and desires a new husband. His religion and financial status make no difference. The possession of a kind heart is her only condition.

After these impressive lines had been read aloud, the two hundred young men all tried to explain at once to the audience their disappointment at discovering that there was no lady with a bouquet of white roses seated in the front row. But they were shouted down with hoots of laughter. Frau Mayer, who had been standing, baton in hand, during all this, tried vainly to resume the concert. Her listeners, however, were out of their seats and milling around in such confusion that the concert officials, fearful of a riot, carried the conductor from the platform, just as a squad of police arrived to march the two hundred disappointed prospective husbands off to the police station.

The only explanation of the hoax thus far offered is that some feminine enemy of Frau Mayer wished to ruin her chances of success in Berlin. However regretful Berliners were that their distinguished guest's first appearance had been thus unpleasantly interrupted, they were forced to admit that the person responsible had hit upon a method unique in the history of musical life in Germany's capital.



IN SOME circles in the United States it has become customary to deplore the passing of the good old days when people took the time to enjoy the amenities of life quietly with their friends. It is pointed out in some heat that with apartment living, and the mad pace of business and pleasure, social life has put intoxication in the place which conversation used to hold, and that anything like simple social evenings are impossible. On the other hand, it is held that on the Continent — where life is still something to be savored slowly — they do things very differently.

Most Americans when they go to Paris do not have the opportunity to examine the truth of this pleasant assumption that in the French capital it is still possible, in fact customary, to spend a quiet evening with one's friends without the help of rum, riot, or radio. Parisians of the older school, however, are beginning to examine it for themselves; and what they find does not reassure them.

'Come and see us,' say one's newly made acquaintances. 'A very quiet, informal evening, *dans la plus stricte intimité*.'

Immediately the Parisian who enjoys the old way of life conjures up a picture of a quiet room with curtains drawn, softly illuminated by lamplight; of an evening spent in pleasant conversation in shadows that stimulate reflection, with perhaps a little good music. But when the expected evening actually arrives, what happens? He is met in a garishly lit hallway by a squadron of servants, who seize his hat, coat, and stick, attach numbers to them, and place them in their proper position in a long line of other people's hats, coats, and sticks. A butler descends upon him with the demand: 'Whom shall I announce?' Disturbed, disappointed, shaken, the caller is nevertheless forced to answer. Forthwith he is led into a brilliantly lighted salon where half of Paris stands about, gossiping, yawning, or swaying to the rhythm of a frantic jazz orchestra. Nobody is having a very good time, but apparently

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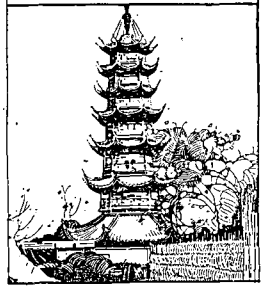
nobody can think of anything better to do.

The newcomer seeks his host and hostess. Finally he cuts them out of the herd, only to find that they scarcely remember him. Then he makes his way dismally about the room through the hubbub; stays long enough, or almost long enough, to be polite; and finally rushes out to retrieve his hat, coat, and stick from the gorgons who guard them and to breathe a sigh of relief as the door closes at last behind him on the noise and the glare. And all this was supposed to be 'very informal,' '*dans la plus stricte intimité!*'

The word '*impossible*,' according to the old saw, does not exist in French. One says instead, 'It can't be done.' Now at least one Parisian critic is arguing that the word '*intimité*' is gone also, and the word '*amitié*' with it. For friendship, he says, cannot exist without informality, without an atmosphere of intimacy. And where, he asks, is the family lamp shade, the stimulating conversation, the quiet music — everything that meant the 'intimate' evening of other days? He has only one suggestion. Perhaps a Paris matron will arise with sufficient originality to set up a salon which shall be a new oasis of simplicity in the desert of complicated social pleasures — a woman who can say, 'Come and see us. A very quiet, informal evening. *Dans la plus stricte intimité*,' without having right-minded men laugh bitterly in her face.

TOKIO



FOR the first time in the history of the city, a ruler of Japan has appeared in an imperial procession on the *Ginza*, Tokio's Great White Way. It was not a procession of state, comparable to those which took place during the ceremonies which accompanied the Emperor Hirohito's official coronation this fall; but it was large enough and novel enough to attract big crowds to the main business thoroughfare of the Japanese capital.

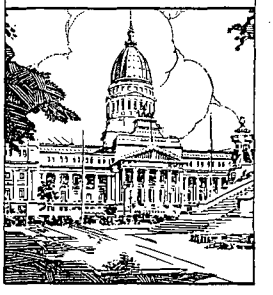
The crowds began to gather in the early morning cold, choking a little in the mist that hung over the city. Shortly, the sidewalks were lined five deep with spectators, not crowding or standing on tiptoe or elbowing their way to the front positions, but for the most part sitting quietly in orderly rows on little squares of grass matting. The sidewalks had been marked off in sections for the various groups of spectators, each section reserved for visitors from a given district. Everyone in sight wore some sort of badge, a necessary identification for admission to the *Ginza* section of the city.

In spite of the fact that the crowd included a sprinkling of high officials in top hats and their wives in European dress, and that most of the men from Tokio proper wore foreign clothes, the general aspect remained that of old Japan. Even the more advanced women of Tokio have not yet reached the point where they dress in the styles of the West all the year round; although purchases of foreign dresses have doubled each year for the last five years, and a Paris frock costs only half what must be paid for a really fine kimono, Japanese houses are still kept at so low a temperature during the winter months that the women find short skirts too chilly, and return to the traditional kimono for comfort. Many of the spectators, too, were country people who had come in to see the Emperor and of course retained their native costume.

The streets had been decorated with strips of red and white bunting. The morning mist softened the hard outlines of the angular modern buildings that are in process of construction until the whole scene looked dreamlike and unreal. At first, old men and women and little children could be heard coughing and slapping one another to keep warm. But gradually these sounds ceased, and five minutes before the procession was to arrive a sudden silence fell, broken only by the bark of a nervous policeman ordering some over-anxious onlooker to stand back or sit down. At last from the haze emerged the lancers, with gay pennons fluttering; but the clatter of their horses' hoofs was silenced by the sand which had been sprinkled thickly over the pavement.

The still cordons of police — strengthened since the recent arrests of anti-monarchical propagandists — stiffened, each man standing in Japanese fashion with his back to the procession, so that he might keep his eyes always on the crowd. There were no huzzas, no hand-clapping as the carriages rolled by, with the Emperor and his Empress riding side by side, since this was not a state procession. There was only complete, respectful silence. A few enterprising shopkeepers had distributed to the spectators bundles of little Japanese flags with their shop's name stamped on them; but the police, after hasty conferences with superior officers, ruled that even these should not be waved. Horsemen and carriages moved by in such stillness, and the form and color of the whole scene was so dimmed and softened by the haze, that the spectators might have been looking at an old mural on some palace wall. But it was a mural which had been painted with a purpose. For the Japanese monarchy, though it believes that the monarch should remain aloof from his people, does not underestimate the political value of making his features known to the crowd; and from this point of view the procession, though it took place in dead silence, was indubitably a success. Thousands of Japanese braved discomfort to stand on the *Ginza* and wait; thousands had their first view of the young ruler and his Empress in Tokio, and went home to tell many thousands more.

BUENOS AIRES



A DOZEN trips to Europe, say travelers who may be a little prejudiced because they have seen the wonders that lie south of the Equator, cannot give the visitor half the impression of strangeness, half the foreign atmosphere, to be obtained from a single voyage to South America, and above all to Buenos Aires. For the Argentine capital, like New York, is a city of immigrants from all the earth, but with this difference: New York has assimilated and fused together all save the lower classes of those who have come from abroad, whereas in Buenos Aires French, English, Italians, Germans, Americans, though they live comfortably side by side, have maintained social groups, ways of life, and residential quarters of their own.

Sixty years ago, Argentina contained well under five million people. Since that time, five million new citizens have come over the sea. The traveler who visits the capital comes away feeling that he has brushed against the people of more European countries than he could possibly have visited at any length in a trip to the Old Continent.

For one sees a little England, with its cricket and polo fields, its bungalows, and its teashops, in the British colony; the Italian residential quarter is a little Italy; and so on down the line. When one goes out to dine, one hesitates between a Münchner Hofbrauhaus, a French rôtisserie, an Italian spaghetti palace. When one is doubtful what language to employ, one tries one's whole repertory

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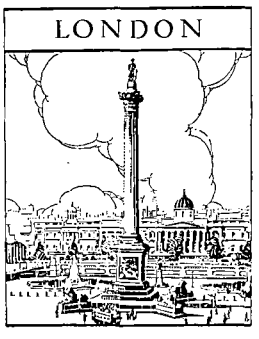
and is sure to find a satisfactory response to at least one or two. If one enters into the social life of the city, one is struck first by the beauty of the women, far more slim than in Spain, whether one sees them riding aloof in their carriages down the narrow, crowded Calle Florida during the afternoon parade hour, or during a tea at the Plaza. But then suddenly one is overcome with the feeling of having seen these women somewhere before. Was it in Paris, London, Berlin? Who is that charming fair-haired, blue-eyed person who looks as if she belonged in a punt on the Thames at Henley? Can she be speaking English? But of course, because she actually is English. And in what language should one address these others, these charming people whose photographs one has seen in the society sections of the Argentine magazines and newspapers, with their curious, hybrid names below — names like Señorita Conchita O'Leary, Señorita Nelly Elizabeth Castaño, Señorita Dolores Angélica Gluck, and so on. They are all Argentinians, but at the same time they are daughters of other races, for their fathers or mothers were among the millions who have come from Germany or Italy or France or Britain to the new republic of the South.

Perhaps the casual visitor is most quickly impressed with this delightful combination of peoples which have not yet fused together, this 'compartmented cosmopolitanism,' when he examines the theatres of the capital city. For plays in French, in Italian, in German, sometimes in English, are to be seen playing to full houses at the height of every season, and the Argentine capital is a favorite stopping place for European companies on foreign tour who wish to strike at least one city where they are certain to find many of their own tongue.

Spanish companies, of course, are always present. Even the great María Guerrero, the late tragedienne of Madrid, regularly visited Buenos Aires. It was in the splendid theatre built in her honor, the *Teatro Cervantes*, which is soon to be turned into a sort of national centre of drama in Argentina, that the French vaudeville actress, Maud Loty, performed this past season. Some theatre-goers, thinking of her whom the theatre was intended to honor, were a little annoyed that it should house a player who gave an entertainment of a decided 'boulevard' flavor. But they passed it off with a joke by christening Mlle. Loty 'the most over-luggaged lady in the world,' since she traveled with thirty trunks and then appeared on the stage in a chemise.

Appreciation was unqualified, however, in the case of another French actress, this time of the legitimate stage — Germaine Dermoz. She came from Paris to play in dramas as varied as Molière's *Tartuffe* and the very modern *Maya* by Simon Cantillon. The circumstances which surrounded the presentation of the latter play form an interesting commentary on the universality of the Buenos Aires theatre. *Maya*, because of its somewhat unusual sex theme, thought by some to be unworthy of the stage, had blown up a tempest in London and New York. At the same time that Germaine Dermoz offered it in French in Buenos Aires, another company, that of Dario Niccodemi, was offering it in Italian. The Argentine critics, able to compare the two, drew the interesting conclusion that while in French the play was wholly unobjectionable, in Italian it was not a play to which ladies and minors should be admitted — a fact which they laid to the peculiar suitability of the French language to handle without crudity themes which often prove vulgar and disgusting when treated in any other tongue. In what other great city can theatre-goers have such an opportunity to judge an important play, presented to large and appreciative audiences in two languages, neither of them native to the country?



AS THE King progresses steadily toward complete good health, and the warm days of spring approach, residents of Grosvenor Place whose windows overlook the gardens of Buckingham Palace are anticipating the moment when once more they can see their Sovereign walking up and down the gravel paths in the evening. It is said that his Majesty's great reserves of strength, which were so cruelly taxed during his recent illness, are to be accounted for in large part by the fact that he has never given up the Victorian custom of the 'after-dinner constitutional.' Whenever he is in residence at Buckingham Palace during the temperate season, he makes it a habit to stroll up the garden paths and twice around the little lake every evening after dinner, unless some engagement prevents.

There have been times in the past when the King has used the Palace grounds for other forms of exercise than walking. In the days before the War, he was once in a while to be seen bicycling along the garden paths with his children. The two youngest — Prince Henry and Prince George — were ardent cyclists and, since they were not allowed to take their machines out into the London streets, spent hours bicycling around and around the Palace. On special occasions the King would join them, though it is believed that he has never bicycled in public.

For months now, however, those who were accustomed to seeing the King appear from the Palace punctually at nine in the evening to begin his constitutional have had to satisfy themselves instead with the morning and evening bulletins which have regularly been posted by the sentry boxes at the Palace gates. Popular interest in these bulletins has been so great that, at about the time the hundredth bulletin appeared (the number is far above that now), a new trade sprang up in response to the demands of those who came anxiously every day to reassure themselves of their Sovereign's progress. Now, when a car draws up to the curb, it is unnecessary for the occupant to get out in order to read the bulletin. A little man in a rusty black suit and a black bowler has made a copy of it. He rushes up to the halted vehicle, reads the bulletin aloud, pockets the tip he receives, and steps back to wait for the next victim.

This ingenious device has recalled to Londoners, now happily with less reason for anxiety over the health of the King, the similar 'vested interests' which sprang up on the occasion of the tremendous gas main explosion which just before Christmas tore up Broad Street, High Street, and High Holborn, ripped open the roadways for over half a mile, blew pedestrians and horses into the air, overturned a taxi, and rocked a large area of the city. Barricades were immediately erected, and smoking was prohibited in all the streets around — either by means of polite red-lettered signs which said, 'Please. No Smoking. Gas,' or by direct action on the part of more brusque officers of the law. After a man emerging from the British Museum Underground station had struck a match to light his cigarette and was nearly mobbed by the crowd, pedestrians learned to throw away their cigarettes and cigars when they reached the barriers. A prospector immediately took possession of the field with an assistant, and struck such a profitable lode of only slightly smoked cigars and cigarettes that he was shortly able to sell off half the claim he had staked in the richest tobacco producing area, at a clear profit, to another prospector who had come along too late to stake his own.

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Gustav Stresemann

An Intimate Glimpse of Germany's Foreign Minister, Whose Hobby Is the Study of Goethe

By Henry Albert Phillips

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

IT WAS Sunday evening in Berlin. 'Where are you taking me to-night?' I inquired of my German friend and cicerone, as I found myself being whisked across the city in a taxicab.

'To the *Bühnen Klub*,' he replied with an air of secrecy.

'And what is going on?' I pursued, having already spent one dull evening there. It was the Stage Society, the Lambs club of Berlin.

My friend leaned nearer, as though that would prevent the oblivious cabby from overhearing, and whispered, 'Stresemann!'

Knowing this rather dingy second-floor club in an obscure part of Berlin, I began to have misgivings concerning Stresemann. Was he as great a man as I had imagined him to be, coming to clubrooms of theatrical folk in this clandestine manner?

'What was Stresemann before he became Foreign Minister?' I asked, suddenly realizing that I had never heard of him previous to five years ago, when he sprang into the world's headlines overnight.

'You foreigners are under the mistaken impression,' said my well informed friend reprovingly, 'that Stresemann began his career yesterday or a few years ago. As a matter of fact, he has been in the political field continuously for twenty-six years, that is, since he was twenty-four years old.' Rapidly he told me that the year young Stresemann emerged from Leipzig University he became a municipal magistrate in Dresden. He climbed slowly from magistrate to alderman of the city, then to the Reichstag. From 1907 to 1919, with the exception of two years, he was a militant member of the national legislature. After this laborious apprenticeship he stepped for the first time, during the critical years of 1917–18, into political leadership as Chairman of the National Liberal Party. He has since retained that leadership. It has made necessary some changes and modifications in his political views, so that his enemies, seeing him to-day at the head of the People's Party, hasten to dub him an opportunist. The simple truth is that he has observed and studied and grown in political stature.

WHEN the War was over and lost for us, who was among the first of the German statesmen to control the toppling Reich and fight for the founding of a German Republic on the crumbling ruins of the Empire? You will find Stresemann's name among those of the first members of the German Constitutional Government at Weimar! Through the terrible years — 1920–23 — of famine and civil war, of inflation and deflation — there were never worse in the history of any nation that survived — Stresemann was one of the stalwarts to be counted on and reckoned with!'

The cab had stopped in front of the retiring three-story building that housed the *Klub*. I alighted filled with humility, more thoroughly mystified than ever. The whole thing had taken on the tinge of a political conspiracy.

My friend paused a moment at the curb. 'God only knows where our unfortunate country would be to-day had not its leaders shown the sagacity to appoint Dr. Stresemann Minister for Foreign Affairs just five years ago last November. If you remember, he had been made Chancellor to succeed Cuno and had held that post only two months when the demand came for a superman to solve the most delicate and sore problem following in the wake of defeat. Our lack of conciliatory diplomacy thus far had led to nothing but reprisals and recriminations. The Ruhr had been invaded. Now an opportunity was at hand for liquidation and an effective plea for withdrawal. At that time the country had but a single statesman and diplomat who had neither a mailed fist nor a too dynamic supersensitiveness. It was Gustav Stresemann, who was then in his prime.

We had mounted the dilapidated outside steps of the *Bühnen Klub* and were halted, in 'speakeasy' fashion, at the door. We rang a bell and a uniformed man appeared behind a wicket. My friend had to show his card and take an oath about me.

DURING this curious procedure, my mind kept reverting to Stresemann, about whom I recalled many things. He had achieved a record among European Foreign Ministers by holding his post for five successive years, during which period he had seen no less than nine different Governments ruling the Reich. A remarkable achievement of internal diplomacy! To a land that had suffered from the stigma of war, Stresemann had brought guarantees of a constructive peace. As proof that this service had received the seal of universal belief in its sincerity, Gustav Stresemann — a German and a Prussian — had been awarded the Nobel Prize as the world's outstanding figure in the promotion of peace! I recalled vividly the rotogravure photograph that had startled the nations into an emotional realization of Germany's return to world consciousness. It showed the President of France and Reichsminister Stresemann locked together in warm embrace in the presence of thousands of French witnesses.

'How did he do it?' I asked my friend in a corner of the cloakroom, after we had climbed a steep flight of stairs to the clubrooms.

'Ah, that is Stresemann's open secret, the diplomacy by means of which he has consistently achieved success — conciliation and reconciliation, with honor, of course.'

To Gustav Stresemann, it seemed to me, more than to any other man, to his wisdom and restraint, his diplomacy and statesmanship, does Europe owe its tolerable peace of mind and internal security in the early weeks of 1929.

'But why is this Great Man coming *here?*' I demanded. 'What is it all about?'

'It had to be kept secret. It is Dr. Stresemann's wish. The whole world already knows Reichsminister Stresemann. To-night he wishes kept an uncut page in his private life. He is playing truant to the Wilhelmstrasse and Geneva. The whole thing will form an incident which he does not want mentioned just now in the press of the world. This is simply a little outing — a little fun among his old cronies.'

I mused over this, wondering just what the 'show' was going to be like. I fancied I knew what to expect, for I had seen many sacred celebrities sneaking out and making a night of it among the boys, at a Lambs' Gambol. I realized that the only Stresemann we all knew

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was a marble statue in the European Hall of Fame. Now I was going to see plain Herr Stresemann, the man, taking a night off from the International Show.

THE clubrooms were neither attractive nor luxurious. The cloakroom at the head of the narrow stairs was entered through a short hallway. This led, in turn, to the main room, which served as lounge and restaurant. It was perhaps twenty-five feet wide and forty feet long, with an alcove at the end which could be shut off by closing a broad pair of old-fashioned opaque glass doors. To the right was another smaller room, and beyond that was a card room for the exclusive use of pinocle players, which was isolated to the point of privacy. Most of the lounging was done over mugs of beer, and social intercourse was invariably accompanied by eating, drinking, and smoking. The customary club windows were absent. The members seemed to be bent on excluding themselves from both contact with and sight of the activities of the outer world. There was a steady, penetrating drone of conversation.

Suddenly there came a lull, and Dr. Stresemann entered, accompanied by several of his 'cronies.' I was somewhat amazed to recognize among them Ambassador Schurman, the Italian ambassador, and former Chancellor Luther. They all seemed in high spirits except Stresemann, who was visibly depressed.

This was the first time I had been in the presence of a high German 'Excellency' without the most rigid formalities. Here there was a thin veneer of awe; but, beyond that, all was *Gemütlichkeit*, with only a sprinkling of evening clothes to stiffen the occasion. The officials were all in evening clothes. Stresemann wore a dinner jacket, winged collar, and a flat black cravat. He loomed taller than most of the men round him; his slender, blond son being one of the exceptions.

Buffalo Fine Arts Academy

GUSTAV STRESEMANN
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A.

STRESEMANN withdrew and sat down at a table, spreading out a bundle of foolscap paper that he had brought in under his arm.

'You see,' remarked my friend, 'instead of his portfolio, to-night he brings a sheaf of foolscap like an undergraduate who has written a thesis!'

My heart sank. 'I thought this was to be a night of fun, not political speeches?'

'Political speeches are taboo here, you know. That is Dr. Stresemann's "fun" on the table before him. He is going to address us to-night on "The Mystic Psyche in the Life of Goethe." We shall all have a wonderful evening!'

I looked at my friend, suspecting that he was trying to rag me, but he was in deadly earnest. I had expected to enjoy myself, so I said ironically, 'How does he happen to choose Goethe for amusement?'

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'Did you not know,' asked my friend, in surprise, 'that Dr. Stresemann is a world authority on Goethe?'

This was said with an emphasis that made secondary all other eminent facts about Stresemann — that he had been Chancellor, had just finished his fifth triumphant year as Minister for Foreign Affairs, had put his signature to the Locarno Treaty, to the Dawes Plan, to the League of Nations Covenant and, finally, to the Kellogg Pact, and that he had received the Nobel Peace Prize.

'Some day we shall go together to his private study,' continued my friend. 'There we shall find nothing less than a Goethe Museum, I might say a Goethe-Napoleonic Museum — manuscripts and documents, relics and books. In studying the period of Goethe, especially the years 1789–1815, Dr. Stresemann became fascinated by the dominating personality of Napoleon Bonaparte and began studying and collecting material on him. But his library on Goethe is famous. There is nothing written about the greatest German poet that is unfamiliar to Stresemann and there are scores of little known facts in the life of Goethe, not to be found in print anywhere, about which Stresemann could discourse, if he had the leisure. To-night, for example, we are to be privileged to listen to his theory on the melancholy aspects in the life of the great dramatic poet. Come, we shall speak to Dr. Stresemann.'

IT WAS obvious that we were interrupting the Minister in the midst of studying his manuscript. He received us graciously enough, but not genially.

'You see, I am at labor,' he said, indicating his bundle of manuscripts. He spoke with hesitating English. 'But it is always a labor of love — to prepare such a paper.'

It was so hard to hear each other above the roar of conversation that Stresemann lapsed into German, as though that would make it easier. 'To-night will be one of my greatest relaxations and recreations! It is a pleasure for me to speak — always — but to speak about Goethe — informally this way — to those who love him as I do — ah, that is a great treat!'

'But when do you find time to write such a paper?'

'In the evening. Except on Sunday evenings, I belong to the nation until nine o'clock. After that, when I am at home, I am happy to have solitude in which to read and study. I quite put my official life behind me then. Often I manage to see an important play, or to go to an opera or concert. For I am of the opinion that the man of affairs should keep in touch, not only with the culture of his own time, but with the significant cultures of all times and periods, in order to better comprehend the problems of to-morrow.'

One of the officials stepped up and said that everything was in readiness for the event of the evening.

'Goethe could never have written "Faust," had he lived in this age of pressure and the telephone and constant mechanical interruptions,' Stresemann concluded.

WE joined the others, who were pitching in and helping the waiters pile the tables at one side of the largest room. Then we arranged the chairs in imitation of a lecture hall. The spirit of the whole affair was impromptu and intimate and we laughed and joked with one another as though we were 'playing house' with Stresemann and his friends.

Finally all was in readiness. Dr. Stresemann was led into the little alcove room with the opaque glass doors, which were closed, shutting him off from view. We all took the best seats we could secure. The ambassadors and the ex-Chancellor took their seats, as was fitting, in the front row. The glass doors were opened slowly, like the rolling up of a stage curtain. Herr Dr. Gustav Stresemann — Doctor of Philosophy, Literature, and History from the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig, scholar-at-large and eminent authority on the poet, Johann Wolfgang Goethe — stood before us. He stood only for a moment. When he sat down, none but a favored few could see him. There was a general craning of necks — in the main, very thick necks — which eventually filled every interstice of open space.

A MAGIC change took place. This group of two hundred *lustig* men subsided into a receptive solemnity that was almost eager. Comedians, tragedians, managers, impresarios, *régisseurs*, and opera singers; common, ordinary chaps and good-fellows, merry-andrews and men of the world put their best ear forward and prepared to take a mystic journey to Weimar, a pilgrimage guided by none other than the leader of the nation! It seemed most extraordinary. I tried to fancy the Lambs, or the Green Room, or the Bohemian Club, for example, giving up a perfectly good Sunday evening to listening for two solid hours, in absorbed and respectful silence to, let us say, President-Elect Hoover, or Vice-President Dawes, making an address on 'The Unconscious Libido of Edgar Allen Poe.'

At first I could see only the dome of the Minister's — or perhaps on this scholastic occasion I should say Doctor's — bald head. A rather smallish head with the tops of two small white ears cropping up at the sides. It was a typical Berlin head; one would recognize the unmistakable Prussian mould of it even though one saw it in a crowd in Timbuktu.

At length, several heavy necks in front of me tired of craning and I had a fuller view. I noted that Stresemann had one of those Prussian shave-haircuts and that there was just a faint fringe of blond gray hair toward the rear of the shiny dome. His nose was good-sized and a trifle bulbous. His broad mouth sloped a little at the corners, giving a slight cynical cast to his expression when his countenance was in repose. His jaw was thrust forward, beginning almost at the cheek bones, just enough to show firmness and determination, a round chin softening it somewhat with good nature. A blond and decidedly sparse mustache partially covered and hid the slight curl in his upper lip. I had *felt* his eyes from the first but had not studied them until now. They were quite different in character. His left eye drooped slightly and was sad and thoughtful, while his right eye was full of life and challenge. Both eyes held a deep meaning and in the main could be most pleasant, or, again, most unpleasant.

ONE had to listen closely, because Stresemann's voice — very much like the late President Roosevelt's — came out as an astounding surprise. From such a big man one expected a big voice. It was astonishing to hear a small, suppressed voice, almost sharp in its moments of greatest eloquence. When he showed deep emotion he had a habit of squeezing his voice back down his throat, after the manner of certain actors registering passion. Like Roosevelt's again, his voice was disappointing at first, but when one got used to it one felt strangely moved by its sincerity and swayed by the fire and eloquence behind it. It was not long before I realized why Stresemann was considered one of the Reich's ablest orators and why his addresses moulded public opinion and filled even his enemies with conviction.

Dr. Stresemann seldom glanced down at the heavy sheaf of pages, fastened at one corner, except when he wanted to be sure of a quotation. He spoke with ease, even unction, and with no trace of nervousness, fixing his gaze for long periods upon a point near the ceiling, a half smile crossing his face as though he were

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reciting agreeable personal anecdotes about an intimate, and not propounding a ponderous theory concerning the baffling ego of a great mystic. The only possible sign of nervousness was a constant changing of hands in holding the manuscript. One could not help but note the smallness and whiteness of the hands as he gracefully gestured a fine phrase with the one that happened to be free.

Whether it was ingrained German respect for personage and position, or a genuine absorption in the abstruse subject, or a wrapt fascination at the sheer eloquence of his delivery, the audience sat spellbound for two hours, not even looking from one to another for corroboration, and fiercely hushing anybody who dared even creak in his seat.

THREE WISE MEN SEEK THE STAR OF LOCARNO

'IN THIS YEAR [1928], three wise men went out, but the star of Locarno was not to be found.' Stresemann uses his telescope while Briand and Chamberlain laugh at him for his pains.

WE SAT there silent for a half minute after it was over, as an audience often does at the end of a deeply moving play. Then there was a burst of applause and the usual '*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*,' which Stresemann accepted standing and smiling like a schoolboy who has just delivered a prize oration.

The substance of the address? Well, that somehow seemed quite secondary. We all knew that it concerned the mysterious life of Goethe. It left us more deeply mystified than ever, if anything. The important point lay in the fact that Germany's great statesman had had the fun of giving the address and that we had listened to him with equal pleasure, enjoying his delight.

I overheard one old Thespian remark almost regretfully, 'What an actor Germany has lost in Stresemann!'

To which his companion somewhat cynically replied, 'Yes, I could have listened to him all night, but I didn't believe a word of it!'

'Ah, *mein lieber Herr*, that is just the point: none of us did — but what a talent!'

It was just midnight and there was a general scramble for tables to partake of the typical late German supper — beer, before, between, and after; *Holstein Schnitzel* and potato salad; cigars. At two-thirty I left. Stresemann, smoking one of those long black cigars in the famous holder so familiar to Geneva, surrounded by his cronies, was drinking champagne and seemed in the highest spirits. He was no longer Doctor or Minister, but just plain Herr Stresemann, the man, enjoying a well earned German holiday in the manner of the people he served so well.

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Letters and the Arts

A Tolstoian Dispute — The Fast-Moving Immortals — Redskins in Radebeul — Literary Preparedness — Thirty Years of the Moscow Art Theatre

A Tolstoian Dispute

In 1884, some of Tolstoi's followers proposed that he should contribute to a magazine for the people which they proposed to found. He preferred to issue a series of tales in separate volumes, and did so. The sixth in the series was a pamphlet of thirty-five pages containing a tale called *Where Love Is, There Is God.* Remarkable for its Biblical simplicity and dignity, it is the story of a cobbler who lost his wife and children and became so despondent that he was convinced that life was not worth living. A pilgrim happened to talk with him and told him that God, who gives life, will know when to take it away; man's duty and happiness is in loving and serving God and other men. The cobbler began to read the Bible and to take a new interest in life. He invited the old fellow who was cleaning the street into his house and gave him tea; a woman with a baby, clearly in need of food, came by, so he divided his soup with her; and so on, until he began to realize that life was quite worth the trouble of living it.

This simple account of a conversion is told with a dramatic skill that makes it part of the world's literature. As a matter of fact, however, Tolstoi had merely rewritten a story that he had found in a magazine, unsigned, and said to have been translated from English. In the next edition of the story he added a note: 'Adapted from the English.' But for some reason, in later editions and in his collected works this note was omitted.

In time, the story was translated into French and was published in a religious paper in Toulouse, *L'Église Libre.* Here it was seen by a certain M. Robert Saillens, who was greatly astonished to recognize a story he himself had written for *La Feuille Populaire* of Marseilles. He wrote to Tolstoi, politely asking what the situation was. Tolstoi was at first much irritated, but finally wrote a very courteous and detailed explanation which Saillens published in the preface of a little collection of his stories issued in 1889 under the title, *Récits et Allégories.*

It seemed that the whole matter was settled. But, by the time another edition of the volume of Tolstoi containing that story was called for, both Tolstoi and his publishers had forgotten all about Saillens, and no indication was made that anyone but Tolstoi had had anything to do with the story. Saillens was persistent; he wrote again to Tolstoi and received, this time, a rather impatient answer. It must be assumed that at this point Saillens gave up, and that Tolstoi and his publishers continued to forget, for in later editions the story continued to appear as the creation of Tolstoi alone.

The whole incident has now been recounted in an article in *Le Monde Slave* by M. Charles Salomon, and retold entertainingly in the *Journal des Débats* by M. Henry Bidou. Both of these gentlemen wonder how Tolstoi could have been guilty of such neglect, and both decide that it can only be laid to the proverbial negligence of the Russians, people who are capable of asking, 'What the deuce is his name?' about close friends. And M. Bidou adds that, after all, M. Saillens has nothing to complain about; his little story has become something he would never have been able to make it.

The Fast-Moving Immortals

The French Academy is going to publish a grammar. The plan is to issue it sometime during the year 1929, although it has just been decided upon and the dictionary, which has been under way for some fifty years, is not yet complete. There would seem at first blush to be some doubt whether as careful and slow-moving an organization as the Academy will be able to express itself with the thoroughness which it deems essential on as complicated a question as the grammar of the French language in less than one year. Almost any American schoolboy could write all he considers important about French grammar in an hour or so, but the Academicians, who undoubtedly know more about it, might allow themselves time to do the job well.

Just why the task is to be undertaken now is being discussed by the Paris journalists. Some of them are of the opinion that the recent election to the Academy of M. Abel Hermant has something to do with it. M. Hermant is known as a man of great energy, who likes to stir things up and get things done. He is also interested in grammar and has published books presenting theories of his own as to what grammar is and should be, and how it ought to be taught.

The Academy by its very nature and duties will never be able to rid itself of the reputation of being a collection of dry and solemn graybeards. Both it and its individual members are cautious in announcing any new thing. One Immortal, when he was asked by a journalist what had happened at the last meeting, replied: 'We worked at the dictionary. There was discussion of the word "number," and some remarkable examples were given by M. Picard.'

'But, Maître, was there no question of a Grammar of the Academy?'

'Well, yes, perhaps. Ask at the office of the Secretary.'

Instead of the Secretary, our journalist attacked another Immortal, who turned out to be less fearful of compromising himself. He said that the idea of publishing a grammar is not really an innovation of the Academicians. A law of 1635 imposes on the Academy the duty of compiling a 'rhetorical and poetical grammar based on its observations.' The work was begun, and continued until 1713, when it was abandoned, perhaps because the dictionary began to take too much time. Now, however, the Immortals plan to rush it through, dictionary or no dictionary.

There are naturally several French grammars in existence already, some of them almost of sufficient weight to have the 'academic' character true scholarship must insist on. The one by Nyrop, for instance, weighs three kilogrammes, says a jocular writer in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires.* He adds that it is more than complete, since it gives a slang conjugation of the verb to sleep, which he quotes and we translate roughly: —

> 'I sleep
> thou snoozest
> he snores
> we hit the hay
> you are pounding your ear
> they are dead to the world'

He goes on to propose another conjugation for the same verb: 'I sleep; thou art in the arms of Morpheus; he finds in slumber forgetfulness of the work of the day; we abandon ourselves to the sweet comfort of the couch; you depart for the land of dreams; they are working at a dictionary.'

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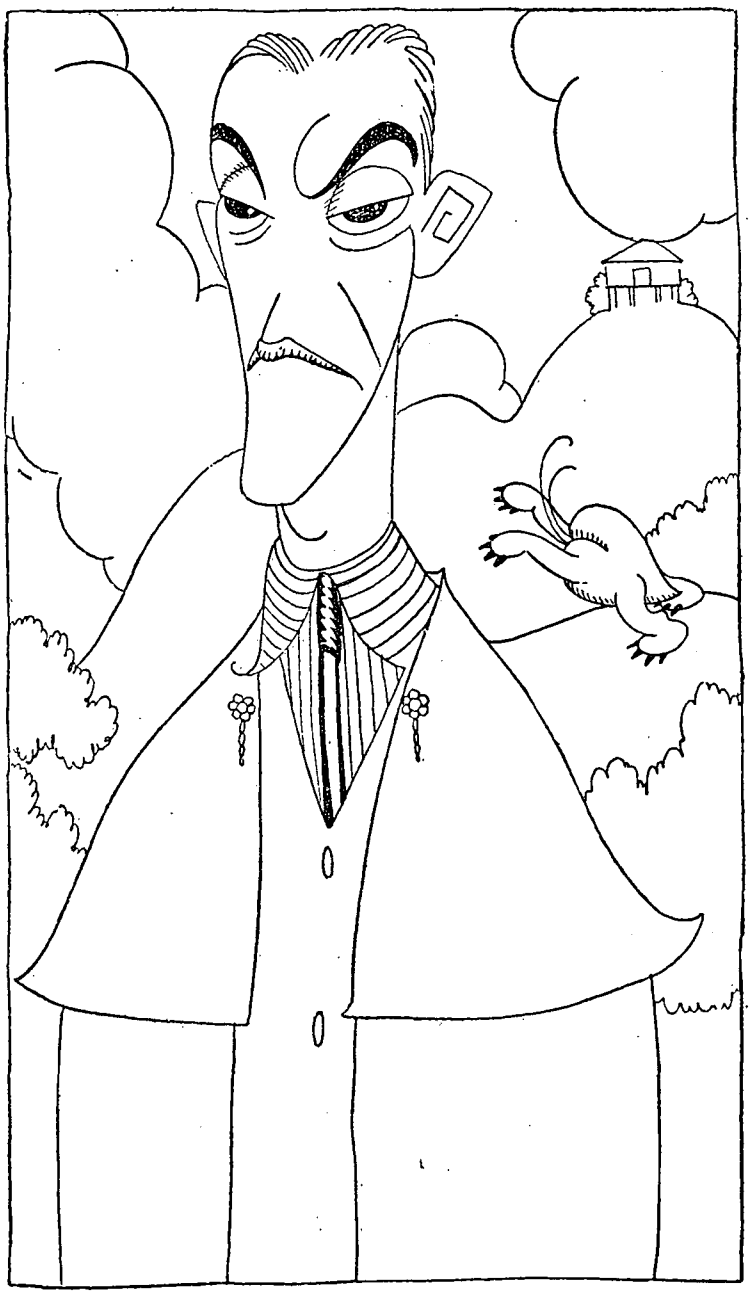
Redskins in Radebeul

IF you take an electric tram out of the city of Dresden for a few miles you come to Radebeul, a peaceful village with little to distinguish it from half a hundred others in twentieth-century Germany. But if you push through the hedge that surrounds the small village park, you will come suddenly upon a blockhouse, a genuine American frontier fort, complete with loopholes, ready to resist an attack from the most savage, whooping Indians. There is nothing further to challenge you, however, until you get inside; there you make the acquaintance of a muscular man all dressed up in a full frontiersman's outfit. He is busy cracking bad jokes while he waits for the photographers and the reporters. This is Patty Frank, acrobat, showman, and general Wild West expert. In spite of his name he came originally from Vienna. As a fifteen-year-old boy in the United States he ran away with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and he has spent the rest of his life in the most varied kinds of adventure in all parts of the world. He has been with Barnum and Bailey, Carl Hagenbeck, and other famous circuses, and he has had a troupe of his own.

Early in his career he became acquainted with the *Reiseromanen* of Karl May of Radebeul, travel novels which supplied blood and thunder to the youth of the generation of Germans now approaching middle age. Karl May was a traveler who wrote, not mere accounts of his travels, — there is some doubt as to whether he actually visited all the places he described, — but wildly imaginative stories of adventure in what were then the far corners of the earth. One about America was called *Winnetou*, a tale of frontier life with plenty of fierce Indian warriors; strong, silent scouts carrying long carbines; and long-suffering squaws. Good German mothers of families where *Winnetou* appeared had to put up with the whoops of red men and the shrieks of maidens and all the general inconvenience of backwoods warfare carried on in the home. Little sisters who ventured out without the protection of some intrepid woodsman were likely to be scalped or even adopted into some savage tribe.

Karl May brought back from his travels souvenirs and bric-a-brac of all kinds, material which can now be found in every corner of his Radebeul house, where his widow still lives. She has recently caused to be built nearby the above-described blockhouse, and has installed in it Patty Frank and his collection of Indian relics. She calls it the *Karl May Indianermuseum*. The material it contains, however, was for the most part collected not by her husband but by Patty Frank.

Doubts have been cast on the accuracy of the ethnological data in Karl May's stories; but the museum now established in his honor is said by a writer in *Germania* to contain the finest collection of material on the North American Indian to be found in Europe. There are feather headdresses, bows and arrows, pipes of peace, and several real scalps, some of them from the heads of white men. There is a particularly good collection of objects used in the daily life of an Indian tribe — cooking utensils, buffalo skins, and so on. Most of these belonged to Blackfoot or Cheyenne Indians. A curator has been hired to explain things to the highbrows, in order that Patty Frank, who has apparently decided that his function in life is to perpetuate the memory of the novelist who once made the red men real to young Germany, can devote all his time to being picturesque and to explaining to the children just how an enemy should be scalped.



Bagaria in 'El Sol,' Madrid

Pérez de Ayala Presents 'Tiger John'

Novelist, poet, essayist, critic, Ramon Pérez de Ayala is one of the three or four outstanding 'moderns' of present-day Spain. Because of his election to the Spanish Academy this fall, the dramatization of his famous story, *Tigre Juan* (Tiger John), was particularly eagerly awaited. It opened a few weeks ago at the *Teatro Fuencarral* in Madrid; and, although it was adapted for the stage by Julio de Hoyos, who had previously made a tremendous success with his dramatization of Unamuno's *Todo Un Hombre* (Every Inch a Man), *Tigre Juan* is considered by the critics a somewhat disappointing play. The caricaturist, Bagaría, has caught exceedingly well the cool dignity of the Spanish author, who, though his style is extremely modernistic, looks like a grave figure from the Italian Renaissance. In the background is Bagaría's idea of a 'Tiger John' motif.

Literary Preparedness

IN France, if one is a novelist with an eye to the sales of one's books, one is likely to wait pretty anxiously for the announcements of the prizes given by the various academies. For should one's novel be given the annual prize of the Goncourt Academy, for example, copies of it will appear in all the bookshop windows on the morning after the award is announced, with bands around them which say, in bold letters, 'PRIX GONCOURT, 1928.' The natural result will be increased sales, which means that the

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Press Cliché Moscow

KACHALOV AS VERSHININ, THE REVOLUTIONIST

IN THE MOST RECENT of the Moscow Art Theatre's great successes, *The Armored Train*, a scene from which formed part of the recent celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the Theatre's existence.

new laureate will be able to take that trip to Algiers or indulge any other little fancy he may have been postponing through the long, lean years.

On the day before the Goncourt prize for 1928 was announced, a young author made his way into the office of his publisher and asked anxiously whether the bands were ready to put on his book. To his relief, they were. He went forth happy to tell all his friends that his book was as good as chosen. He had scarcely gone when another novelist, old enough to know better, came in and made the same inquiry and was shown the same bands.

At the meeting of the jury which actually chose the novel which won the *Prix Goncourt*, there was the usual entourage of journalists and people from the publishing houses. The novel given the prize for 1928 was *Un Homme Se Penche sur Son Passé*, by Maurice Constantin Weyer. As soon as this announcement was made to the waiting crowd, the man from the house which published the winning book pulled a copy from his brief-case with the band already pasted around it, 'PRIX GONCOURT, 1928.' One wonders how many other novels with the same announcement on them were kept out of sight.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

THE Moscow Art Players, who have long been renowned for producing telling effects upon their audiences, hit upon a unique method of celebrating their thirtieth anniversary. They staged in the Russian capital a 'Jubilee Spectacle' which consisted of scenes selected from five plays whose production had contributed to their fame in the past, the plays themselves being chosen in such a way as to give in one evening a bird's-eye view of the development of their art over three decades. The first two — *Tsar Feodor Yovanovich*, the play with which the Art Theatre opened its doors thirty years ago, and *The Armored Train*, a modern drama of the Communist Revolution — are often to be seen on gala evenings in present-day Moscow. But the other three — *Hamlet*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and *The Three Sisters* — had not been billed for some years, and hence were watched with particular interest.

A scene from the second act of *Hamlet* was taken. When the curtains were drawn, the audience saw on the left a bare gold wall with a bench at its base. Thence around to the right hung gray linen draperies. Against this ascetic background, unrelieved by any ornamentation whatsoever, stood in stern outline the lone figure of Hamlet (Kachalov), garbed in a flowing black tunic whose skirts fell to within a few inches of the floor. His beardless face was framed by his straight, reddish hair. In one hand he held a book; in the other, a sword. At the blast of a trumphet Polonius (Luzhski) entered, crawling in the shape of a green toad, covered with the moss of ages. Then came Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the guise of two great rats, and after them the players, wrapped in scarlet cloaks.

'At first the audience was unable fully to comprehend the dialogue and soliloquies with all their involved rhetorical figures and archaic phraseology, and began to murmur,' says M. Volkov in the Moscow *Thizen Iskustva* (Art Life). 'But the theatre gradually became quieter and quieter, until the profound speech of Hamlet on "Man, the Masterpiece," though it was delivered in a voice scarcely above a whisper, carried to the back of the immense auditorium.'

From *The Brothers Karamazov* two scenes were taken: 'In the Open Air,' and the scene of the prosecutor's examination of Mitya Karamazov. Again the setting was simple — a corner of hedge against the grayish-green backdrop, and to the left a stone upon which were seated Snegirev and Alosha.

'Hamlet's accents had scarcely ceased echoing through the theatre,' says the Russian reviewer, 'and it was only after some seconds that the ear adjusted itself to the text of Dostoievski. Clearer and

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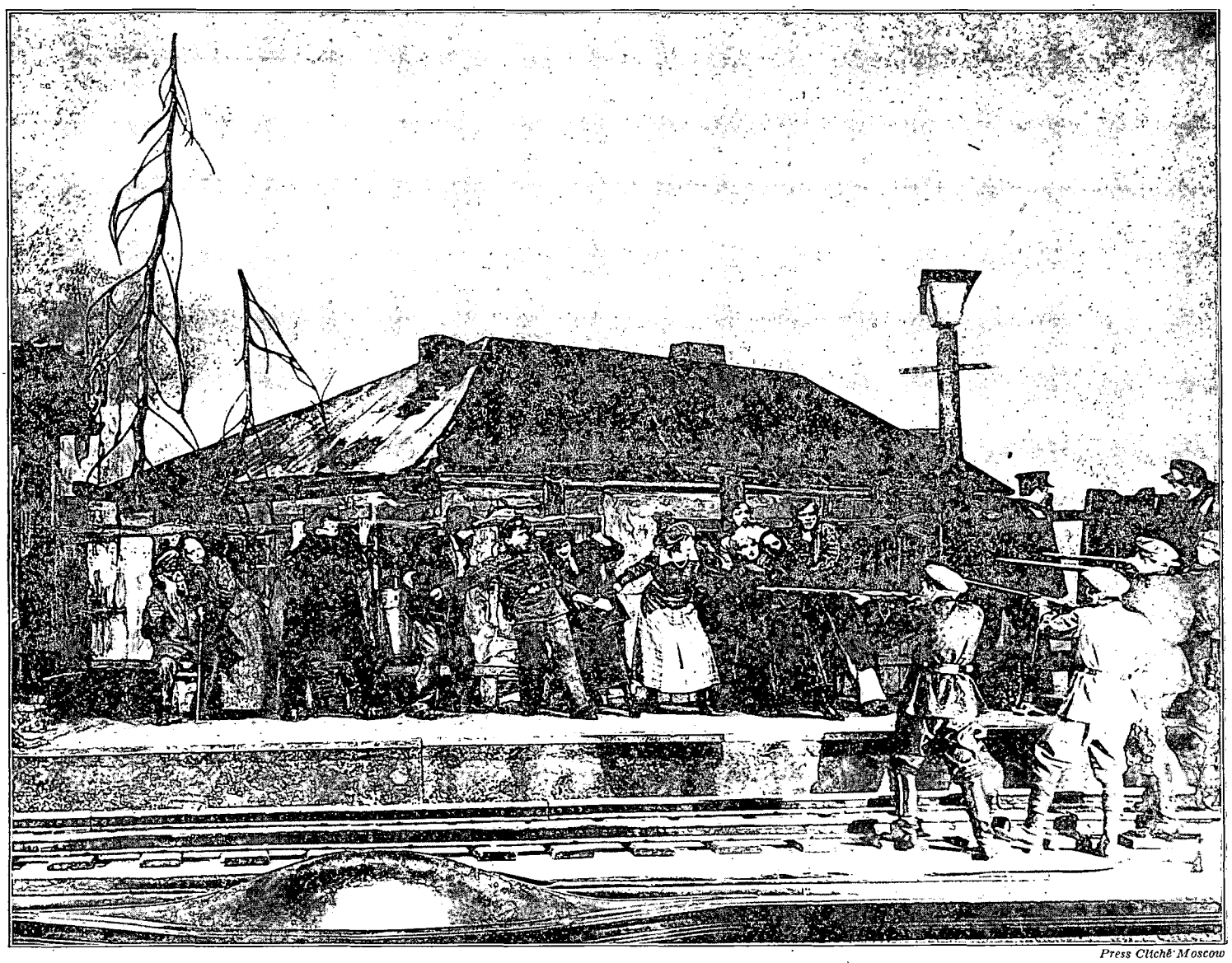
clearer came Snegirev's tale, and again the same tense silence fell. It was impossible to be otherwise than attentive, for Moskvin ascended to the acme of spiritual pathos and, as he rent and ground underfoot the money proffered him in compensation for the injuries which he had suffered, that tortured face with its burning eyes, that wavering beard, and those trembling hands, were indelibly impressed upon every onlooker.

'The grandest and most artistic scene of the spectacle,' continues the reviewer, 'was that which portrayed the questioning of Mitya. Again the same gray-green draperies, but with a screen to the right, and on the left a bed with drawn canopy. Down centre stood a table at which were seated Mitya (Leonidov), the prosecutor, and a court examiner. Every eye was fixed on Leonidov as he sat with his eyes flaming from beneath his high, bald forehead, and his heavily starched shirt front bulging between the lapels of his long, skirted coat. Then the unexpected. Leonidov by act and word laid bare the very soul of Mitya, and depicted the awful anguish of a human heart in a manner that brought tears to every cheek. Leonidov's art is wonderfully plastic, and, though his gestures were few and restrained, there was significance in his very restraint. When he bade farewell to Groushenka (well played by Tarassova), and with head erect moved toward the exit, one felt that one's power of concentration had been completely exhausted, that it was no longer possible to listen or to watch. The curtain's fall was greeted with a death-like silence that was suddenly shattered by an avalanche, a literal storm, of hand-clapping and deafening shouts of "Leonidov!"'

Of Chekov's plays, *The Three Sisters* was chosen, and from this the first act was presented, sixteen actors taking part. 'The drawn curtains on this occasion,' says Volkov, 'revealed nothing so abstract as what had gone before, but opened instead on the drawing-room of the Prozorovs, correct in its minutest formal detail. The style, which twenty-seven years ago was looked upon as ultramodern, seemed now almost affectedly naïve. It was important, however, to watch the modern reaction to this once famous drama, and to see whether Chekov's words would have the same ring to-day as they once did. Touzenbach says: "The time draws nigh; a Titan is in motion. A great storm is brewing and nearing; its strong winds will sweep from our social system all the torpor, all the indifference, all the putrid boredom and prejudice against labor! I am commencing work myself and within the next twenty-five or thirty years everyone will be working! Everyone!"

'These words in our day seem an intuitive foreknowledge of coming events and the great social upheaval.'



Press Cliché Moscow

A Scene in 'The Armored Train'

The rout of the refugees at the station, one of the most dramatic moments of the great drama of revolution, with one scene from which the Moscow Art Theatre celebrated its thirtieth anniversary.

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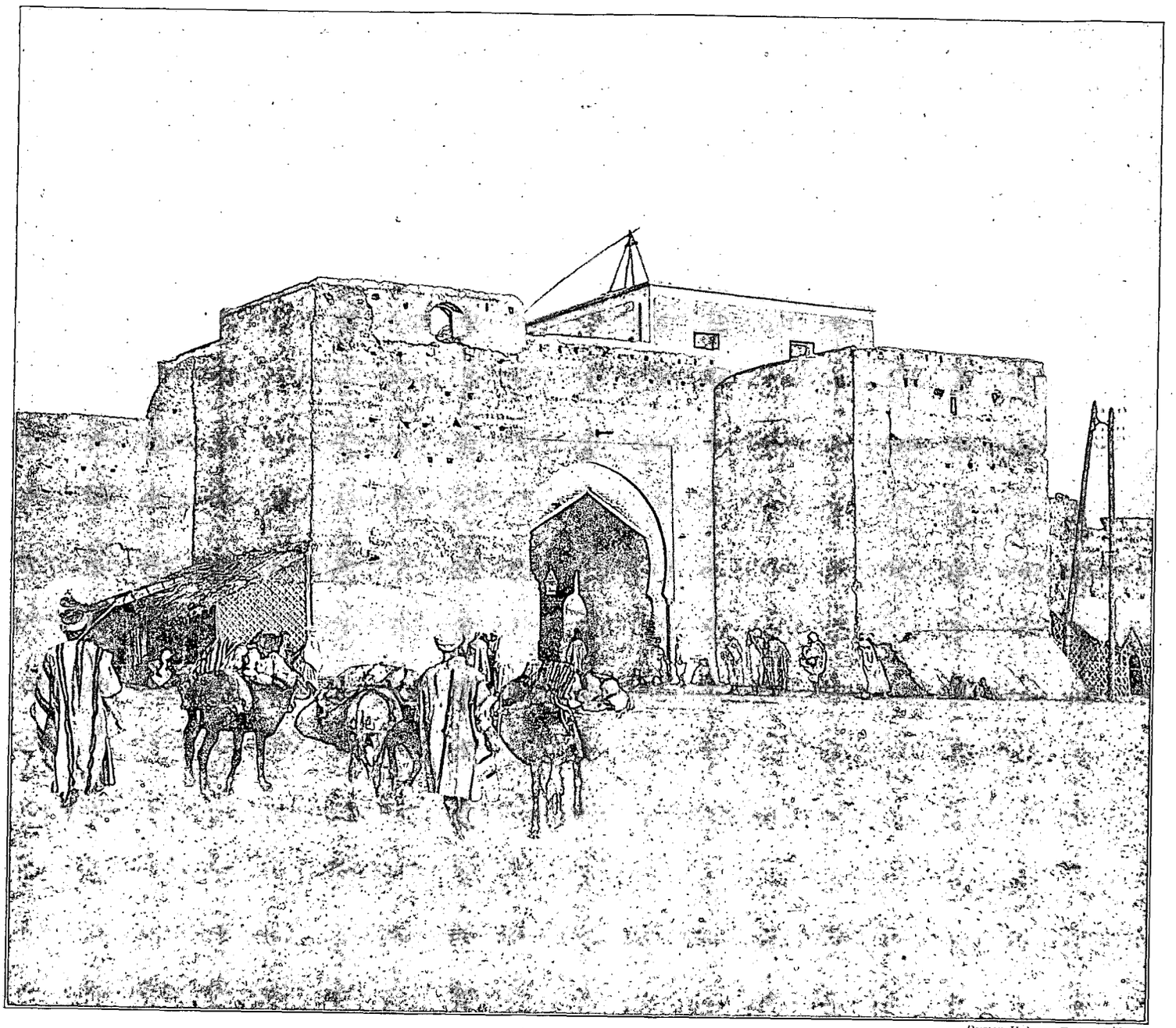

Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE MAIN GATE TO MARRAKESH

THROUGH WHICH enter local countrymen with goods to sell, fakirs, dancers, tourists, French officials, all the gay human potpourri which makes up the city's life.

A Playground on the Desert's Rim

Marrakesh, Metropolis of Southern Morocco, Attracts the Visitor with Its Oriental Charm and Troupes of Native Entertainers

By M. E. Buchanan

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

EVERY day is circus day in Marrakesh, the rosy-red capital of southern Morocco where, in spite of ten years of French protection and the increasing infiltration of tourists and commercial travelers, life still goes on very much as it did in the days of Scheherazade. The central square is the circus ground, the Place Djemma el Fna, decorously adorned by its ruddy minaret, the Kutubia, graceful sister to the Hasan Tower in Rabat and the Giralda in Seville.

The hard-packed, reddish soil which paves the extensive square is the arena toward which all the fakirs and entertainers of Northern Africa troop. For Marrakesh is the guardian of the old caravan route up from the desert's rim,

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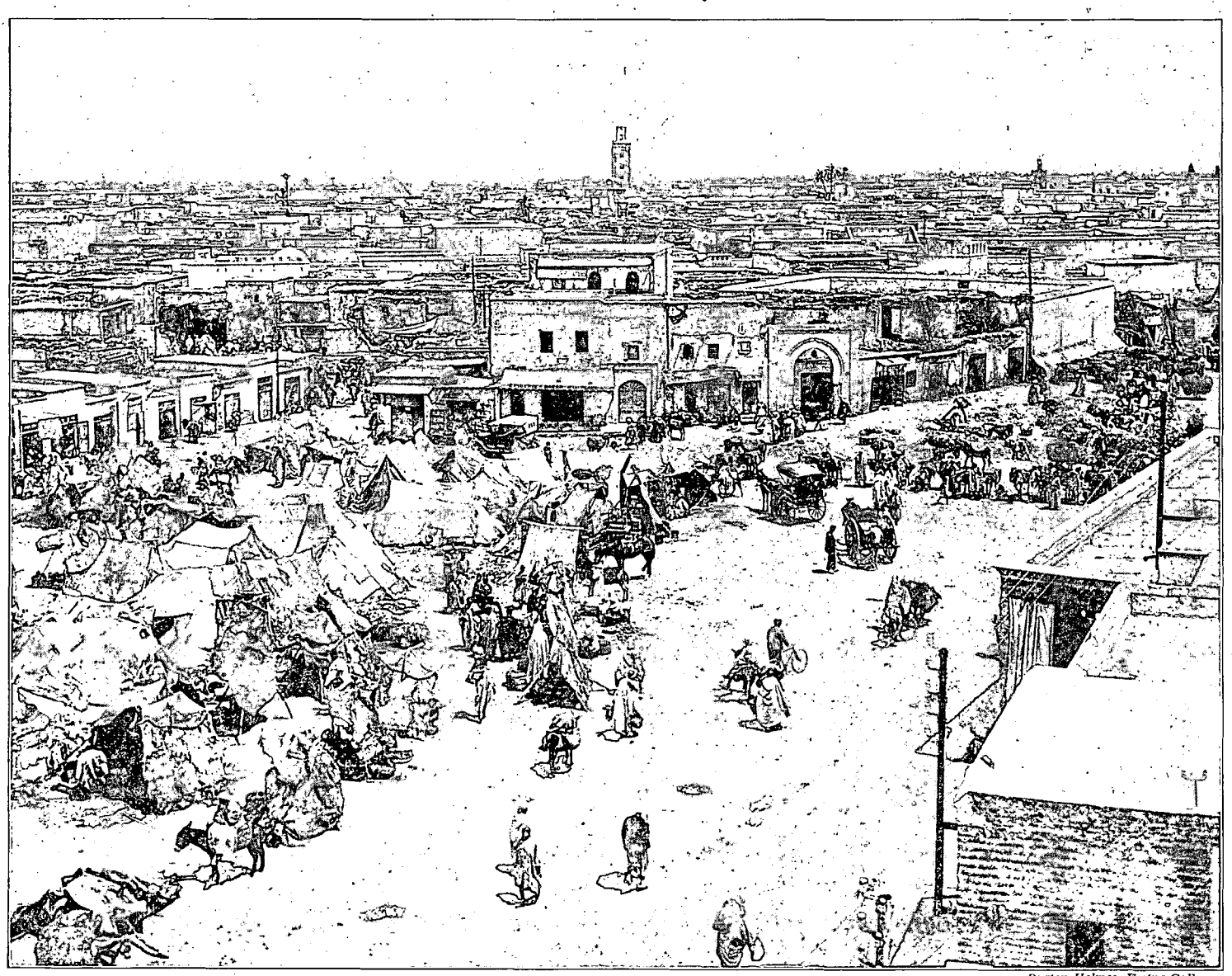
over the snow-silenced High Atlas Mountains, and on across the sun-tortured, red-brown wastes to the sea. And those who tarry in the gay Oriental city on their way home from a trading trip have money to spend and the will to enjoy themselves for a care-free hour or day or week before trudging wearisomely back with their camels and their packs to the hard living of a desert nomad.

IN MILLING crowds they throng the square from mid-morning till the heavy blackness of African night swallows the city and quenches the flaring torches and tiny bonfires that have flashed out here and there to stave off the end of another prosperous day. Every degree of skin coloring is there, from the blondness of tall, handsome Riffians from the northern mountains to the squat ebony of negroes up from the jungle, whose twisted white turbans contrast strangely with their jetty features. It is a warlike crowd, too, for all its common pleasure bent. The visitors carry their knives, wickedly curved short blades incased in elaborately chased or embossed silver scabbards, slung over the shoulder by a brightly colored silken cord or dangling from an embroidered leather belt.

Seen from the top of one of the low buildings that flank the square, the crowd seems to flow in circles of white, or gray and white striped, *burnous*-clad figures. For the Circus of Marrakesh is a many-ringed affair, with the audience making the rings which widen and thicken if the show is a good one or dissolve into nothingness if it fails to please.

IN THE centre of the largest ring a troupe of acrobats, four men and a boy, their bodies flashing in their scarlet and blue and yellow tights, long wiry hair waving as they twist and turn, are putting on as good a show as you would see at the Palace or in the main ring of Barnum and Bailey's big tent. At the end of their act one of them seizes a flat African drum and beats a rousing monotone while the others march in a circle with outstretched hands, soliciting pay for their efforts. If the hail of money falling into the arena is an encouraging one, the show goes on; if not, it waits disgustedly for a more generous crowd to collect.

The snake charmer has his ring of breathless devotees, too, while he drums or pipes his flat-headed viper into swaying harmlessness. For a five-franc note one can be made *marabout* — proof against snake bite — forever and ever. It is an impressive ceremony during which the fortunate one steps into the centre of the ring and becomes part of



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

A PLAYGROUND ON THE DESERT'S RIM

AND THE PLACE DJEMMA EL FNA, which in the morning serves as a public market and in the afternoon and evening as general circus ground where entertainers from all Morocco assemble to amuse tourists and natives alike.

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the show while the charmer wraps one of his smaller snakes about his temporary partner's turban, his neck, wrists, and ankles, tucks it into his bosom under the palpitating *burnous*, and with much piping and pounding makes the snake charm secure.

The story-tellers are always sure of their audiences. One with a ring of seated boys is telling a tale of heroism and adventure, another with a maturer crowd recounts in dulcet tones the history of a romance, while a third, to judge from the self-conscious guffaws of his listeners, is trafficking in tales a bit *risqué*.

Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

A COUNTRYMAN RIDES TO MARKET

WITH HIS LITTLE SON to see the sights, and with products to be sold to the city-dwellers. Of such countrymen are the audiences made up in the market place of Marrakesh.

THERE are musicians, flute players, bands of singers, a couple of darkies obviously making a hit with rude stringed instruments and a dialogue song that sounds astonishingly like the Blues.

But the oddest group of all is the dancing boys, who come just before sundown, pale, dainty lads, ten to fourteen years old, clad in white robes girdled with red, scarlet ribbons braided into the queues of hair falling from the polls of their partly shaven heads. Painted and perfumed, they dance, to the tune of a fiddle and tambourine and to the clink of the tiny castanets on their finger tips, a little jigging step that makes their bare pink feet twinkle in the fading light. The lads are Chleuhs, members of a mountain tribe who are trained to ogle and flirt small sums out of the leathern money bags of travelers in the square and perhaps get a more remunerative engagement after dark in the home of some wealthy and effete Mohammedan gentleman.

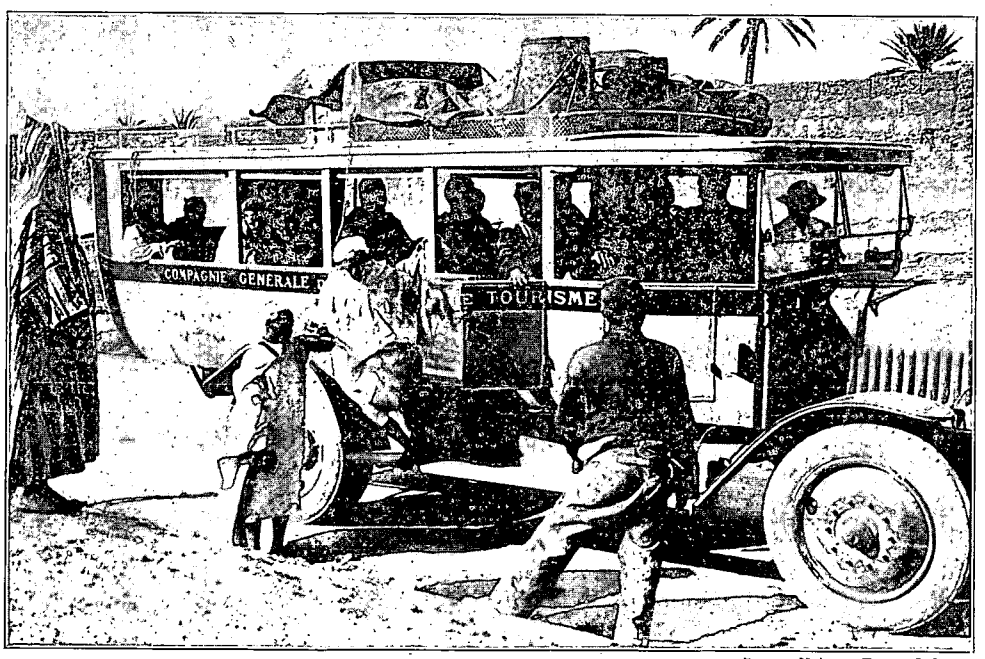
Nearby is a dog-and-monkey show striving for attention; an old Arab croaks dismally to the tuneless scrape of his one-stringed instrument; a pair of 'funny' men make noisy efforts to draw a crowd. It's no use if the show's no good. The audience won't pay and doesn't stay.

THE performers begin young at the game, to judge from the littlest ones on the square, two bright-eyed, golden-brown seven- or eight-year-olds in dirty pink *burnouses* with kinky hair standing out in cloudy tufts from their mischievous faces. Their stage properties consist of a string fastened at one end to a pin in the ground and tied in the middle to a couple of questionable little carved figures which are made to dance by snapping the string from its free end to the tune of the youngsters' shrill, cheerful squawks. It sounds for all the world like a chicken fight, and perhaps that is what it is meant to be. At any rate, the show proves irresistible to the infants of the square, who are surrounded by a ring of their elders, amused not so much by the show as by its baby showmen.

BUT the city is not all pleasure mad. Since the days of its legendary greatness under the Almohad rulers who built the Alhambra in Granada for their court in the northern kingdom, Marrakesh has been a city of commercial importance. Its souks do a steady business in leather and rugs, silks, wool, basketry, pottery, metals, and jewels, as well as in supplying the neighboring tribes of nomads with their staple foodstuffs, shipped in now by motor trucks from the coast.

From earliest morning, the city fathers and sons make shrewd bargains in their little cubby-holes, emerging only in late afternoon, blinking from the half-light of their shops in the streets of the souks, to loiter with the pleasure seekers in the square.

When dusk threatens the pleasure ground, little groups begin their regretful breaking away from the gay crowd of men and boys, travelers getting started before nightfall with their small, patient burros almost buried under laden panniers, their camels lumbering in crazy dignity through the centuries-old gates.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

MODERN TRANSPORT IN MOROCCO

MOTOR BUSES, operated by a French company, carry tourists and native travelers from Marrakesh to the coast.

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Airways Over Latin America

The Future of South and Central American Transportation Lies in a System of Air Lines, Which Will Centre at Panama

By William Young Boyd

Member of the National Aviation Commission of Panama

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

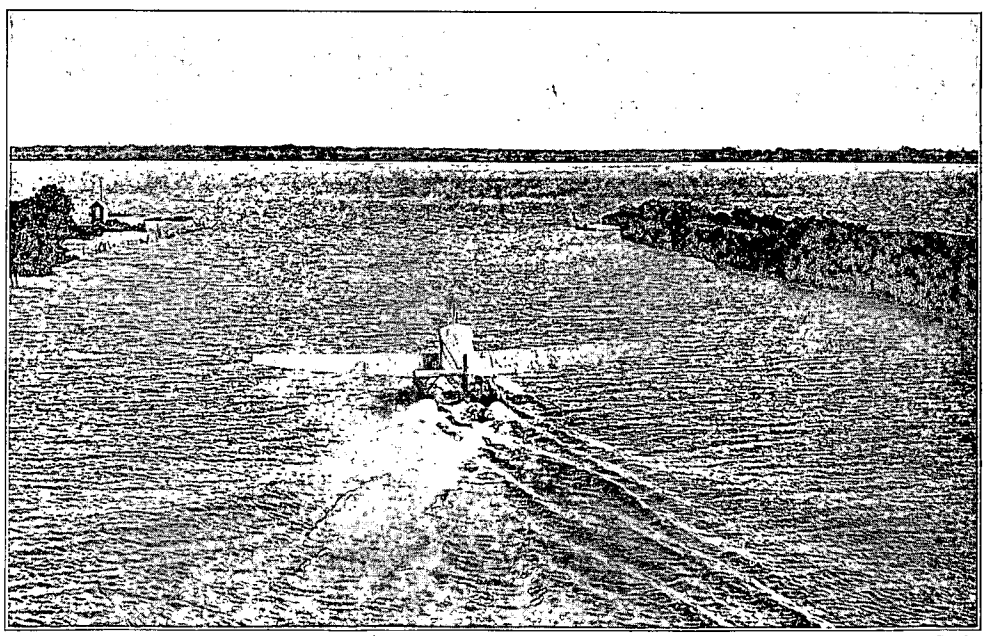
FOR years, railroad builders in the tropics have advocated the construction of a Pan American railroad extending from Washington, via Panama, to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, and, more recently, several international conferences have discussed linking New York with the Argentine capital by a great highway for motor vehicles that would pass through all the member countries of the Pan American Union.

While both these projects continue to be interesting subjects for academic discussions, several aërial transport companies have established services in Central and South America, while others, also practically minded, are earnestly seeking permission from the various governments involved to inaugurate air lines which will eventually connect our southern neighbors with us and with each other. A brief examination of the systems already operating or planned makes it seem certain that Panama will soon become a great centre for aviation. The necessity for aggressive action as well as close coöperation between the American and Panama Governments to facilitate such a development is obvious.

THE Canal Zone, under American sovereignty, occupies a five-mile strip on each side of the Panama Canal, extends from ocean to ocean, and neatly bisects the territory of the Republic of Panama. The cities of Colon and Panama are within these bounds but are excluded from American sovereignty. To reach either city by land, except through the Canal Zone, is not possible, and, similarly, in traveling between the eastern and western provinces of the Republic of Panama one must cross the Canal Zone. The questions arising from the establishment of air routes over the Canal are made even more complicated because of the lack of any treaty agreements covering such a contingency. Considerably over a year ago, a request was made by a Colombian aviation company for permission to connect Cristobal-Colon with Barranquilla, but the authority has not yet been granted and progress has been halted, probably pending adjustments between the American Department of State and the Republic of Panama.

The Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty negotiated in 1903, through which instrument we acquired our sovereignty over the Canal Zone and the right to construct the Panama Canal, still governs the relations between the United States and the Republic of Panama. Within a year after its confirmation, however, serious misunderstandings over its terms arose between the two signatories, and the supplemental Taft Agreement, modifying and interpreting the controversial portions, was adopted in 1904. In the original treaty as well as in the Taft Agreement, the articles were confined mainly to the construction, operation, maintenance, sanitation, and defense of the proposed canal, private enterprise within the Canal Zone being expressly interdicted, and aviation, entirely ignored. Orville Wright had yet to leave the ground on his first successful flight and no conflict of interests or difference of opinion over aviation matters on the Isthmus was anticipated. The Taft Agreement was abrogated in 1924, and the relationship between the two countries reverted to the confusing and limited provisions of the original Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty.

IN 1926, the Kellogg-Alfaro Commercial Treaty was negotiated providing for the control and operation of aircraft, radio, and wireless, but only in case of war. This treaty was summarily rejected by the National Assembly of Panama with a request for further negotiations, and the United States Senate never acted upon it. Nevertheless, the rights of the United States to defend the Canal under the treaty of 1903 are beyond dispute, and, inasmuch as any civil airway must necessarily cross the Canal Zone or use its terminals, such an aërial service might become a decidedly serious menace to the Canal in time of war. The War Department, under whose jurisdiction the Canal was placed by Congress, must



Scadta

JUNKERS HYDROPLANE TAKING OFF AT BARRANQUILLA

THIS PLANE OF THE SCADTA SERVICE is one of those which bring interior Colombia into communication with coastal Colombia. Connecting lines with Panama are being organized.

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Pan American Airways

MAP OF THE PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS LINES ALREADY OPERATED OR PLANNED

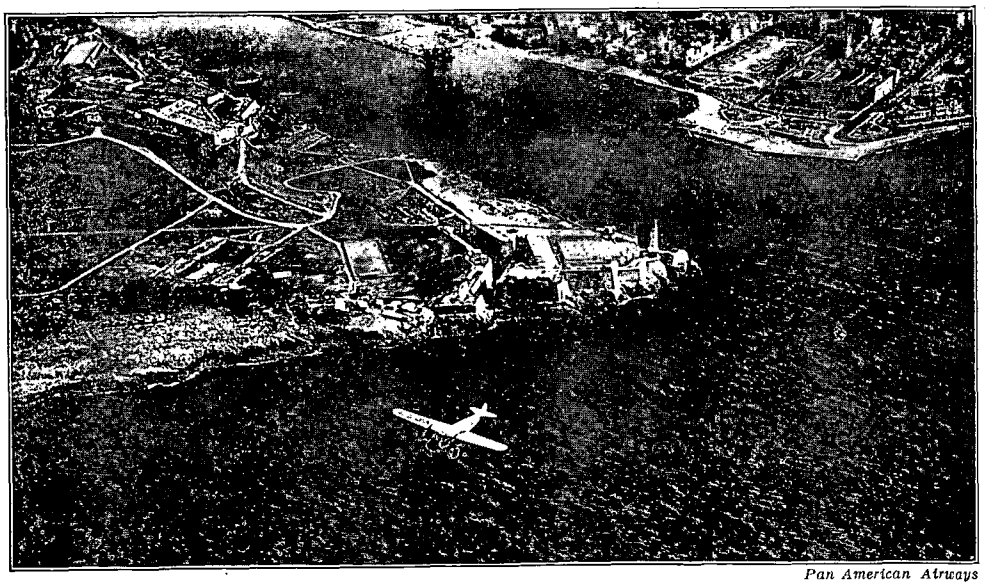
THESE WILL BE AMERICAN-OPERATED lines, focusing at Havana and Panama. The recently inaugurated Panama-Havana line is but the forerunner of a whole network of airways which will give Latin America much needed transport facilities.

therefore be satisfied before any air routes may be established. Fortunately, the officials of the State and War Departments and the Foreign Office in Panama City are all in accord in favoring the proposed air lines and are working in harmony to overcome difficulties not covered by treaty.

MR. J. T. TRIPPE, President of the Pan American Airways, Inc., stated at the International Civil Aëronautics Conference held in Washington in December, 1928, that 'international airways are usually laid out to connect countries and cities that are often cut off from each other weeks at a time on account of inadequate transportation facilities.' It would be difficult to find a more accurate description of Central American conditions. North and south of the Panama Canal few railroads connect one country with another and there are no motor highways—not even across the Isthmus of Panama. A rail line is under construction that will join Zacapa in Guatemala with Santa Ana in Salvador, but there are no other international lines in Central America. On the Pacific Coast south of Panama, the only international rail lines are Chilian, connecting Arica and Antofagasta with La Paz, Bolivia; and Valparaiso and Santiago with Mendoza in the Argentine. The great natural barriers which separate the countries through which runs the American cordillera have forced transportation and communication to ocean routes, not only limiting natural economic progress but also restraining the development of the sympathy and clear understanding that should prevail among these nations of common origin. The recent disputes between Paraguay and Bolivia, between Panama and Costa Rica, and between Nicaragua and Honduras, to mention only a few, forcibly demonstrate that neither unity nor amity obtains among the Latin American countries to correspond, for example, to the friendship between Canada and the United States.

The early Spanish *conquistadores* who founded the capital cities of Bogotá, Quito, Guatemala, and San José chose almost inaccessible sites, far removed from possible ravages by British pirates and privateers like Sir Henry Morgan. Those cities prospered in past generations because of their very isolation, but now, as the rest of the world draws closer together because of modern transportation, their growth is retarded due to the very circumstances which formerly safeguarded them. Their consolation and redemption from mediocrity lie in the fact that because of this remoteness they to-day offer the most tempting aërial destinations, as indicated by Mr. Trippe.

THE first air line to function in Latin America was in Colombia, when the Sociedad Colombo-Alemaña De Transportes Aereos, familiarly and locally known as the 'Scadta,' started its service between Barranquilla and Bogotá, thereby reducing the former river jour-



Pan American Airways

LEAVING HAVANA FOR KEY WEST

A PLANE, loaded with passengers and mail, flies over Morro Castle *en route* for Florida.

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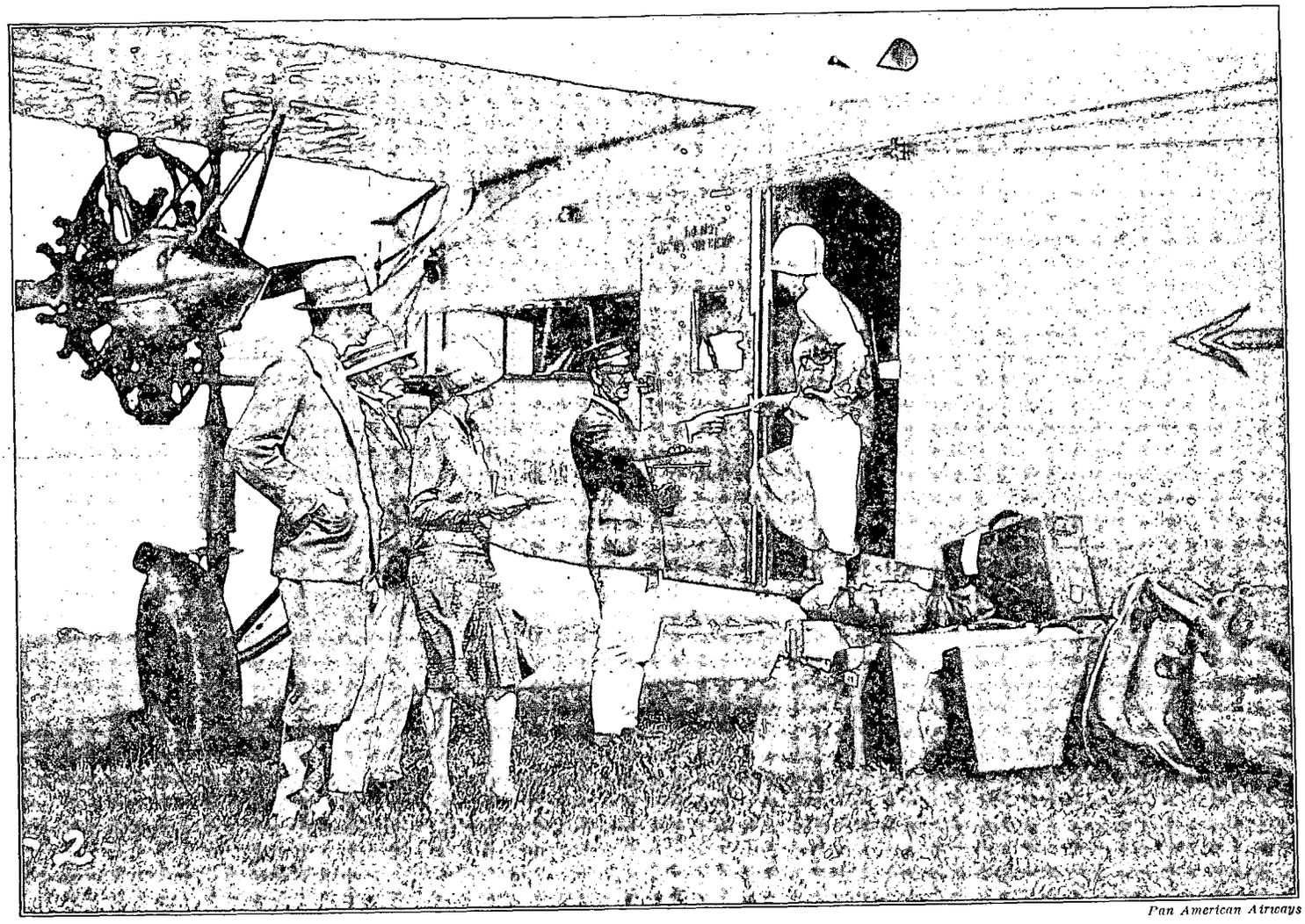
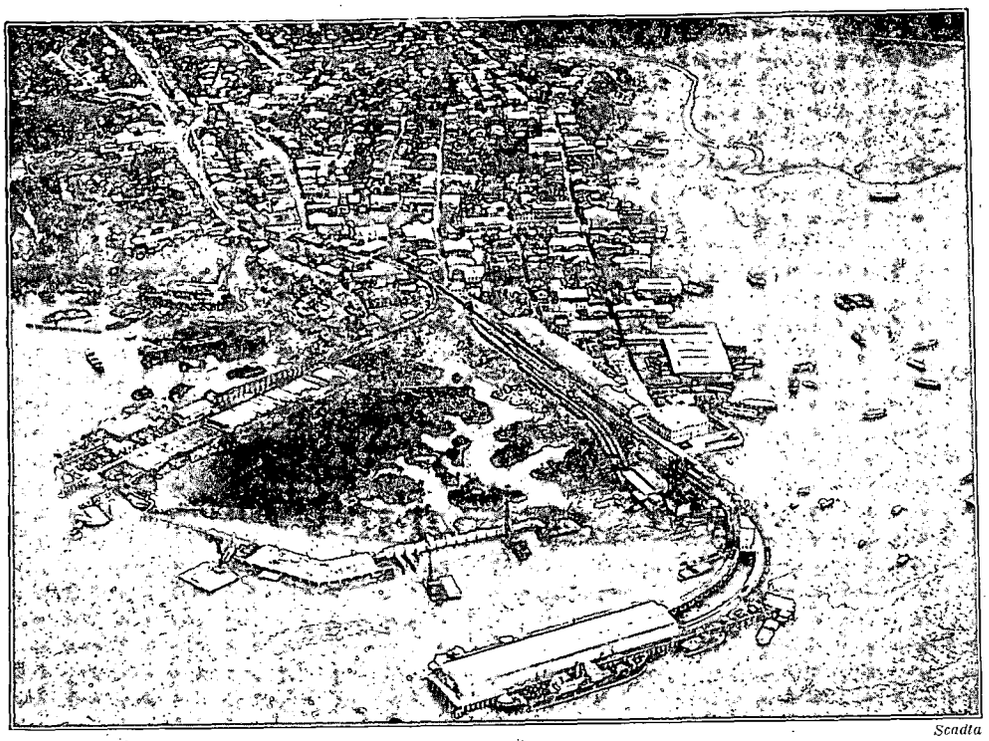


Pan American Airways

EMBARKING AT MIAMI FOR HAVANA

ON A TRI-MOTORED FOKKER air liner of the Pan American Airways, the company which is rapidly covering Central America and the Antilles with a network of air services.



Scadta

BUENAVENTURA, COLOMBIA, FROM THE AIR

BUENAVENTURA is the Pacific terminus of the trans-Colombian service recently inaugurated by the Scadta.

ney of from eighteen to twenty-one days, to one of less than forty-eight hours. This company has since extended its system to Buenaventura on the Pacific Coast of Colombia and also to Guayaquil in Ecuador. Further extension southward to Payta and Callao in Peru is contemplated. Air mail forms a very important part of the traffic. The rates are reasonable, the company issues its own stamps, and the service is widely used not only for domestic communication but also for foreign mail.

As yet, there is no air line between Panama and Colombia, between Panama and other South American countries, or between Panama and Guatemala and Salvador. The Pan American Airways, Inc., on February 4th, 1929, inaugurated its first air mail service between Panama and Havana via the Central American states to the north and east of Panama. The first flight was made by Colonel Lindbergh, Technical Adviser to the Pan American Airways. The Pan American Airways also operates services between Miami and Havana, Miami and the Bahamas, Miami and San Juan,

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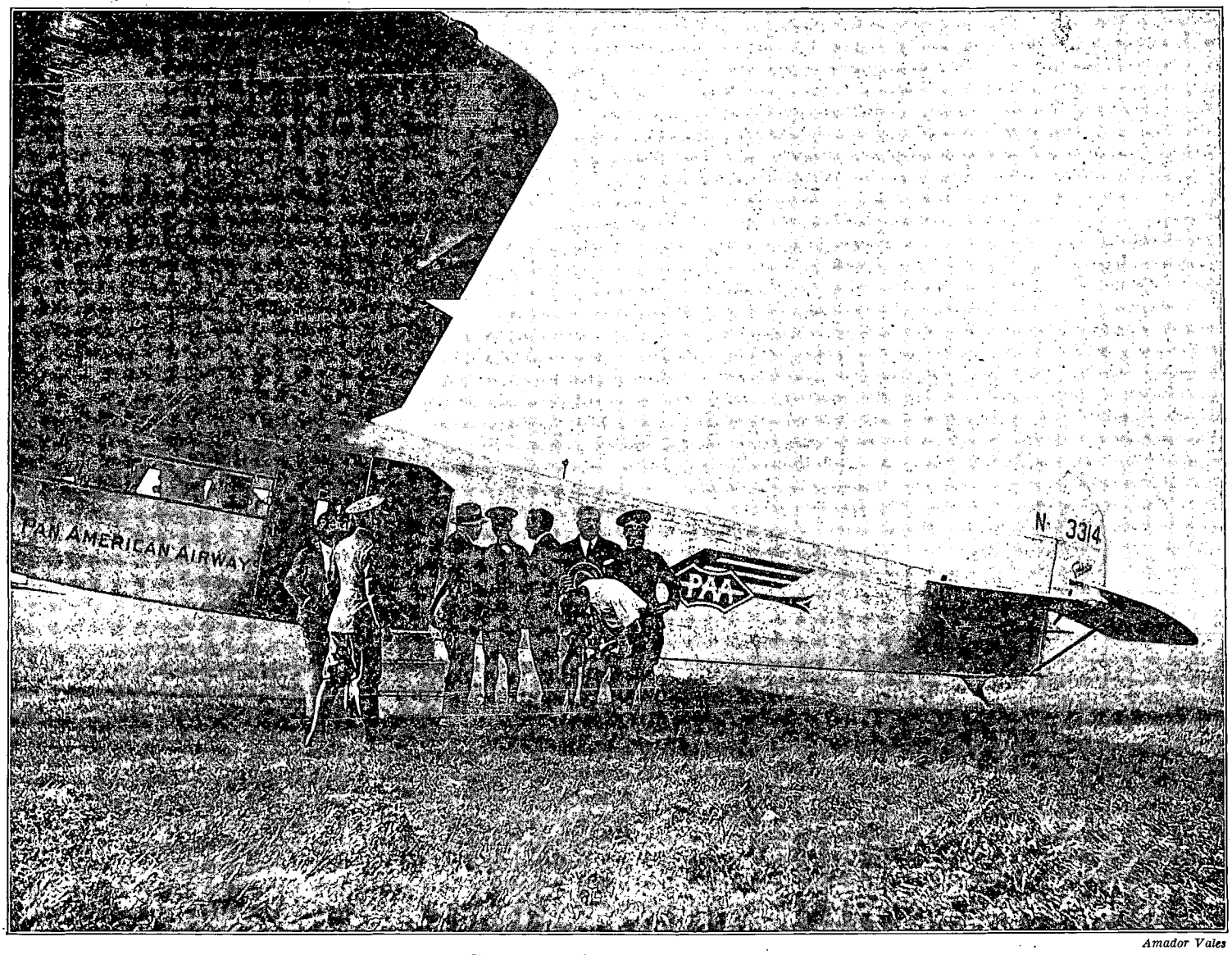
Porto Rico. The routes of this company's services are indicated on the accompanying map.

To connect with the routes already announced by the Pan American Airways, aërial communication southward to Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, and eastward to Colombia, Venezuela, and Brazil becomes a logical sequence, and would make Panama as great an aviation centre for relaying mail and routing passengers as it now is for shipping. The Government of Panama has not failed to anticipate this progress and one of the first acts of President Florencio Arosemena, inaugurated on October 1st, 1928, was to appoint a National Aviation Commission to make a thorough and comprehensive study of the situation and to propose plans for the construction of airports and auxiliary fields in order to provide complete facilities for such air lines as might be established. The Chairman of the Commission, Tomás Gabriel Duque, made his first flight with Colonel Lindbergh and is the Minister of Finance in President Arosemena's Cabinet, succeeding in that portfolio Dr. Eusebio A. Morales, one of the most enthusiastic and consistent air travelers in South America. That Panama most certainly possesses that 'air-mindedness' so essential for the development of successful air services is further demonstrated by its proposal to organize a School of Aviation for Latin Americans, and its attitude should help to hasten and encourage the other Central and South American countries at least to modify their requirements for companies planning air routes over them. By spending comparatively little on aviation at this time, all may reap the large future rewards predicted by Mr. Otto Merkel, one of the directors of the German Luft Hansa.

Route	*Quickest time prior to air service*	*Present time by air*
Barranquilla-Girardot	14 to 18 days	7 hours
Barranquilla-Buenaventura	5 days	10 hours
Buenaventura-Guayaquil	3 days	10 hours
Miami-Havana	18 hours	2¼ hours
Havana-Panama (*direct*)	3 days	9 hours
Belize-Corinto	8 days	7 hours
Managua-Panama	4 days	10 hours

Colombia, by fostering the rapid growth of the 'Scadta,' still leads the

(*Continued on page 76*)



Amador Vales

President Machado of Cuba

Patronizes the Havana-Miami service of the Pan American Airways. A Fokker tri-motored air liner about to sail for the United States.

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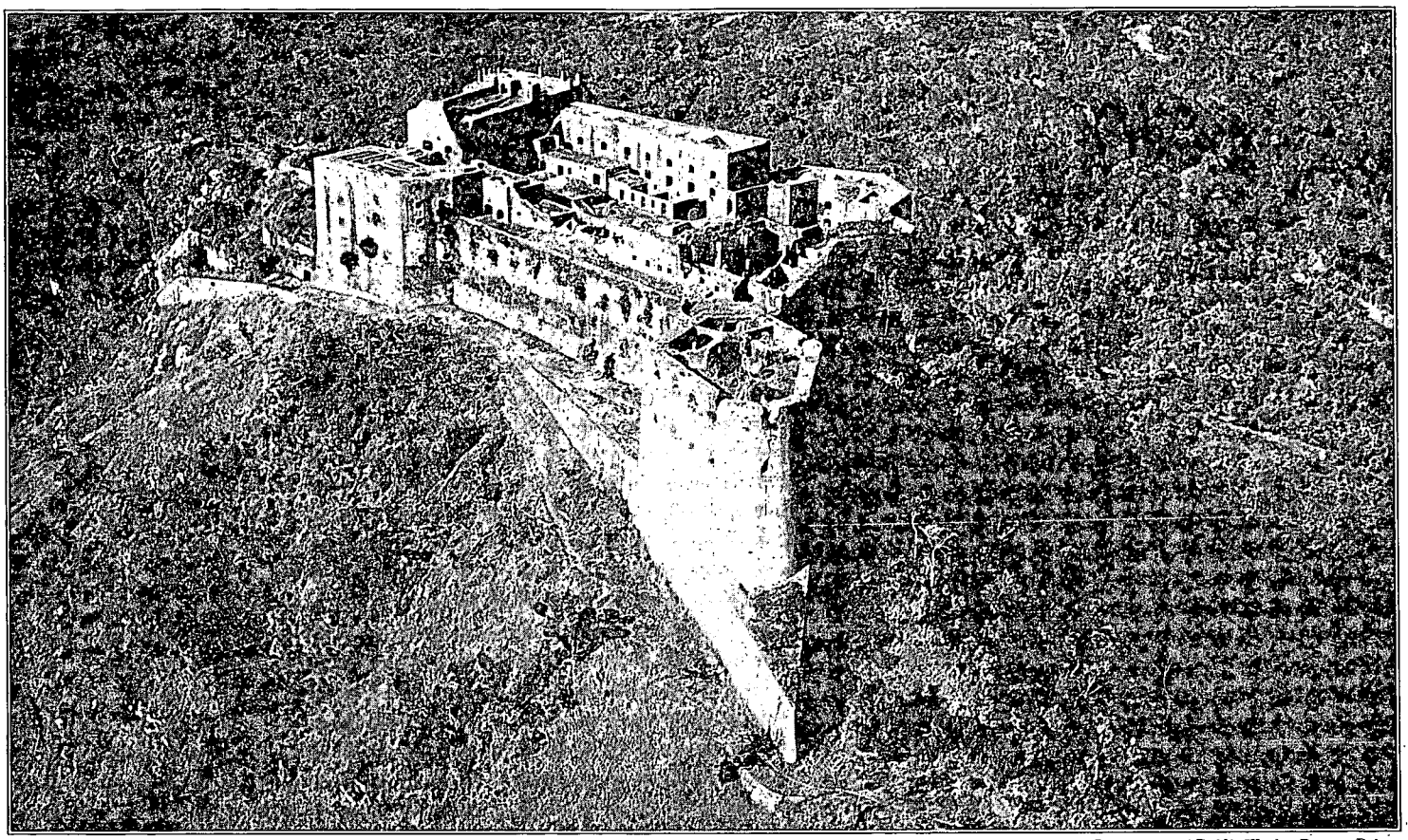

Department of Public Works, Port au Prince

CHRISTOPHE'S IMPREGNABLE CITADEL

BUILT ON TOP of a steep hill up which huge stones and heavy cannon were dragged by the forced labor of indolent natives. The citadel is one of the wonders of the Western Hemisphere and amply repays a visit.

Christophe's Citadel

A Trip to the Massive and Beautiful Fortress Erected in Innermost Haiti by Her Great Negro Emperor

By Harry L. Foster

Author of *A Gringo in Mañana Land, The Caribbean Cruise,* etc.

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

As we ran over our fifth goat, my friend at the wheel apologized.

'Sorry,' he said, 'but you'll have to excuse the bumps. We'd never get anywhere, in Haiti, if I slowed up for anything smaller than a bull.'

It sounded a trifle heartless, at first. But in the Black Republic a motorist soon loses his sympathy for the dumb animals. As the driver explained it, they are altogether *too* dumb. And it is a long day's ride from the capital to Cape Haiti, where the trail to the Citadel commences.

That was my ultimate objective on this excursion — the fortress of the famous negro emperor, isolated upon a mountain peak among the jungles of the island's northern coast. Everyone had predicted that the trip would carry me back a hundred years and more into Haiti's picturesque past. Even this first stage of it was promising, for no sooner had Port au Prince disappeared in our dusty wake than we were practically in the pre-automotive age, where the live stock invariably selected the centre of the road as a suitable spot for a quiet and peaceful siesta.

The thoroughfare, constructed largely by engineers from the United States Navy during the American occupation, had been open for several years, and was undoubtedly the most traveled highway in the republic. The automobile was by no means a novelty here. Yet the traffic was still comparatively light, and the honk of horn or whir of motor meant little either to animals or to human beings.

One slow-witted darky walked deliberately toward us with his eyes wide open. He saw us plainly enough, but his senses were not sufficiently trained by experience to recognize our onrush as potential calamity until we almost struck him. Then, galvanized into the most astonishing activity, he leaped wildly forward, backward, sideways, and skyward —all in the same movement, it seemed — his performance much like that of a rooster, and complete even to the squawk.

Others, keener perhaps in intellect, gave us the widest possible berth. Women pulled frantically at burros, which, burro-like, immediately interpreted this as a challenge to a tug-of-war. Where two persons drove the same animal, as often happened, they generally yanked in opposite directions; this proving unsuccessful, they both put their shoulders to the little beast, from opposite sides, and pushed, with the same negative result.

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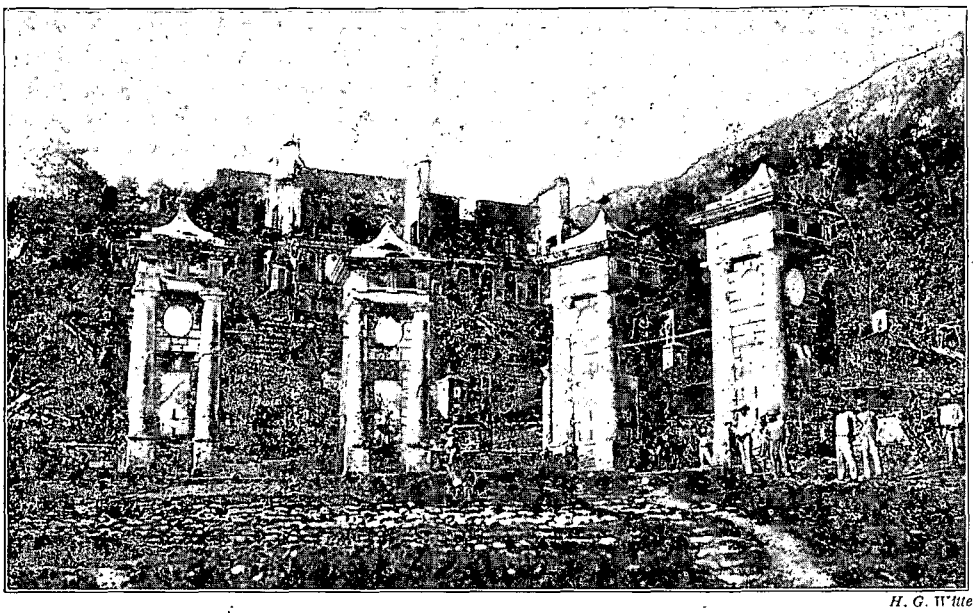

H. G. Wittle

THE GATEWAY TO SANS SOUCI PALACE

THIS WAS THE MOST ELABORATE of the magnificent residences which the negro Emperor of Haiti had built for himself and which now lie in ruins.

Sooner or later, they usually abandoned the poor animal to its supposed fate, and fled not only across the roadside ditch but far up the embankment, as though expecting our pursuit.

That it happened to be a Saturday morning — in Haiti, as throughout the West Indies, the weekly market day — made conditions somewhat worse, for the entire rural population was plodding in toward town. Regiments of women with bundles on their heads and cavalcades of donkeys filled our path as far as one could see. The whole road became a shambles of dismounting riders and tugging drivers. Yet these natives, despite their momentary panic, showed us no violent ill-will. The most startled would eventually join in the laughter which greeted their chicken-like antics. A few, though mature enough in age, took a childish pleasure in racing with us, grown men and women though they were, galloping before the machine for a hundred yards or more before they turned aside, grinning, to let us pass. There seemed no violent hostility in the one group that shrieked at us and hurled banana peels. And even those whose bolting donkeys scattered baggage in the dust would often smile good-naturedly as they gathered up the foodstuffs, wiped off part of the dirt, and continued on to market.

AS THE day wore on, and the stream of rustics thinned out, the trail held much less of interest.

It led for a time along the coast, with glimpses of the Gulf of Gonaives, but the land itself became gradually parched and arid. The village of St. Marc slipped past, a quaint little city of glaring white streets beside a glorious bay. Then desert, sheer desert, extending for many miles, its only vegetation a thorny scrub and some Arizona-like cactus.

Even here, however, we encountered habitations, for Haiti is one of the most densely populated islands in the Caribbean. When we stopped for lunch, a swarm of ebony-hued children — clad in shirts, without trousers — appeared miraculously from nowhere, to watch us in shy silence, apparently hoping for a 'hand-out.' And from time to time another procession of marketers heralded the approach to another thirsty-looking village of mud and thatch in a cactus-hedged inclosure.

But Haiti offers a variety of scenes, for it is one of the many loftily mountainous Caribbean islands whose rugged physiography Columbus, according to the chroniclers, habitually illustrated to a long-suffering Queen Isabella by crumpling up a piece of foolscap and explaining, 'It looks about like that.' The trail eventually turned inland, curving in serpentines as it scaled a four-thousand-foot ridge. Beyond it, the North Coast unfolded itself in a vista of forested hills. Among the tangles of wild coffee we passed an occasional fallen arch, or some crumbling gateway which once had led to a palatial French château . . . now or then the ruins of an ancient bridge, or a patch of wall that remained from Colonial days. And at dusk we raced into an ancient town of heavy masonry and grilled windows — Cape Haiti, 'The City of Massacres.'

Cape Haiti, more familiarly known to Americans in the Republic as 'The Cape,' is Haiti's most historic city.

At the little fishing village of Petite Anse, not far distant, Columbus landed in 1492 to establish the first fortress in the New World. Hereabouts, when the early Spaniards had passed on in search of gold, the French colonists settled to establish coffee or sugar plantations, importing so many negro slaves that they soon began to fear the black hordes, and to suppress rebellions with a heavy hand. In Cape Haiti's central square darkies were broken at the rack, or burned alive. But the few slaves who had been granted an education were reading just then of the French Revolution, and learning that the Frenchmen themselves — at home, if not in Haiti — were declaring all men free and equal, regardless of their birth.

The storm broke. Under such leaders as Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessalines, and others, the negroes turned upon their masters. There was no stopping the mass of blacks. Chafing from the lash of former years, crazed by their new sense of power, they swept through the streets of the city, pillaging the French estates, dragging every white man from his hiding place. Napoleon dispatched his own brother-in-law, Leclerc, with ships and troops, to quell the uprising, but the French armies succumbed to fever, and it was a hopeless effort. In 1803 France withdrew, and Haiti became 'The Black Republic.'

The Cape to-day, however, contains but few reminders of its bloody past. Its Place d'Armes, scene of many an execution, is bright with the leaves of varicolored croton. A big new cathedral hides the remnants of the old. There is only one ancient house on the waterfront — the one in which Pauline, the wife of Leclerc, had waited (none too faithfully, scandal whispers) while her husband led his ill-fated campaign against the blacks. And, looming distantly upon a lofty peak, the Citadel of Christophe, the negro stronghold, most impregnable of all the Caribbean fortresses.

EARLY the following morning, with a small party of fellow Americans — officers and their wives from the Marine Corps, which now polices Haiti — I set out for the famous sight.

It was another hour's auto ride through weed-grown abandoned plantations to the straggling village of Milot, where the bridle trail begins, and here one finds the first evidence of Christophe's glory in the Palace of Sans Souci.

Old Christophe, elected President in the early days of the Republic, had not been content with so plebeian a title, but had promptly sought greater honor by declaring himself King, under the name

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of Henry I. His choice of that name, some say, was due to the fact that he never could learn to write 'Christophe' in signing his court decrees. But, although he might lack education, His Majesty was a man of force, and also of imagination. A king must have his courtiers, wherefore he created a nobility of three princes, eight dukes, twenty counts, forty barons, and a host of lesser titular celebrities. And in this palace at Milot he maintained a court which for pomp and splendor and intricate formality rivaled those of Europe.

To-day, of course, the glory of Sans Souci has departed. A series of gateposts opens upon an empty palace yard, from which a double staircase circles upward to a succession of terraces, backed by many arches and pillars that led once to the velvet-hung throne rooms or halls of state. Yet, though the roofs have fallen, and trees or vines have sprouted from the débris, it is at least a splendid ruin. In Christophe's brief heydey, this was but one of his many homes — some estimates put the total as high as twenty-one — but it was by far the most magnificent. A stream was diverted from its course to flow beneath Sans Souci and cool the air. The floors were all of marble. The walls were paneled in the finest of hard wood and hung with art treasures from Europe. There were audience chambers and banquet halls galore, and suites for the royal family. Although His Majesty could not read a word, he even provided himself with an extensive library. And like the citadel up above, for which we still were headed, it was rated in its day among the greatest and finest structures in the whole of the New World.

AT MILOT we hired horses. The charge for them, equivalent in American money to about $1.20 for the day, seemed ridiculously small, but so also were the horses.

They were not only diminutive in stature but most painfully thin, for the Haitian seldom overfeeds his beasts. One actually felt sorry to ride them, and, once on board, felt sorrier still. They barely moved. They seemed to divine the long ascent that lay before them. And, once started wearily upon the journey, although they were not quite up to turning somersaults or cart-wheels, they expressed their sentiments by manœuvring constantly to a position from which each could kick his fellows.

The several little darky lads who volunteered their escort on foot, eager to earn a few pennies, could easily outwalk us. But our plodding and sometimes precarious way led through glorious forests, with frequent retrospects of vast stretches of verdant hill. And when, at the end of several hours' constant climb, the Citadel itself appeared ahead, one felt the labor worth it.

It stood upon the highest of the local mountain tops, hundreds of feet above the zigzag trail, its very isolation adding to its majesty, its massive battlements clearly outlined against the bluest of skies.

How the Haitians had ever succeeded in building it, no one will ever know. It stands here in this rugged country, miles and miles from everywhere, reached only by poor mountain paths, up which the toiling negroes must have carried giant rocks and hundreds of huge cannon. Only fear could have given them the strength — an underlying fear of French armies, who might at any moment return — and a greater fear of Christophe.

His very inspiring methods have often been described. One day, as the stories have it, he found a host of his men struggling to move an especially huge cannon up the hill.

'It is far too heavy!' they protested. 'We are not enough.'

Remorselessly, His Majesty lined them up, and shot down every third man.

'Let such example increase your strength, or I'll shoot down every second.'

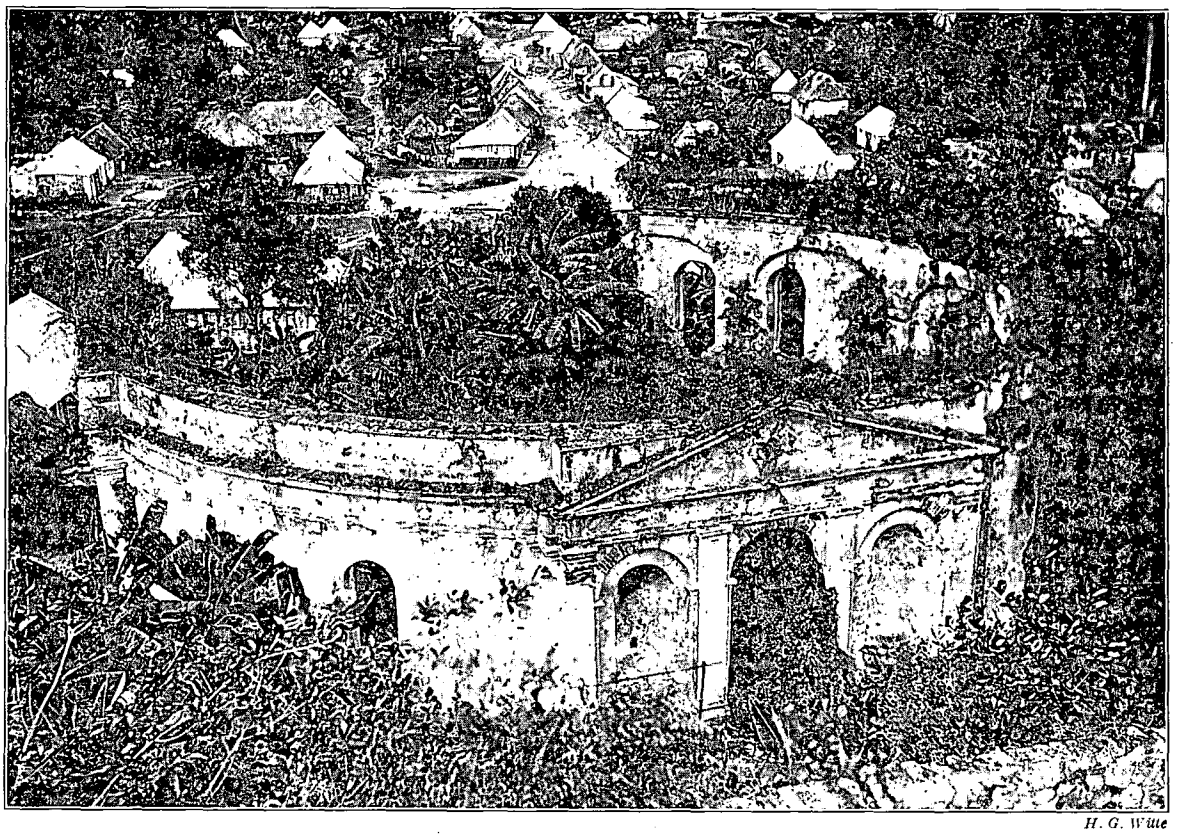
And that especially massive cannon continued up the hill. There are stories, also, of a secret passageway, shorter, possibly, and smoother than the trail one now must traverse, which led up underground from Milot. One Marine, an officer with the *Gendarmerie*, has tried ceaselessly to find this, thus far without success.

If such a route existed, the secret died with Christophe. For once his great fortress was built, he killed whoever might know. The last to die, they say, was Besse, the mulatto engineer. He stood with Christophe atop the loftiest parapet of that finally completed citadel.

'Only we two know the secrets, do we not?' asked Christophe.

'Only we two,' responded Besse.

'That's fine,' said Christophe, and he pushed Besse over the edge. 'Now only *I* shall know.'



H. G. Witte

THE ARENA NEAR SANS SOUCI

A RUIN WHICH vividly conveys an idea of the transitory magnificence of the Haitian Tyrant's rule.

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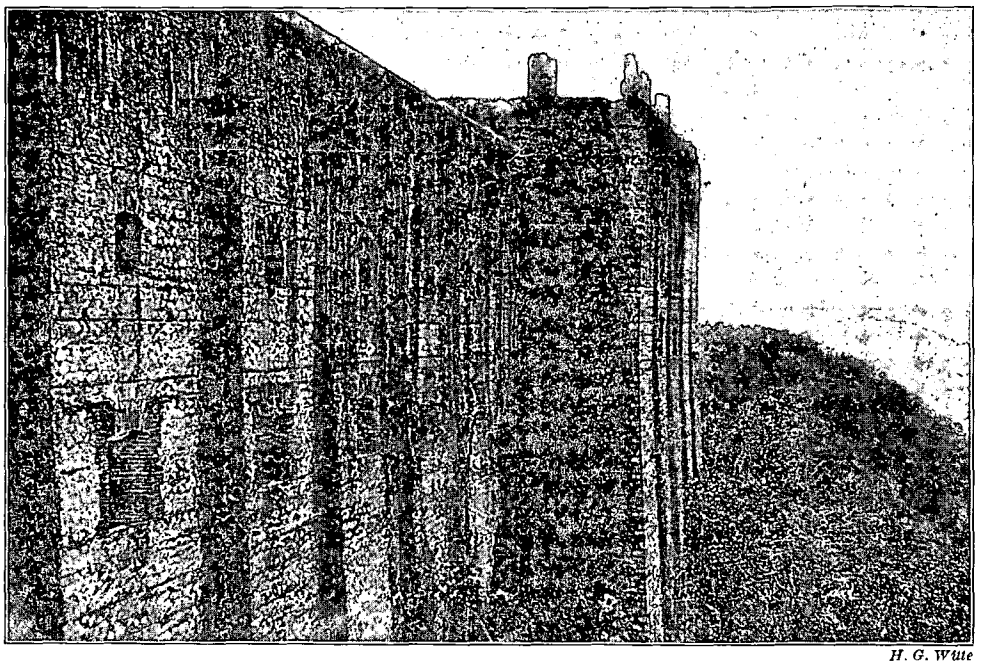

H. G. Wüte

THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE CITADEL

FROM WHICH a fall means certain death, and which were built to repel any attack on the Emperor.

WE ZIGZAGGED up the last, steep mile to a cliff-bordered terrace, where the mighty walls began.

In general shape the fortress was a square, save at one corner, where a huge, wedge-shaped bastion projected to conform to the terrain. Except at the entrance gate, where was left a tiny patch of level ground, the ramparts rose from the edge of cliffs so abruptly that their five-storied height was accentuated by the cliffs themselves. The precipice, in fact, became thus a part of the walls, and, in places, from the depths below the upper towers became great sky-scrapers, hundreds of feet in height.

Only a small, dark gate led into the lower story, dark and damp and dismal. A musty smell pervaded it. One groped through artificial night, and looked down into steep, water-filled pits that led to secret passageways or to gloomy dungeons so narrow that prisoners had been forced to stand upright, often until they died from the sheer exhaustion of it.

It was a relief to find the stairway and ascend its crumbling steps from this region of whirring bats, and to come out upon long corridors lighted with many embrasures through which the guns still peered out across the hills, waiting for ghostly enemies. The wooden gun carriages had mostly rotted and fallen, tilting the cannon at drunken angles; rust covered the iron of the cannon themselves, cracking off in huge chunks and scattering dust upon the solid brick floors to color them as with blood. They were mostly huge naval guns, of six- or eight-inch calibre, but of extremely massive build. And everywhere, in pyramids and disordered heaps, great piles of cannon balls or pieces of ancient flint.

Another ascent brought us to an open central court now overgrown with jungle. About it, the steps that led to higher buttresses were gardens of fern and lichen. Vines and even huge trees grew in the crevices of the surrounding walls, sending down their air-roots to a courtyard far below; and weeds, almost impenetrable, filled the yard itself, growing about the square old masonry of the central tomb where Christophe had once been buried.

Here or there a patch of rampart had fallen, yet in general this fortress was remarkably well preserved. The more one examined it, the more one marveled. Here were arches without a keystone, each brick symmetrically narrower at the bottom than at the top. Curving stairways that were truly artistic, yet also extremely practical — with unexpected loopholes opening upon them from the rear in such fashion that an ascending enemy might most literally 'get it in the neck.'

Nothing of military value had anywhere been overlooked. Rambling through the ruins, one found bake-shops and arsenals and hospitals. The tops of the walls had been designed to catch the rain and spill it into huge storage vats below. There were even chutes, opening from what must have been the galley, for the disposal of the garrison's refuse.

Yet neither had beauty been neglected. There was nothing formal about this architecture; no two towers were ever quite alike; yet everything balanced superbly. The artist in our party lamented her failure to bring a sketch-book. The others exclaimed again and again: 'What a setting for a movie!' Here was a monument with the massiveness of Gibraltar, the isolation of Lhasa, and the charm of Melrose Abbey.

FROM the topmost tower the view was truly sublime. One looked down upon a world of jumbled mountain peaks. Far to the north one glimpsed bits of the sea, of rounded bays among the hills. Scattered among the valleys, the infrequent huts of natives peeped distantly from the forest, an occasional roof of corrugated iron gleaming like silver beneath the noonday sun. Overhead, black clouds drifted calmly across the heavens, while below, their shadows moved across the vivid green.

One dared not look too directly down, unless one stretched out flat upon the walls. One thought too keenly of Besse, or of many another victim, pushed casually off this same tall tower to go hurtling into the abyss a thousand feet below.

As we sat up there, the gendarme in charge came to tell us that one of our horses had fallen. The little native boys, amusing themselves in our absence by stoning our tethered mounts, had driven one of the beasts so frantic that she leaped clean over the cliff. She lay dead, said the gendarme, exactly where she landed. That had been a tumble from the very foot of these walls — and Christophe shoved men from the top!

A whimsical character, old Christophe! Tradition has it that he buried vast treasure beneath this castle, and deposited more in Europe in case he ever was forced to flee. He knew that the inevitable revolution would sooner or later materialize. He had no fear of it. But one day, robust, six-foot giant though he was, he suddenly collapsed. The news spread that Christophe had suffered a stroke. Enemies were marching upon his stronghold. And His Majesty, dramatic to the very last, gave instructions for the escape of his family. Then he loaded his pistol with a bullet of pure gold, a bullet saved for such a crisis, and calmly shot himself.

WE RODE back in silence to Milot, where the motor car was waiting. The driver hit five more goats on his way home, not to mention a few pigs and chickens. But there was consolation in the thought that the slaughter was far less bloody than the one these hills had witnessed in the days of Henri Christophe.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

The Kingdom of the United States

As if there were not enough targets offered by Europe for Bernard Shaw's shafts of wit, he has recently indulged in some fantastic gibes at the expense of the United States. The *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna independent daily) reports a conversation with him that includes discussion of 'The United States as a Monarchy.'

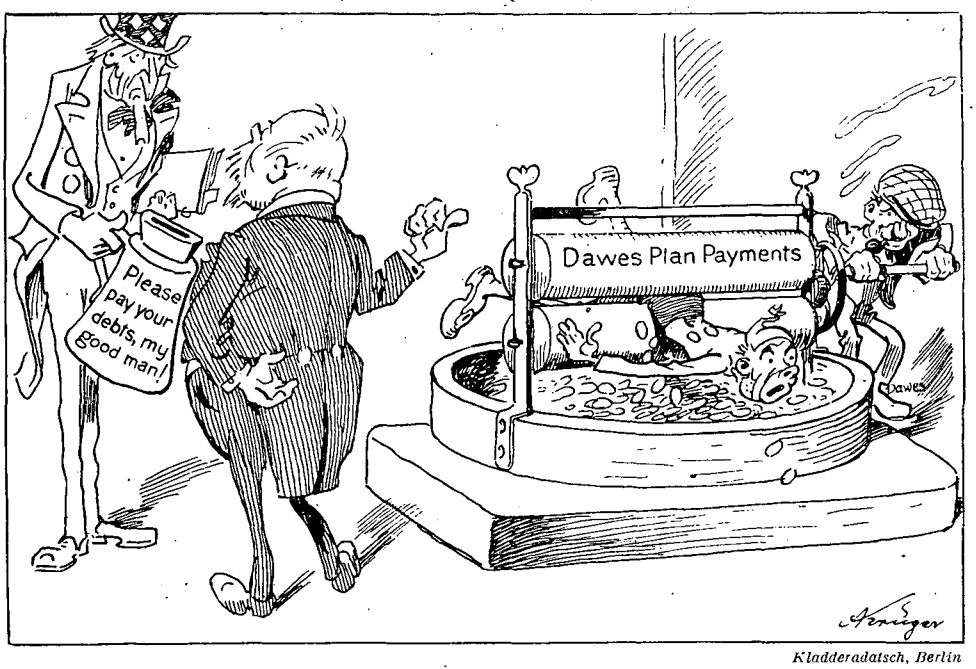
'Whether the United States would be better off under a monarchy would depend on how thoroughly the idea was carried out,' said Mr. Shaw. 'If each individual state of the Union should have a king, a court, and a dynasty, then might God have pity on the United States! I would not propose that a federal monarch be established in the White House. However, if America cared to reënter the British Empire as a dominion, like Canada or Australia, the Americans would be amazed to discover how much more convenient it would be to have a republic with a king as president than a republic with a president as tyrant. If America made war on us and beat us, that would be a very pleasant method for her to become united once more with the British Empire.

'But, apart from such a defeat, it is inconceivable to me that England would be able to effect the return of the prodigal son. One must realize clearly that England was once glad to have colonies, because England was the dog, and the colonies represented the tail. Now the tail has begun to wag so frantically that England will soon be forced to bite off her tail in order to call her soul her own. If the United States annexed us, the combination would be magnificent, unparalleled, irresistible. But what would become of this poor, tiny island on which I live? Would it be just another overpopulated and uncomfortable Ireland?

'I fear that the Americans will have to manage just as they have hitherto, and content themselves with an occasional visit from the Prince of Wales.' When Shaw was asked whether he could conceive of a war between Great Britain and the United States, he replied: —

'Naturally such a war is conceivable. There is no more difficult task in the world than that of preventing men of English origin from fighting one another. I still remember very well a large meeting at Mansion House to celebrate the period of a hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Asquith, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the American ambassador made eloquent speeches, saying how wonderful it was that there had been no enmity between the nations for a whole century. The fact is that during the period referred to there were scarcely ten minutes during which the two nations were not more or less ready and waiting to spring at each other's throats.

'If we would only acknowledge this hate openly and get at the roots of it, there might be a prospect of purifying our souls of it. But all this pother, as if we were loving cousins, is pure poison and only means that, full of jealousy, we shall increase our fleets more and more.'



Germany in the Clothes Wringer

Poincaré: 'I cannot pay you till he pays me, and he seems to be wrung dry!'

American Preoccupations in French Eyes

That kindly, charitable French visitor to American shores, Abbé Dimnet, has joined the swelling chorus of foreign commentators upon life in the United States. In the *Saturday Review* (British conservative weekly), he publishes brief notes on 'What America Is Talking About': —

'In little more than a week, I have hopped from Princeton, glorying in her new chapel and carillons, to Scranton in Pennsylvania, a smaller Pittsburgh, which manages to look pretty and dainty on the hillsides while the mining and smelting hideousness lies almost invisible at the bottom of the valley. Thence, a longish jump to Boston, which, to my surprise, I found seething with interest in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as if this were not volatile America and more than a year had not elapsed since the tragedy came to its catastrophe. Of course, I had read an article in the *Outlook* proving that at least one crime which had lain heavily on Sacco's shoulders could no longer be on the slate against him. I had also seen, at the New York Town Hall, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay suddenly exchange the kittenish manner which so ill becomes her crisp, vigorous poetry for the most evidently sincere emotion, as she stated that all her latest inspiration has come from that tragedy. And, like everybody else, I had seen the posters announcing *Boston*, the new novel by Upton Sinclair, who is not the man to let such a chance escape him. But newspapers, poets, or novelists are apt to get excited over subjects which leave the people around them unmoved, and I did not suspect the real truth. The fact is that people in Boston see red the moment Sacco and Vanzetti are

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mentioned, and New England, at all events, has its Dreyfus affair to adjust as best it may with its New England conscience, its ancestral desire for doing right, and its American passion for not being, or seeming to be, or being supposed to be, in the wrong.

'From Boston to Chicago, where the talk was of crime, as usual, and where I surprised a newspaper man who asked my well informed opinion about said crime and its causes by answering: "Not enough light in the streets at night." For untraveled Americans cannot believe their own ears when you tell them that though extravagant with electricity in their homes (where the lights are often on in broad daylight) they are more than chary of it in their public places, and, secondly, when they hear that their trains are slow. Slowness in America seems to be an impossibility to the passengers in the Madison Avenue street car or the Fifth Avenue bus, who, however, know full well that they are lucky when they cover half a mile in twenty minutes, yet sit perfectly contented all the time.

'From Chicago to Minneapolis, where another newspaper man surprised me by asking: "Those Brontë sisters that you spoke about at the University last year, they are nuns, are they not?" However, this reporter was a thoroughly good chap and far from stupid, for he read my smile in an instant and said: "I am the low-brow at the office; this afternoon Mr. X. will see you. He is the high-brow and you will enjoy his talk." This marvelous good nature is what makes Americans irresistible, and what you miss when Parisian sophistication replaces it.'

The Malevolent American Influence

THE *Rote Fahne* (Berlin Communist daily) has an extremely simple explanation for the outbreak of war between Bolivia and Paraguay. For it, as for most of the Communist Press, the tag of American imperialism serves to identify many a puzzling struggle.

'According to South American papers, the United States has made to Bolivia during the past year four loans totaling $63,000,000. This money was to be devoted, presumably, to peaceful ends. In reality, it served to arm Bolivia in the interests of American oil kings. . . . The hireling troops of Bolivia marched in the service of dollar imperialism against Paraguay, whereat the Press of Bolivia, subsidized from New York, hypocritically dubbed the war one of national honor. There can be no doubt that the Government of Bolivia would never have dared to wage a war against its neighboring state, Paraguay, thus risking the enmity of Argentina, if it had not been in the interests and at the orders of dollar imperialism.'

Is the United States Dogmatic?

THE confidence of S. Parker Gilbert that Germany can continue without excessive strain to make reparations payments aroused varied emotions in the German Press. Some papers printed the news with little comment. Others explained laboriously that Gilbert had failed to take into account many significant factors in the economic life of Germany. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin daily, Government organ) spoke, not ill-naturedly, of a characteristic of Gilbert's report which it takes to be typical of the mentality of the average American in the period since the War. This characteristic is the tendency to play the schoolmaster to other nations. 'This inclination to dogmatize, which has often been observed in American administrative heads who come to Germany and recommend to us their method of organizing business, should not be regarded as a particularly unpleasant trait of character. It can be accounted for in a very simple way on the ground of the incredible rise of the United States in the last fifteen years. The Americans assume, in a very human way, that the energetic utilization of fortunate circumstances is a well deserved reward for superior economic capacity, and they are inclined to think that other nations lack good will or the necessary energy if they do not succeed in equaling the Americans in economic vigor.'

The Capable American Woman

IT is unbelievably hard to convince any European, even the most intelligent, that all women in the United States do not have large mansions with numerous servants to do every iota of the work. Therefore it is comforting to find in the London *Spectator* (British conservative weekly) a pæan of sympathetic praise for the American woman who actually manages her home.

'Are they spoiled? There are many towns in America without one single, solitary servant, towns where all the women have to do their own housework, cooking, most of the washing, and usually the gardening. They do it cheerfully, competently, and swiftly.

'The American woman's standard of housekeeping is the highest I have seen (at close quarters) in any part of the world; comfort, cleanliness, light, food, and warmth are made matters of thought and she brings to her problems her fresh, eager mind anxious to do the best for her family in every way. Her standard of warmth is a trifle high in some parts of America, I admit, for my British lungs, but otherwise her housekeeping, with its balanced meals, is delightful.

'Naturally, she has every mechanical contrivance to help her, but, however many buttons she has had installed in her house, she has to be there to push them in and out. Houses do not run themselves, though the competent American woman sometimes makes me think they do. Moreover, these labor-savers are costly, and, when they are installed in small houses, those little houses belonging to professional men with fixed and unexpanding salaries, each of them has been bought after years of saving. A good deal of "doing without" could be written into the history of every new comfort.

'For the ordinary American is not rich, and I wish to say this very clearly. Salary or income may be larger than that of his opposite in England, but his expenses are bigger; and that is why, were he living in England, his wife could have one servant, possibly two of them. The wife of the ordinary middle-class American cannot, then, in the nature of things, be spoiled. Certainly her children are a help to her very soon. That rather terrifying young citizen with the weird garments, who, coatless and hatless, rushes past you on the sidewalk on his scooter, defying the law and yelling at the top of his voice, has washed his own face and has brushed his hair since he was three years old.

'The American woman, a well dressed and gracious hostess, sitting at a perfectly appointed table, dispensing delicious food to her friends, with apparently everything she wants, talking of her trips abroad, past and future, gives the visiting English man or woman a feeling that she really has too much, and she is therefore to a certain extent responsible for this misrepresentation.

'Her oversea guests — especially English lecturers who see only the bright side of the picture — do not realize that she has cooked the meal herself, has set the table, and that the woman who waits so deftly is there at so much the hour, and that when the hostess excuses herself for a moment it is for the prosaic reason that she has gone to pay her, so as to let her go the moment the last fork is washed. And, of course, if she has a daughter big enough to wait, and one competent to dish up, there will be no outside help employed. The reason the ordinary housekeeping American woman talks so much about the good time she has abroad is that she works so hard at home.

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VENICE, THE LITTLE LAGOON

FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

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World Travel Notes

Amsterdam and Stockholm

AMSTERDAM and Stockholm dote upon hearing themselves described, respectively and separately, as 'The Venice of the North'; but it is rather odd that they should. The phrase is incontrovertibly due to the American tourist, who has been brought up on literature about Italy and 'The Queen of the Adriatic,' but who is very badly informed on the beautiful cities of Holland and Sweden. Then, too, the American delights in catchwords, slogans, and easily digested bits of information. And this has affected tourist agencies and their advertising literature all over the world. Suffice it to say that Amsterdam and Stockholm are cities of islands and waterways as is Venice; but each has an individuality that the most favorable comparison cannot enhance.

Amsterdam is the Dutchest of Dutch cities, much occupied nowadays with business; but always ready for holidays. Then, as on the Queen Mother's birthday in the spring, everybody dresses up and puts on the jollity pictured so well by Jan Steen and Frans Hals.

The Amstel River, running through the city's centre, corresponds to the Grand Canal of Venice and New York's Fifth Avenue. From either side lead the canals proper, winding about in semicircles, to return eventually to the Amstel at another point. Dutch cleanliness works slightly to the disadvantage of the canals, since that is where the dirt

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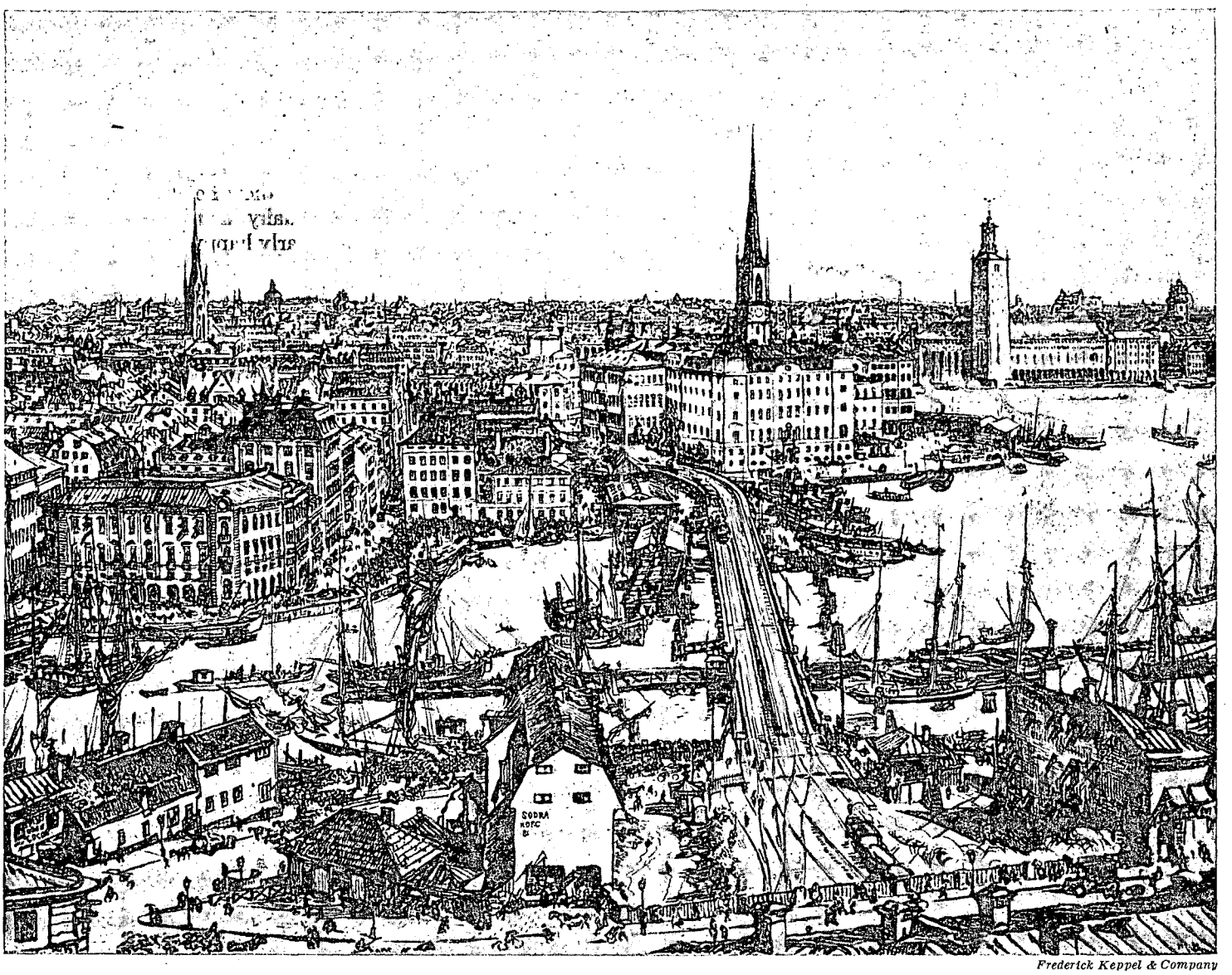

Frederick Keppel & Company

STOCKHOLM

FROM AN ETCHING BY MUIRHEAD BONE

and refuse go. Here is one essential difference between Amsterdam and Venice, for the Italian housewife keeps the dirt inside her house, and consequently the canals sparkle.

Perhaps the finest thing in Amsterdam is the Ryks Museum, containing Holland's best art collection and one of the best in all Europe. Its chief glory is Rembrandt's *The Night Watch*, though all the other Dutch masters are represented save Frans Hals. He must be studied in nearby Haarlem.

Spring is the best season of the year for Holland, and for Haarlem in particular. There the annual miracle of tulip fields in bloom is most striking. From late February, when the first crocus appears, till the end of June, when the last iris unfolds, the bulb fields are a checkerboard of yellow, white, red, and purple patches. One misses the best trick of all if one fails to climb the Groote Kerk Tower at Haarlem for a bird's-eye view. Then, with an introduction to some bulb grower, one may obtain the closer inspection that enhances the beauty. It is difficult to imagine such a profusion of blossoms, for America has nothing like it. Though one cannot roam at will through the fields, a joyful surprise awaits one. At the corner of every meticulously laid out patch of hyacinths or tulips is the 'dump heap' of cut blossoms. After all, the thrifty Dutch bulb grower has not made his fields simply for æsthetic delight. In the interests of efficient and scientific production he must cut most of the flowers in their prime. 'Help yourself to an armful,' he says. 'It will save the boys the trouble of carting them away.'

STOCKHOLM may best be approached in either of two ways: by the leisurely steamer that follows the canal from Göteborg; or by sea, through the glorious channels of seventy-five miles of islands. From Göteborg, the route is really a combination of river, lake, and canal. This way one may get acquainted with several hundred miles of Swedish countryside, a section rich in scenic beauty and dotted with charming lakeside resorts. Vener and Vetter are two of the most beautiful lakes, surrounded by mountains and luxuriant spruce forests. After this three-day trip, sight of the stately capital city comes as a fitting climax. Situated in part on the mainland and in part on islands and peninsulas, Stockholm presents a series of constantly changing views — busy quays, thronged markets, shaded promenades, lively streets, imposing buildings.

An unusual thing about Stockholm's architectural masterpieces is that the products of the past do not overshadow the beauty of modern structures. The Royal Palace and City Hall are of the first order, hardly to be outdone elsewhere in Europe. The Palace is a huge

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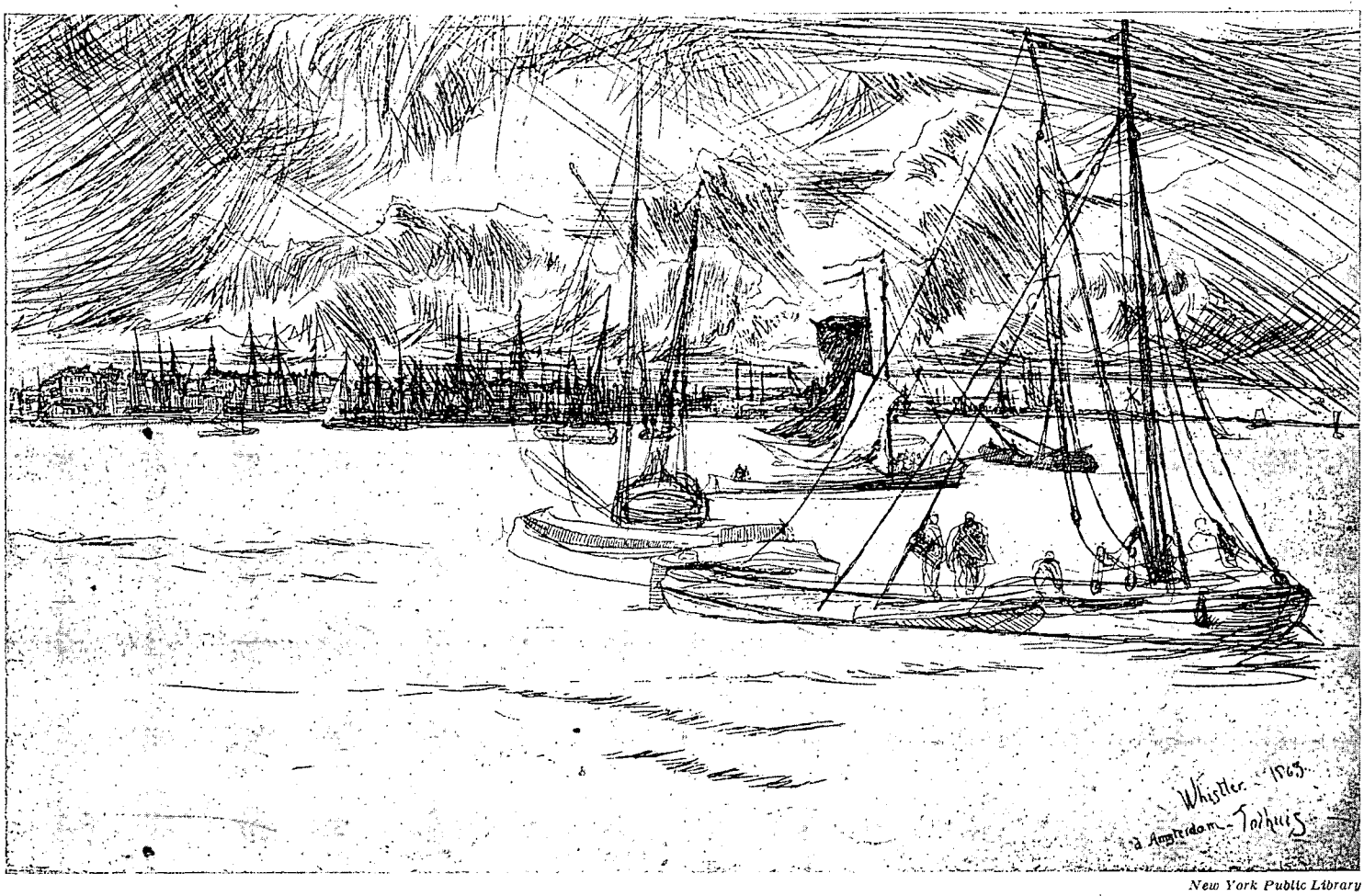
pile in the Renaissance style, not lofty but very impressive. Built around a great square court, its handsome façade makes it the most distinctive building visible from the water. Conspicuous in another part of Stockholm is the Riddarhus, or House of the Knights, dating from the seventeenth century.

Neither the Royal Palace nor the Riddarhus, however, surpass the new City Hall in splendor. This is considered the most successful public building of modern times. Though suggestive of monuments of the past and indebted to Swedish mediævalism, it is thoroughly modern, and bold in conception. Its beautiful pinnacled belfry is a jewel of simple grandeur. It is at once the city's greatest show-place and a building in constant everyday use.

To describe a few buildings is not to describe a city. To hear that something is beautiful is not to love it. Those who love Stockholm best are her native sons and daughters. They live within the city limits in stately mansions, modern apartments, or the modest but spotless dwellings of the poor. They shop in fashionable sections or in the busy markets, and carry on a business life that grows greater each year. They love the city, but never lose touch with the country and the sea.

Many go to the beautiful lake shores for the summer months, while more and more build their homes on islands and commute daily in their own boats. This is a peculiarly happy mode of living and renews every day the Swede's love of his native land and its beauty. But whoever visits Stockholm, if only for a few days, becomes her champion.



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AMSTERDAM, FROM THE TOLHUIS
FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. McN. WHISTLER

London and the Thames

YES, your Hudson is bigger and grander, but our Thames is liquid history.' One forgets who made that pat remark, but he was right. Romans, Norsemen, Saxons, Norman descendants of those Scandinavian invaders — all fought across the Thames, sailed upon it, turned its water red with blood. From Oxford in the North it winds through great London and so on to the sea. Tow paths, hard and smooth, follow its every contour in the open country. Near Eton and Henley, crew coaches ride the tow paths on bicycles, megaphones strapped to their heads, shouting curses and praise to sweating oarsmen on the river.

Within London, between Bermondsey and Chelsea, eleven street bridges span the Thames. The old London Bridge, with dwellings built high upon it and a chapel in the middle, has been succeeded by a new one over which traffic flows uninterruptedly and under which passes a railway tunnel. Westminster Bridge, now linking St. Thomas's hospital and the Houses of Parliament, was originally built in 1750. Near the end of that century William Wordsworth stood upon Westminster Bridge and surveyed the city. The result was his sonnet: —

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

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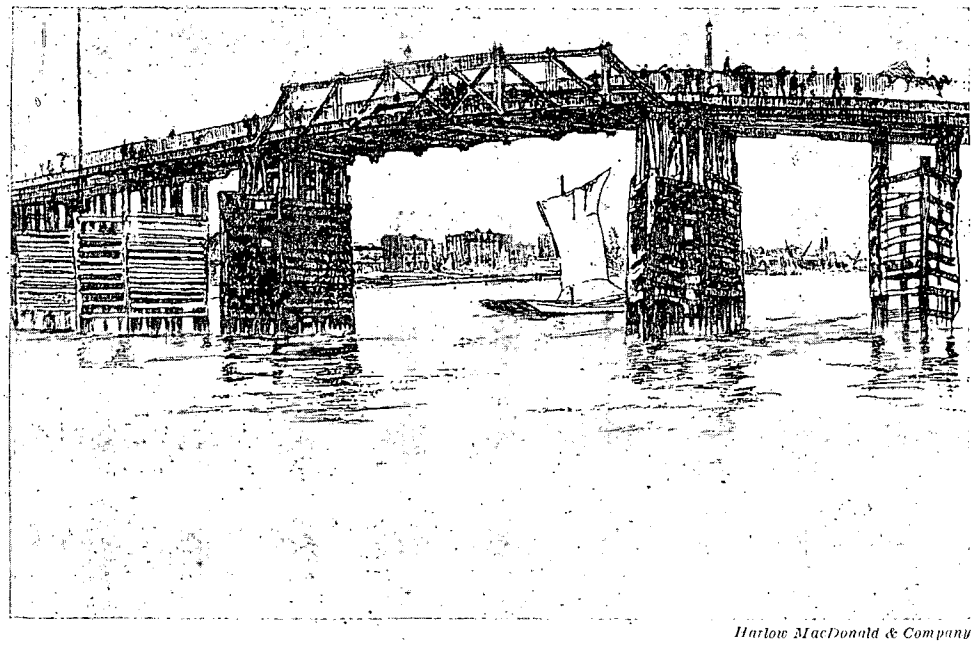


Harlow MacDonald & Company

BATTERSEA BRIDGE, LONDON
FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. MCN. WHISTLER

Sixty years later a new Westminster Bridge was built of iron upon granite piers. The modern eye, looking upon the city at perhaps the same hour of the morning as did Wordsworth, sees a very different sight.

'To see London shake off the sloth of the night and awaken to the cares and burdens of the day is an object lesson in her vastness as a commercial city and as a world market. Between the hours of six and nine it presents a spectacle the like of which can be seen in no other city of Europe. Between these hours the great termini are continuously pouring vast streams of humanity into the great hive of industry. The pavements are black with them and they overflow into the roadways. They eddy up a hundred side streets and flow in ever increasing volume over the broad and stately bridges that span the Thames.

'The character of the invading army changes as the hour advances. At the earliest hour the incoming crowd is clad in the livery of labor. After eight o'clock attire more suitable for the counter and the desk predominates. By nine o'clock the crowd is quite well dressed, and at ten the smart set of the city has the arrival platform practically to itself. London awakening to work is not a sight set down in any guide book, but it is one to see.'

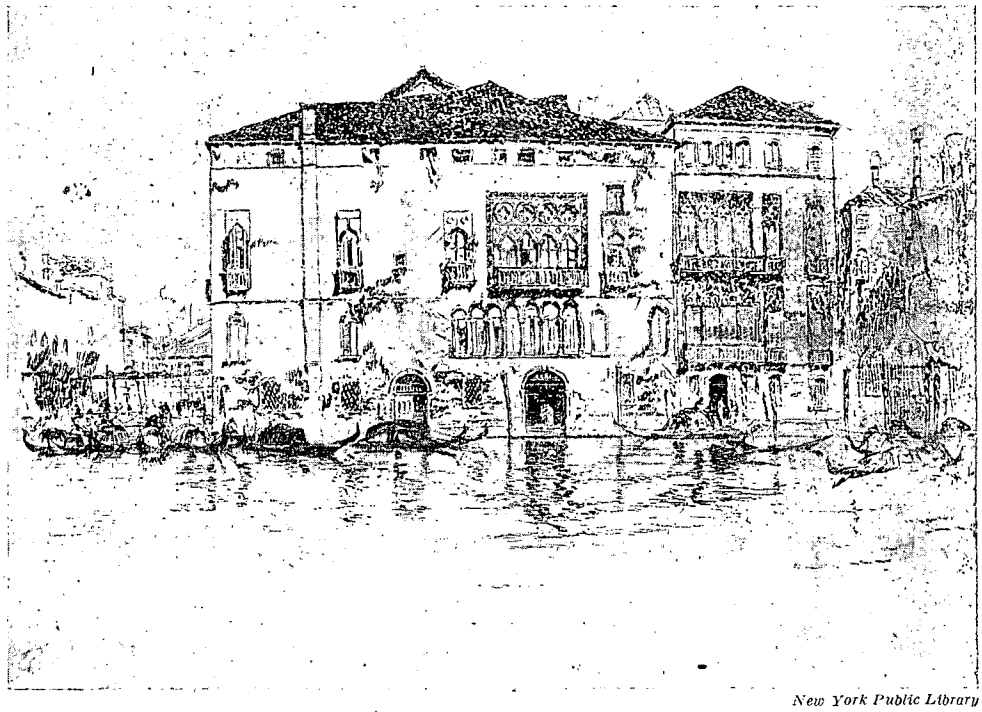
LONDON'S pageant and panorama unfold at other times and places, but few know how and when to catch her in all her moods and humors — work and play, wealth and poverty, bridges and towers and taverns. Etchers and artists translate her heart beats on to paper and canvas. Tourists, less articulate but not always less sensitive and discerning, know her crowded life, her show places, and sometimes her loneliness.

Suppose one has just arrived in London and is quartered in residential Paddington. What is a good day's prowling by one's self?

At Praed Street (Paddington) take a 15 bus to Trafalgar Square, passing *en route* the Marble Arch and Hyde Park, Oxford Street with its great stores, and Piccadilly Circus. Having looked at the Nelson Column there, walk down Whitehall. Through the Admiralty Arch one catches a distant view of Buckingham Palace.

Here are various government buildings and the Cenotaph, there the mounted and gorgeous Horse Guards. Westminster Abbey is nearby, and a little farther lie the Houses of Parliament. Walk on to Westminster Bridge for an incomparable view of the Thames and Saint Paul's Cathedral. Then up Whitehall, along Downing Street, where England's Prime Minister carries on at Number 10, and so to Saint James' Park. Lakeside paths through the Park lead to Buckingham Palace and the Victoria Memorial. A few yards along the Mall turn left into Green Park and ask for the London Museum, one of the most interesting of the smaller museums. It contains every kind of object illustrating the social and domestic life of London from earliest times. Returning down the Mall one comes to Charing Cross — and lunch.

In the afternoon take again a 15 bus from Charing Cross to Saint Paul's. The Crypts, Whispering Gallery, Stone and Golden Galleries, the Ball — these will take an hour or more even though some may be closed to visitors because of repairs. For the third time take a 15 bus; passing the Mansion House, Royal Exchange, and Bank of England ('Old Lady of Threadneedle Street'), go along Commercial Road to the end of the Minories. Then it is but a few steps to the Tower of London and its Beefeaters. From the Tower Wharf the Thames and Tower Bridge are striking sights. Close



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THE PALACES, VENICE
FROM AN ETCHING BY J. A. MCN. WHISTLER

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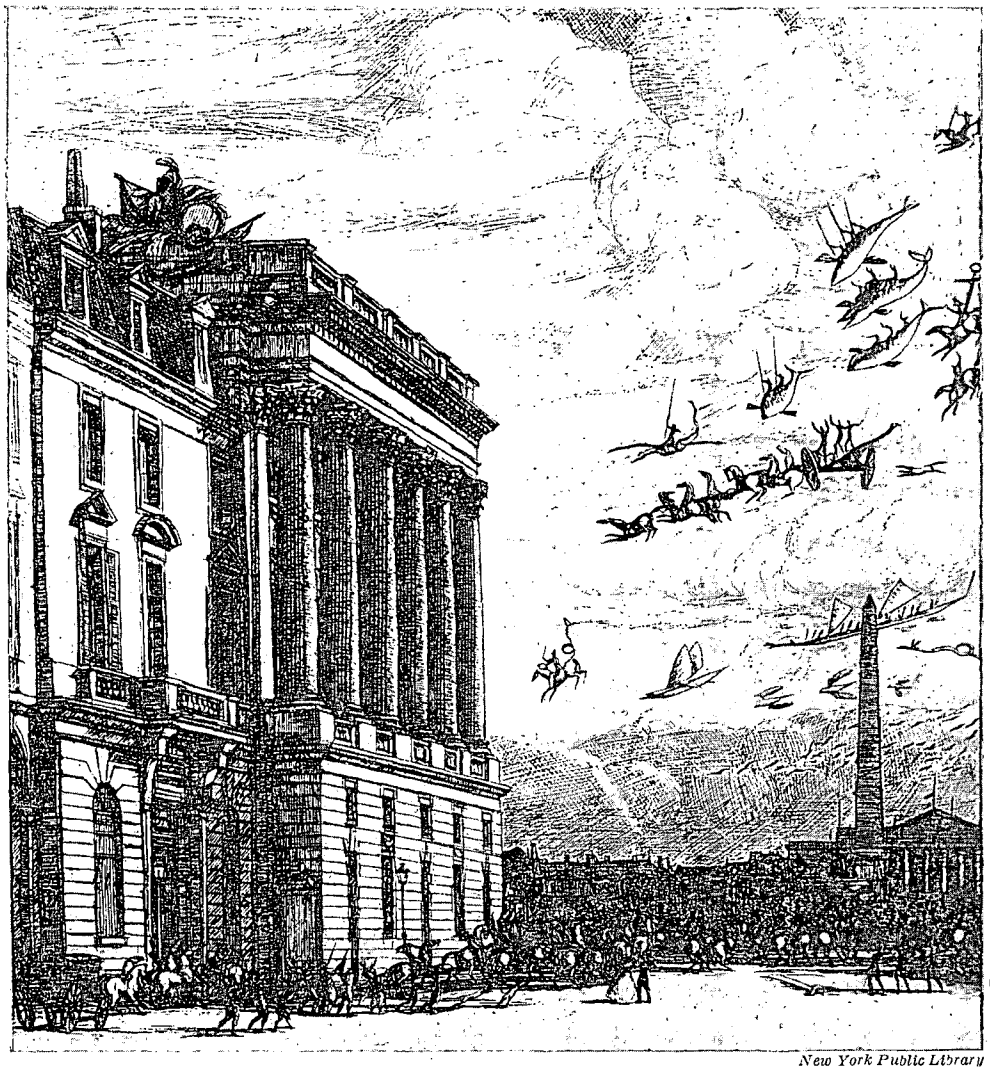

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THE MINISTRY OF MARINE, PARIS

FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES MERYON (1821–1868), characterized by the fantastic treatment for which he is famous.

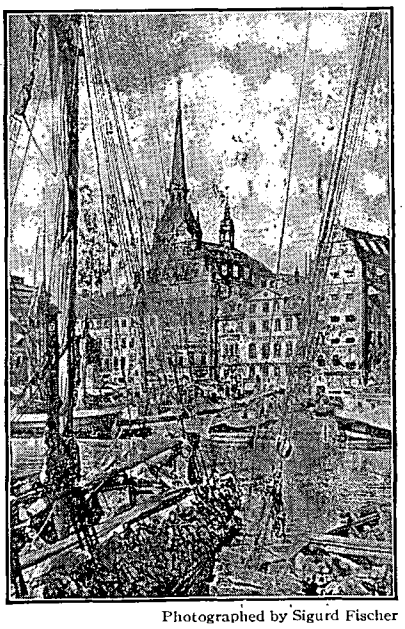
by is the monument to the great fire of London. It has three hundred and eleven steps — and the weary prowler will probably prefer to return immediately to his hotel by taxicab.

PARIS is a 'Gothic town, entire, complete, and homogeneous — of which description there are still a few remaining, as Nürnberg in Bavaria, and Vittoria in Spain — or even smaller specimens, as Vitré in Brittany, and Nordhausen in Prussia.' Thus spake Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame*. Vittoria is now lost sight of. Chemists know Nordhausen as the place in Prussia where fuming sulphuric acid was first manufactured. But Paris remains an eternal city, though Rome has preëmpted the phrase.

The very stones of Paris streets talk. *La Conciergerie* whispers of Marie Antoinette; the Louvre of its old-time inhabitants, Francis I, Catherine de Medici, Louis XIII and Louis XIV. The Arc de Triomphe murmurs of the day Napoleon erected it to glorify the victories of the Revolution and the Empire, the July day in 1919 when Allied soldiers marched triumphantly through it.

In the Palais Royal the walls speak of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Richelieu and the fire of the Commune. Stone after stone on the Pont de la Concorde, gray with age and the terrors of an unobliterate past, cries out that it once formed the old Bastille, destroyed by a raving mob on July 14th, 1789.

France's Ministry of Marine is now housed in one of those noble old piles antedating the Revolution. On the north side of the Place de la Concorde are two handsome mansions designed by Gabriel in 1763. That to the right is the Ministry of Marine, a building originally intended for the reception of ambassadors and other distinguished foreigners. Michel Slodtz and Guillaume Coustou, both of renowned families in the world of sculpture, made the pediment ornaments. Opposite flows the Seine.



Photographed by Sigurd Fischer

Stockholm

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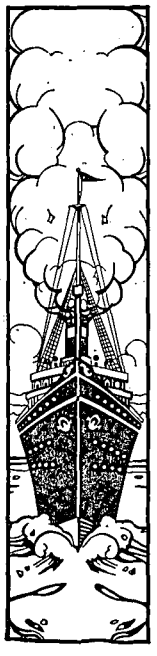

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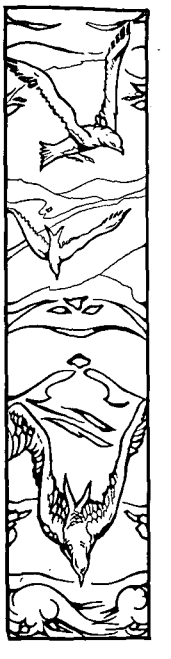

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World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 2)

PRAGUE. *March* 17th through 24th, Spring Sample Fair; *May* 15th through 21st, Agricultural Exhibition; 16th through 24th, Festival of St. John Nepomuk; 17th through 24th, International Sample Fair.

DANZIG

DANZIG. *May* 18th through 20th, Medical Congress on Ear Diseases.
ZOPPOT. *May* 12th through 26th, International Harbor and Marine Exhibition; 20th, horse races.

DENMARK

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May* 1st, Spring festival, chiefly celebrated at Marienlyst, Elsinore, Tisvilde; 11th, Children's Day.
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
COPENHAGEN. *March* 1st through 31st, General Fair; 1st through 3rd, motor car fair; 10th, Motorboat, Cycle, and Automobile Fair; *April* 2nd, international horse races, Ermitagen (Charlottenlund); *May* 1st, Tivoli Gardens open; 11th, carnival; 30th, Chicago Singing Society concert.
SORÖ. *May* 2nd, Folk Muscum opens, exhibition of Dalsgaard paintings.

ENGLAND

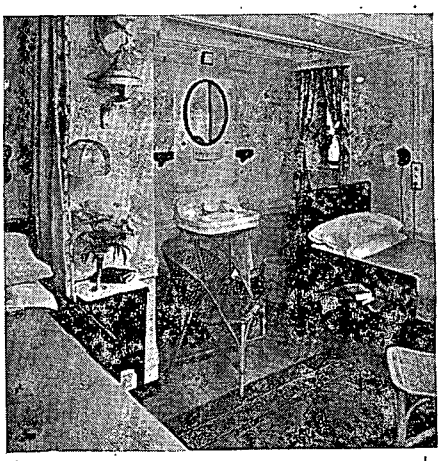
NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *May* 24th, Empire Day.
ABBOTSBURY. *May* 13th, Garland Day of Neptune.
DONCASTER. *May* 31st through *June* 1st, spring race meeting.
EASTBOURNE. *May* 11th through 15th, Convention of Master Printers of Great Britain and Ireland.
EPSOM. *April* 23rd, Grand Metropolitan Stakes Races; 24th, City and Suburban Handicap Races.
HANLEY. *May* 8th through 19th, National Trades Exhibition.
HULL. *April* 16th through 27th; Better Housing and Housekeeping Exhibition.
KEMPTON PARK. *May* 11th, horse races (Grand Jubilee Handicap).
KESWICK AND LOWESTOFT. *April* 1st through 6th, Folk Dance Society's Easter vacation school.
KNUTSFORD. *May* 1st, Maypole Dances.
LEICESTER. *March* 1st through 31st, 'All-Electric' Exhibition.
LIVERPOOL. *March* 22nd, Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree.
LONDON. *March* 1st through 31st, Ideal Homes Exhibition; 16th through 23rd, International Oil, Chemical, and Color Trade Exhibition; 18th through 22nd, Health, Nursery, and Midwifery Exhibit; 22nd, National Advertising Benevolent Society Congress; *April* 1st through 30th, International Tobacco Exhibition; 8th through 19th, Drapery, Textile, and Women's Wear Exhibition; 11th through 26th, International Printing and Allied Trades Exhibition; 22nd through *June* 28th, opera season at Covent Garden, performances every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening, selection to be made from *Rosenkavalier, Die Meistersinger, Tristan und Isolde, Lohengrin, Don Giovanni, Tosca, Madam Butterfly, Otello, Boris Goudonov, Turandot, Fanciulla del West, Manon Lescaut, Norma,* and a new production as yet unannounced. Chaliapin will sing. Bruno Walter, Robert Hager, Vincenzo Bellezza will be the principal conductors; 27th, Association Football Cup matches, Wembley; *May* 1st through 31st, Royal Horticultural Society Show.
MANCHESTER. *March* 1st through 9th, Health and Hygiene Exhibition; *April* 8th through 18th, Building Trades Exhibition.
MINEHEAD. *May* 1st, Hobbyhorse Parade.
NEWMARKET. *May* 1st, horse races (2000-guinea stakes); 3rd, horse races (1000-guinea stakes).
NORWICH. *March* 16th, Royal Norfolk Spring Horse Show.
PONTEFRACT. *April* 10th through 11th, horse races.
PRESTWICH. *May* 27th, amateur golf championship.
RIPON. *May* 10th through 11th, horse races.
SANDWICH. *May* 6th, open golf championship.
SCARBOROUGH. *April* 3rd, North-of-England dancing festival; 25th though 27th, Music Festival.
STRATFORD. *April* 15th through 18th, Shakespeare's Birthday Festival.
THE THAMES. *March* 23rd, Oxford-Cambridge boat race.
WISHFORD. *May* 29th, Oak-Apple Day (Old English Revel).
YARMOUTH. *May* 22nd through 23rd, Yarmouth races.

FINLAND

HELSINGFORS. *May* 16th, Liberty Day Parade.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *May* 15th, Jeanne d'Arc Day; 30th, 'Fête Dieu.'
NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 7th, Mid-Lent celebration ('Mi-Carême').
AMERICAN WAR CEMETERIES. *May* 30th, Decoration Day ceremonies.
ARCACHON. *March* 25th through *April* 1st, 'Fête des Marins' (seamen's celebration) and Fair.
ARLES. *May* 1st through 30th, exhibition and fair.
AUXERRE. *May* 1st through 30th, exhibition and fair.
AVIGNON. *April* 14th, Saint Benezet's Day; 26th through *May* 6th, Agricultural Machinery Exhibition.
BREST. *March* 31st, exhibition and fair.
CANNES. *March* 18th through 24th, *Côte d'Azur* Tennis Championships; 25th, tennis championships.
HAVRE, LE. *March* 30th, exhibition and fair.
ÎLE DE LA CARMAGUE. *May* 24th through 25th, Festival of the Holy Maries, benediction of the sea (gipsy religious fête).
LILLE. *April* 5th through 21st, International Commercial Fair.
LYONS. *March* 4th through 17th, International Sample Fair.
MENTON. *March* 4th, Riviera tennis championships.
NARBONNE. *May* 5th, exhibition and fair.
NICE. *March* 1st through 31st, exhibition and fair; 1st through 31st, Automobile Show; 5th, Automobile Fair; 7th, Battle of Flowers; 11th, International Dog Show; *April* 1st, Children's Battle of Flowers; 2nd, Children's fancy dress ball.
NIORT. *May* 1st through 8th, exhibition and fair.
ORLÉANS. *May* 5th through 20th, 500th Anniversary of Deliverance of the City by Jeanne d'Arc.
PARIS *March* 1st, 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, 29th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 26th through 28th, 'Foire aux jambons' (Ham Fair); *April* 1st, England vs. France wrestling matches; 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 23rd, 26th, 30th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; *May* 1st, National Society of Fine Arts Exhibition of Paintings; 1st through 30th, Horticultural Show; 3rd, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 21st, 24th, 28th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 11th through 26th, International Sample Fair.
POITIERS. *May* 1st through 31st, exhibition and fair.
PULIGNY-MONTRACHET. *May* 18th through 20th, Fair of Agriculture, Viticulture, and Burgundy Wines.
RENNES. *April* 27th through *May* 5th, exhibition and fair.



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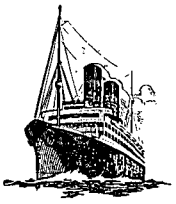

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ROCHE-SUR-FORON, LA. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural, Commercial, and Industrial Fair.
ROUEN. *March* 16th through 20th, Agricultural Show; *May* 15th, Festival of Jeanne d'Arc; 16th through 20th, Agricultural Show.
SANCERRE. *April* 1st through 20th, Wine Exhibition and fair.
SENS. *April* 30th through *May* 4th, Agricultural Machinery Exhibition.
SAINT-BRIEUC. *May* 31st, torchlight procession.
TOURS. *May* 10th through 20th, exhibition and fair.
TRÉGUIER. *May* 19th, Pardon.
VILLARD-DE-LANS. *March* 10th, Gymkhana.
VIMOUTIERS. *March* 30th through *April* 3rd, Agricultural and Machinery Exhibit.
VINCENNES. *May* 19th, National Aëronautic Meet.

GERMANY

ARNSTADT. *May* 21st through 23rd, Congress of Associations of Mathematical and Nature Societies.
BADEN-BADEN. *April* 8th, first performance of Atterburg symphony; *May* 1st through 8th, Symphonichaus Society and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra concerts; 4th, dancing tournament.
BERLIN. *April* 19th through *July* 27th, Gas and Water Exposition; *May* 3rd, 'Spring Week' opens; 18th through 25th, Templin Week; 25th, Scharmuetzel Lake Week opens.
BRAUNSCHWEIG. *April* 8th, National Congress of Association of People's Stages.
BREMEN. *May* 31st through *June* 2nd, Meeting of Reichsverband of German Press.
BRESLAU. *May* 1st through 30th, Technical and Building Trades Fair.
CUXHAVEN AND BREMERHAVEN. *May* 17th through 24th, North Sea Week.
ESSEN. *March* 1st through 20th, Exhibition of 'Technical Things in the Home.'
FRANKFURT. *April* 14th through 18th, Spring Fair.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. *May* 20th, Rugby Meet; 21st, German Rugby championship; 30th, German Esperanto Society meeting.
HAMBURG. *May* 29th, German Architects' and Engineers' Congress opens.
HANOVER. *April* 14th, 'Halexa' Textile Exhibition; *May* 25th through *June* 1st, Steinhuder Spring Week.
HEIDELBERG. *March* 10th, Summer Day folk parade; *April* 2nd, Rowing Regatta; 7th, Rugby Match, Germany vs. Italy; 21st, Music Festival, direction of Dr. Furtwaengler.
LEIPZIG. *March* 3rd through 6th, Shoe and Leather Fair; 3rd through 7th, Textile Sample Fair; 3rd through 13th, Technical and Building Trades Fair; *April* 7th, Easter Fair for Fur Goods and Leather opens; 7th through 27th, Easter Fair for Raw Hides, Furs, and Leather; 8th through 10th, Furs and Fashions Fair.
LICHTENSTEIN. *May* 20th, Peasants' Dances and Illuminations, Nebelhöhle Cavern.
MAINZ. *May* 19th, Aviation Meet.
MANNHEIM. *March* 12th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra.
MUNICH. *March* 29th, Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* sung at Jesuits' Church; *May* 1st through *June* 30th, Ambulant Exhibition of German Agricultural Society.
POTSDAM. *May* 7th, General meeting of Kaiser Wilhelm Society.
ROTHENBURG. *May* 18th through 20th, Festival Play (*Der Meistertrunk*) and Shepherds' Dances.
STUTTGART. *May* 15th, Institute of Technology Jubilee.
WIESBADEN. *March* 8th, Kurhaus Concert, soloist: Ossip Gabrilowitsch; 22nd, Durhaus Concert, soloists: Gertrud Foerstel, Lilly Haas, Eywind Laholm, J. Transky, Karl Kothar, Wilhelm Klitsch; *April* 7th through 11th, Congress of German Society of Internal Medicine.

GREECE

DELPHI. *May* 1st through 31st, Delphic Festival, ancient drama, athletic games, handicraft exhibits, popular and ecclesiastical music, folk dancing.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
AMSTERDAM. *March* 17th, Football Match, Holland vs. Switzerland; 24th, Hockey Match, Holland vs. Belgium; *May* 9th, University rowing races.
BERGEN AAN ZEE. *May* 20th, Horse Show.
BREDA. *May* 9th, Horse Show.
THE HAGUE. *March* 1st through 28th, Art Exhibit, works of Haverman and Katsjadoerian; *April* 5th through *May* 2nd, Exhibition of paintings by members of Pulchri Studio; 20th, Gala Opera Night, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde; May* 10th through *June* 3rd, Hungarian Exhibition.
ROTTERDAM. *March* 19th, Livestock Show.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 15th, Day of Hope.
BUDAPEST. *March* 10th, Football Match, Hungary vs. Italy; 13th, Pablo Casals Concert; 21st, National Agricultural Show; *April* 1st through *May* 31st, International Sample Fair; 8th, Vienna Philharmonic Concert, conducted by Furtwaengler; *May* 1st through *October* 31st, International Exhibition of Balneology and Touring; 4th through 13th, International Fair; 12th, Motorcycle *Grand Prix* and King's Trophy horse races; 19th, International Dog Show.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 17th, St. Patrick's Day; *April* 29th, 'Feis Cevil' music festival.
BALDOYLE (COUNTY DUBLIN). *March* 16th, Metropolitan Races; *April* 27th, Metropolitan Races.
BELFAST. *March* 9th, Rugby Match, Ireland vs. Wales; *April* 9th through 20th, Grocers and Allied Trades Exhibition.
CLONMEL (COUNTY TIPPERARY). *April* 4th, Powerstown Park Races; *May* 3rd, Powerstown Park Races.
COUNTY CORK. *April* 1st, Mallow Races.
COUNTY DUBLIN. *April* 19th, Leopardstown Races; *May* 4th, Leopardstown Races.
COUNTY KERRY. *May* 9th, Tralee Races.
COUNTY KILDARE. *March* 2nd, Naas Races; 30th, Naas Races; *April* 23rd through 25th, Curragh Races; *May* 18th, Naas Races.
COUNTY LIMERICK. *May* 22nd, Limerick Junction Races.
COUNTY MEATH. *April* 9th, Meath Hunt.
COUNTY WATERFORD. *April* 1st, Waterford and Tramore Races.
DUBLIN. *April* 6th, Phoenix Park Races; 20th, Phoenix Park Races; *May* 8th through 12th, Agricultural Show.
FAIRYHOUSE (COUNTY KILDARE). *April* 1st, Ward Union Hunt.
MAZE. *April* 12th, Down Royal Races.
NAVAN (COUNTY MEATH). *April* 11th, Proudstown Park Races.
PUNCHESTOWN. *April* 16th, Kildare and National Hunt.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 23rd, Youth Day.
BRESCIA. *April* 13th through 14th, 1000-Mile International Motor Car Race.
CREMONA. *April* 21st, International Motor Car Races.
FLORENCE. *March* 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st, Gallop Races; 25th, festival of the Annunciation at the Annunziata Church; 30th, Chariot Fireworks Festival; *April* 7th, Grand Gallop Race; *May* 5th, 9th, 12th, Gallop Races; 23rd, Festival of the Flowers; 25th, Grillo Festival.
FOGGIA. *April* 1st through *May* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Fair.
GUBBIO. *May* 15th, Candle Feast.
MANTUA. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural Show.
MESSINA (SICILY). *May* 12th, International auto races.
MILAN. *March* 23rd through *April* 20th, Historical Exposition of Fascism, Castello Sforzesco; 27th, 31st, Gallop Races, San Siro Hippodrome; *April* 1st through 30th, Gallop Races, San Siro Hippodrome; 12th through 27th, International Sample Fair; 14th, Grand Victory Prize Gallop Race, San Siro Hippodrome; 21st, Oaks-of-Italy Gallop Race; 28th, Grand Steeplechase; *May* 2nd through 31st, Gallop Races, San Siro Hippodrome; 3rd, Holy Cross Relics Procession; 5th, Grand Ambrosiano Race; 26th, International Horse Races for Grand Prize of Italy.
MONZA. *May* 1st through *October* 31st, International Exhibition of Decorative Arts; 19th, International Auto Races.
NAPLES. *March* 31st, Pilgrimage to Antignano; *May* 1st, Miracle Festival of St. Januarius.
ORVIETO. *May* 19th, Festival of the Palombella; 23rd, Festival of the Wood Pigeons; 30th, Corpus Domini Procession.
PALERMO (SICILY). *April* 7th, International Motorcycle Road Race for Florio Prize; 27th, International Motor Car Races; *May* 5th, International Auto Races.
PERUGIA. *May* 4th, Festival.
ROME. *March* 1st through 31st, National Mutual Exhibition; 2nd, Trotting races, *Villa Glori* Hippodrome; 3rd, exposition of Relics at Church of San Lorenzo; 3rd through 31st, Gallop Races, Parioli Hippodrome; 12th, Festival of St. Gregory, church of St. Gregorio; 12th through 14th, amateur golf championship matches (all countries); 19th, Festival of St. Joseph, church of St. Giuseppe; 23rd through 25th, International Shooting Matches; 25th, concert under direction of Bustini, Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana; 28th, opening ceremony of the Via del Mare from Rome to Ostia; *April* 1st through 30th, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome; 7th, Parioli Prize Horse Races; 8th, final concert at Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana; 14th, Pope performs feet-washing ceremony; 21st, Natali di Roma, holiday; 21st, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Agusteo; 21st, Birth-of-Rome Races; 23rd, St. George's Day, exposition of relics in church of San Giorgio in Velabro; 25th, St. Mark's Day, procession of clergy from church of San Marco to St. Peter's; 27th, Pilgrimages to Genazzano in the Sabine Hills; 30th, Festival of St. Catherine at the Minerva; *May* 2nd, Royal Derby; 2nd through 31st, Gallop Races, Capannelle Hippodrome; 3rd, Holy Cross exposed at San Croce; 6th through 8th, Rogation Days processions; 12th, Ellington Prize Races; 19th, International Motorcycle Race for Royal Prize; 26th, Albano Prize Horse Races; 26th, International Auto Races, Grand Royal Prize.
SAN REMO. *March* 10th, Motor Car Rally.
SIENA. *April* 30th, Festival of St. Catherine.
TIVOLI. *May* 8th, Festival of San Michele.
TRIESTE. *March* 4th, horsemanship contest; *May* 30th, Corpus Christi Festival.
TURIN. *May* 12th, 19th, 22nd, 26th, 30th, Gallop Races, Mirafiori Hippodrome.
VENICE. *April* 25th, Festival of St. Mark.

LATVIA

RIGA. *May* 1st, anniversary celebration of opening of Constitutional Assembly.

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 4th, St. Casimir's Day.

MONACO

MONTE CARLO. *March* 1st through 3rd, tennis championships; *April* 1st through 7th,

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Beausoleil Tennis Championships, Country Club.

MOROCCO

MARRAKESH. *April* 1st through 30th, Commercial Fair.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *May* 17th, Independence Day.
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
BRYN. *March* 17th, 20-mile ski race.
KONGSBERG. *March* 7th, National Ski Race and Jumping Competition.
NORTH CAPE. *May* 16th through *August* 1st, Midnight Sun remains above horizon.
OSLO. *March* 1st through 3rd, International Ski Competitions, Holmenkol Hill.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *May* 3rd, Constitution Day.
POZNAŃ. *May* 3rd, International Hockey Matches; 15th through *October* 1st, General International Exhibition.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. *March* 9th, Order of the Eastern Star Guild Convention; 16th Rugby Match, Scotland vs. England; *April* 1st through 30th, Scottish Home Life Exhibition.

SOUTH AFRICA

BLOEMFONTEIN. *March* 1st through *April* 30th, Agricultural and Industrial Show.
CAPE TOWN. *February* 1st through *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show.
JOHANNESBURG. *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show opens.
PORT ELIZABETH. *March* 1st through 31st, Agricultural Show.
QUEENSTOWN. *March* 1st through 31st, Agricultural Show.
ROSEBANK. *February* 1st through *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 19th, Festival of St. Joseph; 31st, Easter Sunday; *May* 2nd, *Dos de Mayo;* 15th, St. Isidore's Day; 30th, Corpus Christi Festival, solemn processions at Barcelona and Madrid.
NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
BARCELONA. *March* 31st, Easter Carnival and night serenades; *April* 1st through *June* 30th, International Publicity Congress and Exhibition; *May* 1st through 11th, International Automobile and Cycle Show; 15th, International Exposition opens.
MADRID. *May* 2nd, Independence Day.
SEVILLE. *March* 15th through *June* 30th, the Ibero-American International Exposition of Art, Commerce, and Industry; 19th through 23rd, International Congress of Cities; *April* 18th through 20th, exposition.
VALENCIA. *May* 10th through 25th, International Sample Fair.

SWEDEN

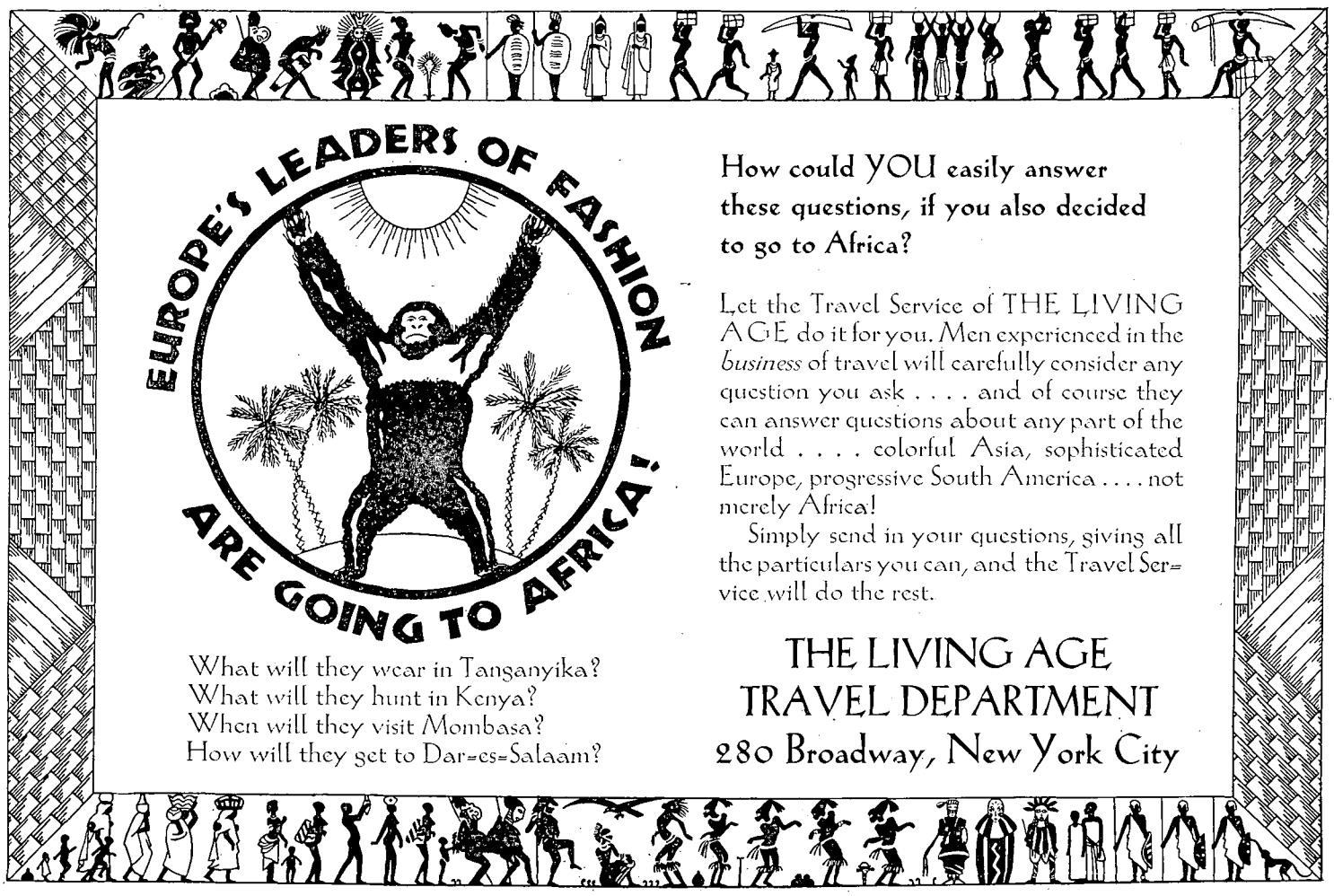
NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 12th, St. Victoria's Day; *April* 30th, Valborg's Mess Eve, bonfires, main celebration at Stockholm.
NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
GOTHENBURG. *May* 1st through 31st, Swedish Industries Fair.
MALMÖ. *May* 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, horse races at Jagersro.
STOCKHOLM. *March* 29th through *April* 15th, Building Trades and Housing Exhibition; *May* 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, horse races at Ulriksdal; 26th, relay races.

SWITZERLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
AARAU. *May* 26th, horse races.
AROSA. *March* 1st, Twenty-Third Annual Swiss Ski Races.
BASEL. *April* 13th through 22nd, Swiss Sample Fair.
CHUR. *May* 9th, popular festival.
COLOMBIER. *May* 9th, horse races.
DAVOS-PLATZ. *March* 1st, Annual Spring Ski Races open.
DISENTIS. *May* 5th, 'People's Parliament.'
GENEVA. *March* 15th, International Motor Car Salon opens; 15th, International Exhibition of Aviation opens; *May* 12th, Cavalry Society Horse Races.
LOCARNO. *April* 10th through 20th, Grand Golf Competitions.
LUCERNE. *April* 7th, Folk-Song Contest; 20th, fireworks and illuminations; *May* 11th, fireworks and illuminations; 12th, festival at William Tell's Chapel; 25th, International Tennis Tournament.
MONTREUX. *March* 29th, European Rink Hockey Championships; *April* 1st, National Exhibition of Agriculture; 15th through 28th, International Lawn Tennis Tournament; 29th through *May* 5th, International Golf Tournament.
NÄFELS. *April* 11th, Celebration of the Victory of Näfels.
ST. MORITZ. *March* 2nd, Ice Gymkhana on Kurverein Rink; 5th, ski races at Corviglia Hut; 31st, Easter ski races.
ZÜRICH. *May* 5th, 12th, horse races.

WALES

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 1st, St. David's Day.



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World Business

Will Economic Nationalism Dominate 1929?

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

IF ONE excepts the overshadowing political consequences which may follow a readjustment of the terms under which reparations are to be paid, economic nationalism stands out as the major factor in world business relations in 1929.

The effort of nations, large and small, to set themselves on the road to what their leaders called 'economic self-sufficiency' was the primary economic cause of the World War. During the decade of post-War reconstruction, nationalism has continued to lay itself athwart the currents of world commerce, industry, and finance like a dam. None will dispute the effectiveness of this economic engineering in controlling the sluice gates of business; but its fundamental soundness must be more and more closely questioned.

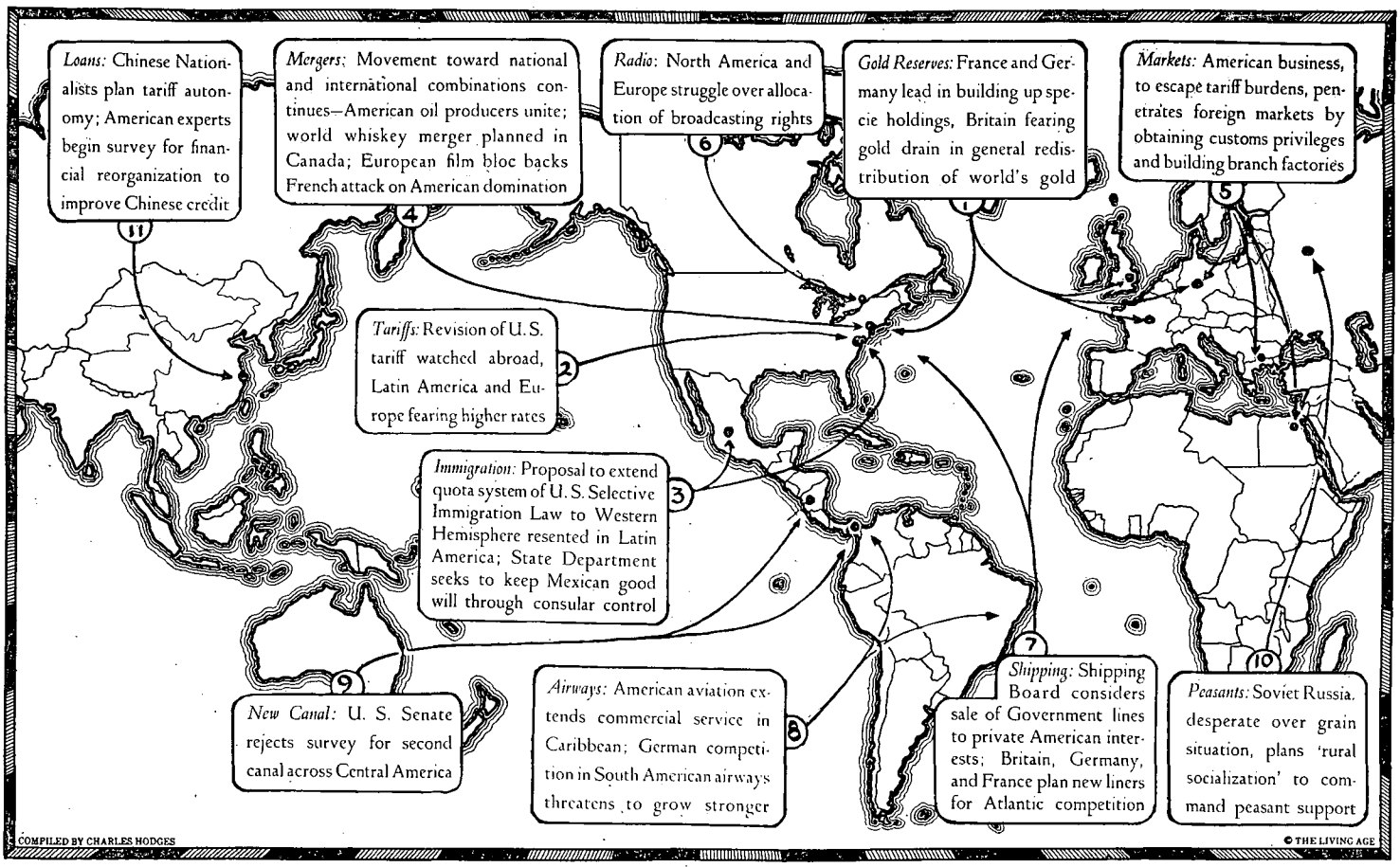
Indeed, much of the political history of the decade since the Peace Conference is merely the record of the efforts of governments to see that their peoples have their cakes and eat them, too, if this simile may be applied to economics. Europe, still the centre of the world-wide web of business activity in which this era is caught, has been wallowing in suicidal economic conflicts. Each nation has pitted itself against the world; girded on the armor of trade prohibitions, tariff walls, and complicated systems of discrimination; and secured, if lucky, some of the crumbs of existence.

No small part of the work of the League of Nations has been its effort to restore the normal channels of production and distribution upon which depend, in the last analysis, European stability and world prosperity. From the pioneering of the Communications and Transit Organization down to the World Economic Conference of 1927, in which the United States played a large part, the whole weight of opinion of farsighted business leaders has been thrown in the direction of fairer trade relations and more equal opportunities for all nations.

The alternative to economic sanity, one might say, is a mad-house of conflicting business interests. Liberty of commerce — not to be confused with 'free trade' — threatens to become a paramount issue. The business 'wars' of economic nationalism, as everyone at the International Economic Conference feared, involve increasingly bitter conflicts of interest that are 'the most serious and the most permanent of all the dangers which are likely to threaten the peace of the world.' These closing words of the Belgian, M. Theunis, who presided over the sessions, are prophetic.

1. Battling for Gold Reserves

The outstanding importance of the return of France to the gold standard last year can be seen readily enough in the present international financial situation. The battle for gold reserves, launched across the Atlantic toward the end of the year, continues to constitute the major problem of world finance — except for the unpredictable future of the Wall Street market.


Loans: Chinese Nationalists plan tariff autonomy; American experts begin survey for financial reorganization to improve Chinese credit
Mergers: Movement toward national and international combinations continues—American oil producers unite; world whiskey merger planned in Canada; European film bloc backs French attack on American domination
Radio: North America and Europe struggle over allocation of broadcasting rights
Gold Reserves: France and Germany lead in building up specie holdings, Britain fearing gold drain in general redistribution of world's gold
Markets: American business, to escape tariff burdens, penetrates foreign markets by obtaining customs privileges and building branch factories
Tariffs: Revision of U.S. tariff watched abroad, Latin America and Europe fearing higher rates
Immigration: Proposal to extend quota system of U.S. Selective Immigration Law to Western Hemisphere resented in Latin America; State Department seeks to keep Mexican good will through consular control
New Canal: U. S. Senate rejects survey for second canal across Central America
Airways: American aviation extends commercial service in Caribbean; German competition in South American airways threatens to grow stronger
Shipping: Shipping Board considers sale of Government lines to private American interests; Britain, Germany, and France plan new liners for Atlantic competition
Peasants: Soviet Russia, desperate over grain situation, plans 'rural socialization' to command peasant support
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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The Germans, who have been so sedulously accumulating specie that they are expected to have greater reserves at their command during the next twelve months than at any time in the financial history of the Reich, continue to lead in a movement whose aim is the redistribution of the world's gold on a permanent peace footing. France's even more spectacular forays into the London and New York markets, which have borne the brunt of all the attacks, have strongly buttressed French economic stability. Great Britain remains the nation most seriously affected by these world financial currents. It is from London that Germany has built up her gold supply; and French finance is being pictured as an octopus whose tentacles reach out to control the world's gold through 'ear-marked' funds in London and New York.

2. Tariff Walls of Jericho?

As the periodic frenzy of tariff revision again grips the United States, two contradictory points of view emerge from the Congressional hearings. From Washington we learn that American business, to judge from testimony which comes from sources as varied as the chemical industry and the farm belt, is unable to cope with foreign competition in any shape or form. From abroad, and from Argentina and France in particular, we hear endlessly why American protection, an economic system apparently considered unique to the United States, is wrong. Argentina is up in arms over agricultural protection. The French are dismayed at the prospects for their trade in fashionable specialties. Cuba is protesting against the attacks against sugar. And, lost in a wilderness of domestic testimony and alien propaganda, there is somewhere the still, small voice of the ultimate consumer.

3. Immigration Barriers

The American policy of restricting immigration, like that of protecting domestic manufactures, also leads to foreign complications. The threat of a Congressional ban on immigration from countries in the Western Hemisphere, heretofore avoided out of deference to the interests of Pan-Americanism, has had repercussions in Latin America that have galvanized the State Department into action. Mexico, for instance, ranks second as a source of immigrant labor, and Washington fears that drastic limitation — a bill which would cut admissions from 58,000 to about 1,500 annually is contemplated — will upset the steady improvement in the relations between the United States and her neighbor below the Rio Grande. Secretary of State Kellogg, in an effort to make such a move unnecessary, called for more rigid consular control of immigrant visés, and arranged for a conference of United States officials in Mexico City during February in order to effect a system of coöperative control.

4. Monopolistic Combinations

Combinations, which continue to be prominent in international business relations, present a somewhat different aspect. Where they are based upon national supremacy, however, they also can arouse a great deal of fear abroad. The American Copper Export Association, now functioning effectively, rests upon what amounts to American control of the sources of raw copper, but Germany, which has set up similar cartels in the chemical field, bitterly dislikes to have the shoe on the other foot in the case of copper. Americans, in their turn, are dependent for their standard morning stimulant upon the Brazilian coffee monopoly, which is backed by the Brazilian Government.

Although this general movement toward combinations has its disadvantages, it also has its benefits. The Canadian-American nickel merger has linked the interests of two continents; the British chemical combine, because of joint British and American ownership, has become a new bond of Anglo-American amity. Meanwhile, plans for a world whiskey combine, with American participation, are being developed in Canada.

Two points of possible friction deserve notice. In the United States, a powerful export combination of fifteen leading petroleum companies has been effected as a defensive move. On the other hand, an attack from the other side of the Atlantic is threatened by the European motion picture bloc. The French are the most active in this move. A French commission is coming to the United States to seek more favors for French films, under the threat of placing further obstructions in the way of Hollywood films abroad.

5. Market Penetration

Nevertheless, it is almost axiomatic in the business world that all such barriers can be surmounted, provided that they remain fairly constant. A high tariff is less troublesome than ever changing rates and administrative policies.

Possibly no American industry has suffered more from foreign tariff policies than the automotive trade, from touring cars to tractors. Europe, whose protests at the American protective tariff are so strident, has outdone itself in placing obstacles in the path of American automobile exports. About ninety per cent of the world's automobiles, nevertheless, are of American make; even highly protected markets are far from invulnerable. Ford, taking advantage of British trade diplomacy, makes England a manufacturing base for the penetration of Continental markets. In the Balkans and the Near East, the good-roads movement furnishes another means of favored entrance; the Ford interests have been developing markets by offering to build highways in return for tariff privileges. General Motors, it seems confirmed, is gaining similar advantages on the Continent through the acquisition of the great German Opel interests.

6. Nationalism on the Air

World ether rights, too, figure in the difficulties into which economic nationalism has led. The phenomenal growth of broadcasting has made the question of radio wave-lengths the object of diplomatic action. The latest international conference, which dealt with the allocation of short wave-lengths in the North American neighborhood, has just taken place in Ottawa. Across the Atlantic, where linguistic chaos adds to technical problems, Europe is now experimenting with a new international agreement designed to meet the particularly knotty problem caused by the fact that powerful stations, under separate sovereignty, are often very close to one another on the map.

7. Supremacy on the Atlantic

In addition to international competition for maritime trade in the New World, there is every indication of the opening of a fresh struggle for the mythical Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic. First, the rehabilitation of the German mercantile marine — cut down to virtually nothing when German ships were turned over to the Allies as reparations payment after the War — has been so rapid that the Reich's shipping is now thoroughly modernized and back to its pre-War rank. Second, Germany, France, and Britain are preparing new Titans for transatlantic service. The German entry will be placed in service this spring, to be followed shortly by a new British ship. Third, the United States Shipping Board is apparently soon to cease operating the principal American ships. The bids for the acquisition by private interests of the Leviathan and its fleet in most cases include plans for the construction of large liners to replace the older vessels. Fourth, American ship-

(*Continued on page 78*)

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Views & Reviews

MAKING THE FASCIST STATE. *By Herbert W. Schneider. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $5.00.*

MAKING THE FASCIST STATE is a rather academic but pleasingly written account of the evolution of the ideology of the Fascist movement. As described in the foreword, the aim of the author, Herbert W. Schneider, was to 'investigate the construction of Fascist theories in terms of the varying practical situations into which the movement was forced by dint of circumstances.' In the narrative which Mr. Schneider develops, he endeavors to keep in the foreground the Fascist mind as it has manifested itself in a successive series of public expressions, using as a background for his study a record of political events.

The author is a professor at Columbia University. As a fellow of the National Social Service Research Council, he spent 1926 and 1927 in the Italian peninsula, conducting the investigations whose results are brought together in this work.

The first half of the book is given over to a detailed story of the physical events which made up the Fascist Revolution. The author takes his readers back to the 'liberal' Italy of the days before the World War, and traces Fascism as it exists to-day to a series of local patriotic movements which sprang up more or less spontaneously as a result of prevailing political conditions. These local movements developed independently a nationalistic ideology and, after the World War, Mussolini united them in the great national Fascist revolt.

The author evidently has had access to a large number of sources and documents, and he supplements them by personal side-lights that will interest readers who have followed the situation in Italy at all closely. His research has enabled him to uncover most of the 'dirt' connected with the long series of political manœuvrings through which the Fascist movement passed on its way to power, and a record of this is faithfully put down.

The outlines of the Fascist corporate state are described and a brief analysis presented of its economic and political processes. Finally, Mr. Schneider leads his readers into the interesting field of 'Fascist culture,' citing numerous examples of the influence which prominent Fascist intellectuals have exerted and are still trying to exert on the nation's philosophic thought.

The last half of the volume is devoted to source documents, including a large number of speeches, essays, and literary efforts of all sorts which have emanated from Fascist leaders at various times and places. In this literary gallery of wax images figure Mussolini, Gentile, Banchelli, Marinetti, and others. The collection brings into relief not only the changing tide of Fascist ideology at the various stages of its evolution, but the inner workings of the minds of the men who helped make it what it is.

The chief fault of the book is that it is extensive rather than intensive in its method. An impressive mass of incidents has been brought together, incidents which are of definite interest to anyone who is already fairly well grounded in the situation in Italy. But the author has not succeeded, to my mind, in getting very far beneath the surface of the events which he chronicles. He entirely omits to mention, or passes over with merely casual reference, forces and conditions which had a vital part in fashioning, not only the present form of Fascism, but its technique and dogma. Strictly speaking, the field which he marks out might not at first glance seem to include the realm of sociology and economics. But in the Fascist movement, doctrinology is utilitarian. To be understood, it must always be taken in connection with the social and economic conditions from which it sprang.

At the beginning of the Fascist Revolution, Italy was in an extreme state of social and economic dissolution. Little as the fact seems to be appreciated in America, Italy in 1922 was still in many ways a mediæval land that was obliged by force of circumstances to contend with the powerful and much more developed nations of Western Europe and America in a commercial competition for which she was inherently not fitted. South of the Piave, figuratively speaking, Italy's millions still moved at the leisurely gait of the ancients. In large portions of the Central and Southern divisions of the peninsula, economic life still was patterned along lines which had long since been discarded by the advanced nations of the world. If Italy hoped to hold her own, she, too, must change, must alter not only her habits and technique but her temperament also, so far as this was possible. Politically, the nation was divided. Not even the crucible of the World War had been sufficient to melt together into a single national consciousness the innumerable local jealousies and rivalries which had been Italy's heritage from her mediæval past. Italy needed to be taught how to function, needed a thorough social reorganization, needed to learn the lessons of self-discipline and organized effort which America had mastered long ago.

Mussolini's value to Italy, as I saw the situation there, lay in the fact that he appeared on the scene at the precise instant when he was needed, with a programme suited to the exigencies of the moment, and with a technique adapted to the stage of development which the Italian people had reached.

Although Mr. Schneider pictures the political chaos which prevailed at the time Mussolini seized power, he does not bring out clearly the nation-wide social problem which confronted Fascism and has been the centre of so much development during the last four years. In fact, a reader could almost go through all of the first half of the volume without being aware of the problem's existence.

To paraphrase a useful old adage, it seems to me that the book loses the outlines of the forest in a prolonged examination of the trees.

EDWIN WARE HULLINGER.

RASPUTIN THE HOLY DEVIL. *By René Fülöp-Miller. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $5.00.*

BOOKS without number have appeared during the past years purporting to reveal the truth about that mysterious Russian peasant who, by the use of 'supernatural' powers, became the guiding genius of the last years of the Romanov dynasty. For the most part, these works are either memoirs by devotees, or fantastic inventions of romancers who, knowing little or nothing about the subject, merely repeat the lurid tales that surround Rasputin's rise to power.

The work of M. Fülöp-Miller differs from most of the earlier studies of Rasputin in that it attempts an evaluation of the whole man. The author is well known to students of modern Russia by his brilliant study of Russian Communism entitled *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism.* In the present volume, he demonstrates an equally extraordinary familiarity with the personalities and events of pre-revolutionary Russia, bringing to bear upon his subject not only a rounded knowledge of published material but also a certain amount of original research. But, in spite of all this, it must be admitted that the author has not been able to clear up the mystery that surrounds his hero.

Among the questions with which the biographer is faced are such riddles as these: how did this dirty, ignorant

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THE DESERT ROAD TO TURKESTAN

by OWEN LATTIMORE

I KNEW Mr. Lattimore in China and in Mongolia. He had a most amazing experience and has written of it in a splendid way. His book is a real contribution to the literature of Central Asia and gives much information not available in any other work that I have consulted. Moreover it is written in a delightful style.

Roy Chapman Andrews.

A YOUNG American, born and brought up in China, was sent in 1925 by a great exporting firm to Kuei-hua on the Mongolian frontier. In the home port of the camel caravans Mr. Lattimore became imbued with the idea of journeying over the ancient desert roads — routes as old as time. A year later he set about organizing his own small caravan but a Chinese civil war intervened and his camels were confiscated.

After being stranded several weeks at a frontier trading post, he slipped out into the hills to where fresh camels were in hiding. Then began a journey of 137 days and 1600 miles, through Mongolia, across the Gobi Desert, past the Fortress of the False Lama, and into the Middle Ages.

Mr. Lattimore, whose knowledge of the language gained him intimacy with the wanderers of the Gobi, lived "cheek by jowl" with swaggering "camel pullers," with shrewd Chinese traders, with Mongols of many tribes and, finally, fell in with a ragged Border Patrol which caused his arrest. In the great tradition of Marco Polo, of Younghusband, of Doughty, the tale of this fascinating journey is related by a man whose powers of observation are on the same high plane as his writing.

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Siberian fanatic come to hold a unique place in the councils of the Imperial family? how did he acquire his mastery over women of refinement and culture? how did he work his miraculous 'cures' of the Tsarevich's incurable hematophilia, that terrible disease in which the slightest scratch may cause a dangerous flow of blood? These questions and many others remain unanswered in this work. Instead, we have an excitingly written account of Rasputin's career from his earliest wanderings 'among the people' until his sudden death by assassination in 1916.

A good deal that goes to clear up the mystery of Rasputin's power may be gleaned indirectly from his associations and activities prior to his rise to power. In the course of his long *wanderjahre* Rasputin fell in with the *Khlysti* a Russian counterpart of the mediæval flagellants, who practised their rites in secret meeting places. He also elaborated a creed, which, boiled down, amounted simply to this: to achieve redemption one must atone for one's sins, but to atone for one's sins, it is first necessary to sin in the flesh. His preachings therefore glorified both sin and redemption through atonement. It so happened that this parody of the Christian dogma fitted in with both the mysticism and the sensuality of the Russian spirit. Perhaps it would have been impossible for Rasputin to have gone very far, even with his ingenious philosophy, had he not possessed an almost hypnotic power over both men and women.

Then, too, Rasputin's career might have been far less notorious had it not happened that a tragedy threatened the Imperial household. The Tsarevich was incurably ill. Europe was combed for learned physicians. Unfortunately they failed. Rather than give up the struggle for the heir's life, the Imperial couple sought the aid of quacks and sorcerers. Thus Rasputin made his first appearance in court, and, under his ministrations, the Tsarevich instantly recovered from his attacks of bleeding. After this, Rasputin became indispensable to the Imperial family and his influence was assured.

In his dealings with the Imperial couple, Rasputin showed unexpected cunning. His unreserved simplicity pleased the Emperor, his mysticism satisfied the Empress. There is no evidence that he introduced members of the Imperial family into any of the mysteries of his cult. He posed, rather, as the God-sent representative of the 'Holy Russian People,' whose special mission was to save the heir and preserve the throne from revolution.

Meanwhile, having solidified his position at court, he proceeded to indulge in every bestiality outside it. No news of these doings ever reached the Emperor, or, if they did, they were at once dismissed as the evil inventions of his enemies. Thus Rasputin gained a free hand, which he retained for years.

The author presents a lurid, but truthful, picture of Rasputin's 'séances,' drunken orgies, and sinister intrigues. Very soon he became the political tool of the most worthless adventurers in Russia. When the War broke out, and Rasputin, acting at the instigation of unknown forces, began meddling with the supplies of the Army and with military strategy, the situation became intolerable. The author, however, sees nothing particularly shameful nor unhealthy in this condition of affairs.

Such was the extraordinary career which was suddenly terminated by Prince Yussupov who, risking the gravest penalties for his act, assassinated Rasputin. It comes as a surprise to find M. Fülöp-Miller departing from the objective attitude he has maintained throughout his work and attacking the character of Prince Yussupov with unscholarly acrimony. He accuses Rasputin's assassin of having no public-spirited motive and of merely seeking a perverted thrill in the murder of a celebrity. M. Fülöp-Miller allows himself the following absurd remark: 'If he [Prince Yussupov] committed any petty crime, even if he killed a servant, a soldier, or a girl of the streets, he was well aware that his act would not produce any profound impression on his friends and acquaintances.' The author, it must be feared, has allowed his imagination to run wild. From the hand of a serious student of Russia, such a travesty of conditions is inexcusable.

With the exception of the chapter luridly entitled 'The Murderer with the Guitar,' which contains these observations concerning Yussupov, the work is an objective and extremely interesting account of a certain phase of Russian affairs on the eve of the Revolution. There is no excuse, however, for the errors and libels of the last pages. It is something that the author may well reconsider in a future edition.

GEORGE NEBOLSINE.

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON. *By Lord Ronaldshay. New York: Boni & Liveright. 3 vols. 1928. $15.00.*

THE life of Lord Curzon falls, for biographical purposes, into three more or less definite periods. First, childhood, education, and a brief career in the House of Commons, leading inevitably to that goal of all his Eastern studies and extensive travels — the Viceroyalty of India. Secondly, the seven years of his incumbency of this enormously important office, from 1898 to 1905 — years when the Far East, caught up in the net of European diplomacy, still exercised a vast fascination on his imagination. Thirdly, the period, from 1905 to 1925, of his active participation in home affairs, his election as Chancellor of Oxford University, his successive high offices during the War, and his appointment to the Foreign Office, which he

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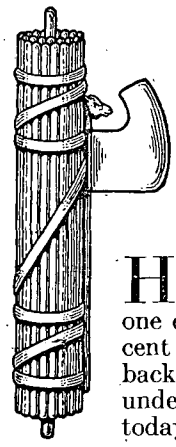

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By HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

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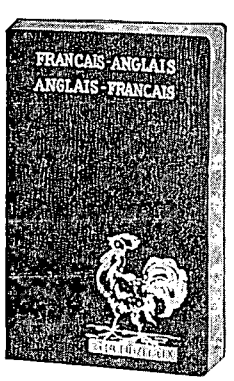

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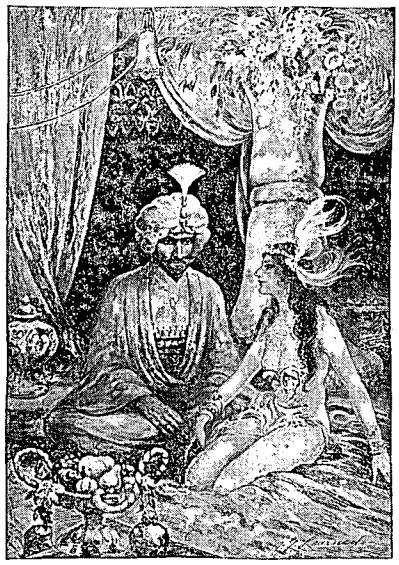

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headed during the incredibly vexatious period of the post-War readjustments.

He was a strenuous man and an exceedingly complex one. In some of his dealings he provoked anger; in others, a profound distrust which, curiously enough, arose from that central conflict in his personality which gave his character both its weakness and its strength. The entire final phase of his life and his administration of one of the most important offices under the British Crown becomes, in Lord Ronaldshay's review of it, an index to the complexities of his nature. His first contact with the reality of politics, over the Parliament Act in 1911, was typical of much that followed and brought down on his head those storms of pent-up indignation which had accumulated throughout his aloof and autocratic administration of India. In his attitude toward the creation of five hundred peers by Asquith 'to march like well drilled supers into the House of Lords in order to reduce the Chamber of which they had been members for five or ten minutes to a nullity and a sham,' he ran the whole gamut between furious opposition and weak surrender. In 1915, when the question of the evacuation of Gallipoli had risen to one of paramount importance in the British conduct of the War, he interpolated into a cabinet meeting, as a factor in his opposition to the withdrawal, an account by Thucydides of the horrors of the Sicilian expedition under Nicias.

Such actions were typical. They were as typical, in Lord Ronaldshay's friendly and sympathetic estimate of the man, as his 'relish for other people's lack of efficiency as a foil against which to parade his own!'

He lived strenuously, down to the last detail of existence, but it is at least an open question whether he did not often miss the mountain for the molehill and victimize other people by his distrust of their coöperation. But, again, this very cold caution, according to his biographer, saved Europe from the reality of a new general conflict which threatened for many years as a result of the chaotic Peace of Versailles. He served as a grave counterpoise to the reckless ebulliencies of Lloyd George. Time and time again, that temporizing timidity which was the reverse side of his cold dogmatism extinguished the sparks leaping toward the dynamite of Franco-British relations after the Ruhr and Turkish crises. Painfully, sleeplessly, and usually alone, he worked to preserve the flimsy foundations on which the house-of-cards balance of power had been erected.

He was a legislator rather than an administrator; like Woodrow Wilson, to whose character his offered many curious parallels, he was utterly lacking in those worldly humors which are the best armor and protection of the man of affairs. His mind, rooted to certain innate conventions of thought, was at home in the study and lost and ill at ease in the world of men and events.

'Those who watched closely his actual work as Foreign Minister,' Lord Ronaldshay tells us, 'were alternately amazed at his ability and industry and baffled by the comparative poverty of the results which they produced. His analysis of a situation was superb; his exposition of it unsurpassed in picturesqueness and lucidity. Yet his advice as to the action to be taken in the circumstances which he had so brilliantly expounded was strangely indecisive and disappointing. . . . The answer, I think, is that his whole interest lay in the actual work of analysis and presentation.'

Dealing with a complex character and matters which are in their essence controversial, Lord Ronaldshay in his monumental, three-volume work has managed to steer the broad middle course of dispassionate presentation. Lacking entirely in vividness, in the dangerously easy psychological penetration which has become the stock-in-trade of the modern realistic biographer, his work, from its very avoidance of striking conclusions, is the more valuable in that it allows the reader to grope for himself. What one does finally perceive in Lord Ronaldshay's work is a great panorama of events with the shadow of a personality screened against it, an admirable essay in recent history whose several parts are linked together by an altogether curious and sometimes tragic central character.

EUGENE LOHRKE

Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

AFRICAN JUNGLE LIFE. *By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $6.00.*

OLD RHODESIAN DAYS. *By Hugh Marshal Hole. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $4.15.*

If you are in sympathy with the attitude toward wild animals which considers them as sensitive beings that 'love and feel and think,' you may be entertained by Major Dugmore's earnest book on African jungle life. Those who are irritated by the foisting of human psychology on an elephant, a black-maned

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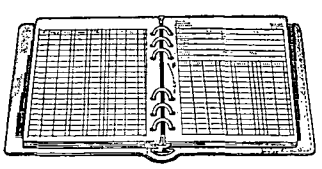

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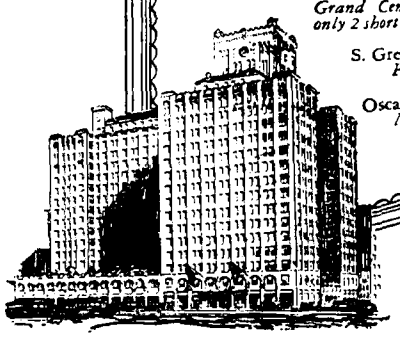

lion, a buffalo, a rhinoceros, or a giraffe will find the animal heroes of the six essays which make up the volume more than a trifle absurd in spite of the Major's trained sense of observation and keen feeling for jungle color. The author has illustrated the book with six full-page paintings, each representing a group of animals in its native habitat.

Colonel Hole, formerly Civil Commissioner of Bulawayo, has made his account of early Rhodesian days brief and readable. The pages of the book gain vitality from the vigorous personality of the author, who projects his rugged pioneering qualities into his writing: 'To the present generation . . . the more leisurely existence of the bullock-wagon days may appear dull, but it had its charm and was not without occasional excitement. It provided opportunities for the development of character — national as well as individual — and it was constantly relieved by the exhilarating sense of participation in a great adventure.'

Aside from its unpretentious merit as the personal memoir of a friend of the great Cecil Rhodes and of the fabulous Sir Leander Jameson, the book has definite value to the student of British colonization, for in it is discussed the development of Salisbury and other early Rhodesian settlements.

JOHN TROUNSTINE

ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL. *By Wallace Nutting. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. $5.00.*

The chief charm of this book is an abundance of soft-finish, brown-tone photographs of rural England at its summer loveliest. They constitute half the book, arranged in uniform groups — four pages of text, four of illustrations. If you have a heart that thrills at the sight of a thatched cottage or an ancient oak, you will have a gorgeous time with them.

To enjoy the text, one must needs agree with the author's view of what is what in foreign travel. 'England is homeland for all Americans . . . they go to England for the solid, the noble, the virile and pregnant ideas that have made and will make America great.' But if one travels with Mr. Nutting, one does not see all of England, oh no! London is out of it — 'great cities are dreary and alike.' Anything smacking of commerce is to be avoided. One is warned against a 'museum and gallery debauch.' Cathedrals, it is true, may be visited, provided one is 'on the way to other objectives!'

Having thus lightly brushed aside the machine age and the higher culture, Mr. Nutting turns with relish to English landscapes and villages. Within these circumscribed limits, he should prove a useful guide. He 'does' England thoroughly — not a single county is omitted. Platitudinous and mildly informative notes of an historical or æsthetic nature are interspersed with practical advice as to where and how to travel. Notwithstanding the latter, however, *England Beautiful* is far more appropriate for an adornment to the drawing-room table than for a guide book. It should make an excellent present for dear Aunt So-And-So.

ELIZABETH H. GARRETT

THE MAGIC ISLAND. *By W. B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.*

There is no denying that this is an important as well as a fascinating book. Mr. Seabrook is the first writer to treat at length of the primitive religious customs still prevalent among the mountain folk of Haiti. He is master of a swift, lucid style that permits him to describe the ecstasies of voodoo or the ceremonies of necromancers (users of dead bodies for religious purposes) without seeming melodramatic or sensational. He astounds and fascinates without becoming cheap; that ultimate soundness which gives him precedence over the mass of popular travel writers places him in the front rank — a sort of junior Burton. As a source book of primitive Haitian customs, as a true account of adventure, and as a commentary on the social and economic conditions of the island, his book deserves a wide reading.

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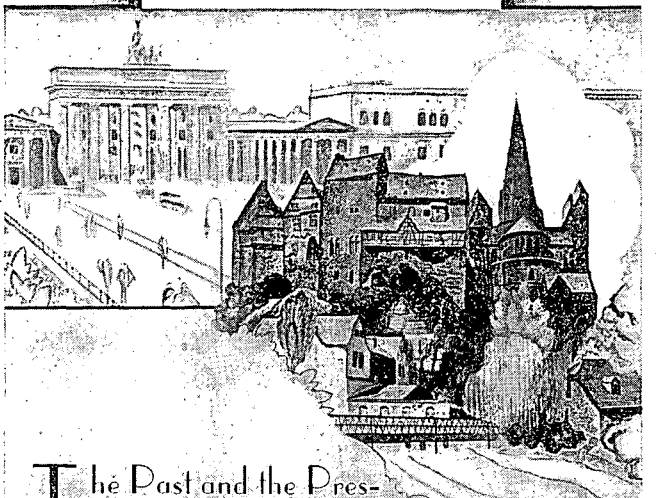

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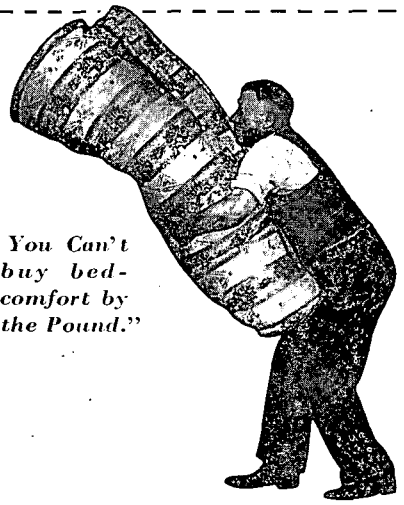

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Airways Over Latin America

(Continued from page 50)

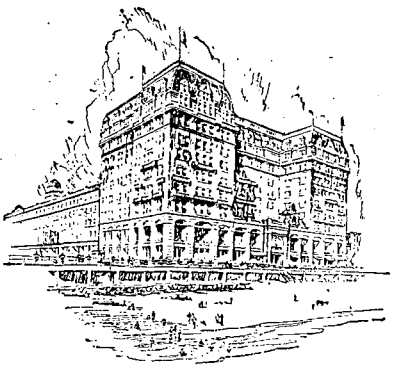
Latin American states in aviation and has prospered accordingly, as may be deduced from recent records of its foreign trade, attributable to improved and quick means of transportation. It is likely, however, that American airway companies seeking to use Colombian ports will meet with governmental opposition until the United States allows Colombian aviation companies to extend their lines to the Canal.

Lines now operating or determined upon in the region of which Panama is the centre result in the savings of time indicated in the table on page 50.

Many vexing problems are causing delays in the completion of plans for these and other proposed air lines. Since international laws and agreements such as apply to steamship traffic do not yet exist, there are no pertinent treaties except the Versailles Convention of October 13th, 1919, — which is very limited in scope, — and the Paris Convention of October 25th, 1925. The important problems involved in international operation, including customs, licensing of pilots, quarantine, and consular documents, still remain unsettled.

Since the greatest advantage of aërial travel is the saving of time, it is very essential that all delays due to official red tape should be avoided and that the dispatching of steamships should neither be accepted as a model nor followed as a precedent in formulating laws for air traffic. Rather, the regulations governing railroad traffic between the United States, Canada, and Mexico should be taken as models. Delays at these frontiers seldom consume more than half an hour, as contrasted with the several hours used by customs, immigration, public health, and police officers before the passenger traveling between the same countries by steamer is permitted to continue.

The Havana Convention of February 20th, 1928, wisely included provisions to curtail objectionable officiousness and unessential, irrelevant, and provoking systems applying to international air travel, but unfortunately this convention remains unratified by any of its signatories, chief of which is the United States. Together with the Kellogg-Alfaro Treaty, the Havana Convention still reposes in the innermost recesses of dusty governmental archives and it will probably be completely ignored by Panama, Colombia, Guatemala, Salvador, and the other Pan-American States until its ratification by the United States Senate.



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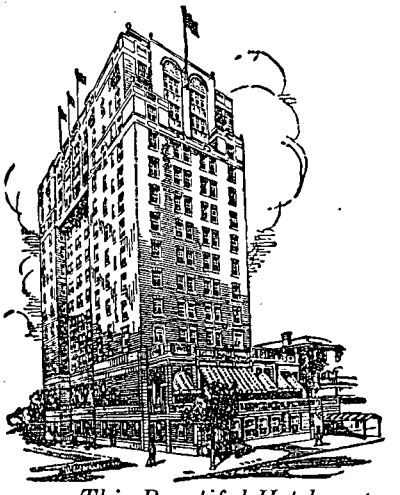

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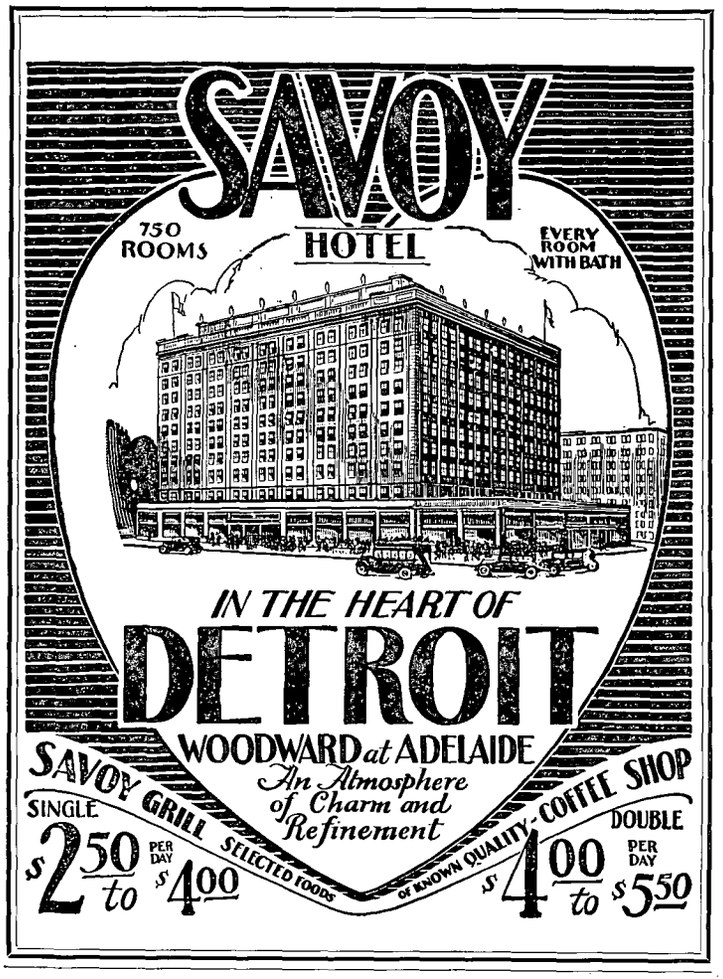

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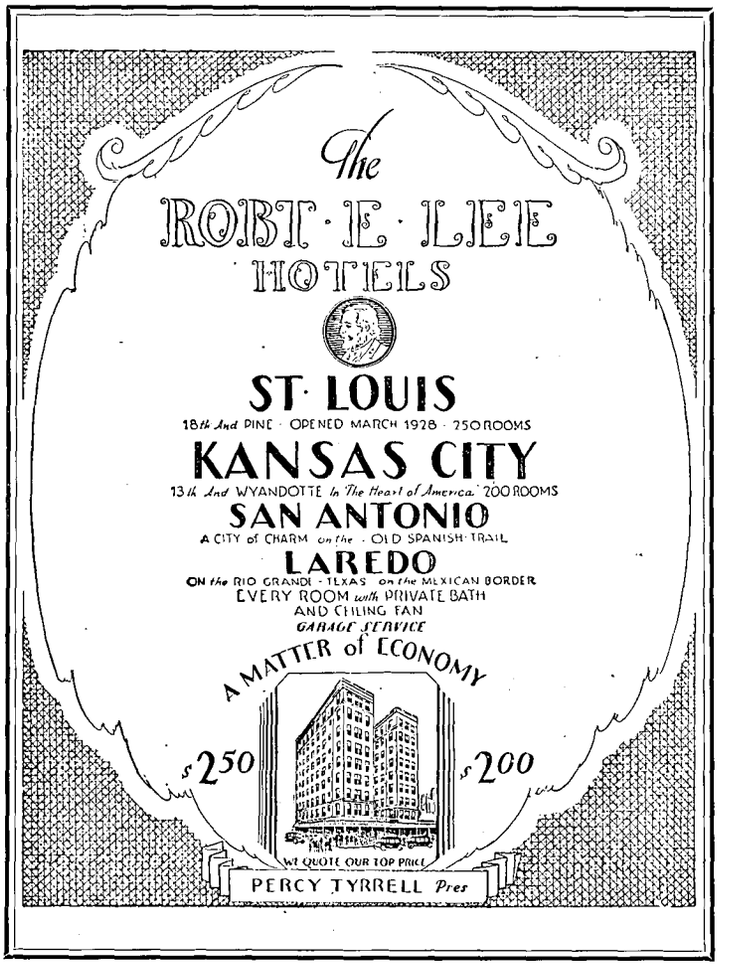
The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 2*)

own story of the Armistice appeared last month. In making accessible to American readers such important documents, we feel that we are making a distinct contribution to clear thinking on world affairs. Whatever revelations of this character the future may hold, our readers may be sure that they will find them first in THE LIVING AGE.

But though THE LIVING AGE has always been a storehouse of historical treasure trove, it is not content merely to print important revelations as they occur. Month by month it surveys the entire world for the interesting, the significant, the unusual of every sort and every kind. And month by month it brings them to its readers, either in complete translation or in concise summary and interpretation. This month William Young Boyd, a member of THE LIVING AGE's Advisory Council, former American naval officer, now on the National Aviation Commission of Panama, describes the beginning of commercial aviation in Central America. Lieutenant General Sir George MacMunn, of the British Army, explains his country's rôle in India. Henry Albert Phillips, a veteran traveler, gives a new and intimate view of the character of the German Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann. Two far-ranging travelers describe places of interest — both readily accessible to tourists although still almost unknown — on opposite sides of the globe. Mrs. M. E. Buchanan, now on a trip around the world, paused in her voyage to describe the charms of the Moroccan city of Marrakesh. Harry L. Foster visited the citadel of the negro emperor, Christophe, while traveling through the Caribbean in preparation for his new book, *Combing the Caribbees*, which is to appear in the spring list of Dodd, Mead & Company.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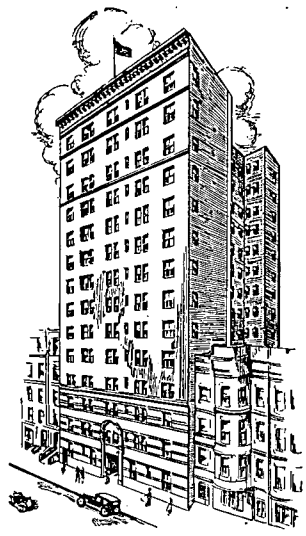

Restaurant direction
Pierre Couset

World Business

(*Continued from page 67*)

owners are entering upon an aggressive campaign for the extension of United States shipping interests; their programme includes strong governmental coöperation in dealing with foreign competition.

8. Whose Pan American Airways?

The struggle for aërial dominion in the New World continues to complicate Pan-American relations. United States interests have at last set in operation the Pan American Airways, the routes of this commercial service now extending not only from Miami to Nassau and to Cuba and Porto Rico, but also from Havana to Yucatan and across Central America to Panama, as described elsewhere in this issue. Mexico plans a line to New York, via Matamoros, scheduled for operation in February. The United States continues to dominate the vital Canal Zone area, refusing to extend to other nations the privilege of commercial flying from the Isthmus to foreign countries. Luft Hansa announces its European–South American service for May, with subsequent extension up the Continent to North America.

9. Inter-Oceanic Trade

The future of the Panama Canal engages the attention of Washington, ever mindful of United States interests in the 'American Mediterranean.' The Senate debates the wisdom of exercising the option held by the United States on the route through Nicaragua that would be used if a second canal were built between the Caribbean and the Pacific. Middle Western Senators block the survey, declaring that, having seen the Mississippi Valley suffer enough from the one inter-oceanic waterway which already exists in Panama, and which benefits both coasts, any new Atlantic–Pacific canal should wait upon the construction of the long-promised inland waterway which is to give the central United States an outlet to the sea.

10. Soviet Nationalism

Soviet Russia struggles with the bread problem. Moscow turns its attention to the ever present opposition of the peasants. With no surplus of grain, Russia's purchasing abroad has had to be curtailed. The result at home is a goods shortage; commodities cannot be bought abroad in sufficient quantity for Russia's millions nor can industrialization proceed fast enough at home to make up for the lack of imports. Though government coercion has once again won enough wheat for this year, peasant hostility must be overcome if the Communist dictatorship is to survive. Hence the battle-cry of the exiled Trotski faction, 'rural socialization,' has been taken over by Russia's present rulers.

11. Chinese Nationalists

The Chinese Nationalists, retaining their power in spite of external intrigue and internal rivalry, propose to dedicate 1929 to economic reconstruction. The Nanking régime enforced tariff autonomy in February. Japan alone has opposed the Chinese policy of moderate protection upon which the new customs schedules are based. The foreign trading community in general regards the duties as reasonable, though it is alarmed over the prospect of the continuation of *likin*, China's trouble-provoking internal transit taxes. The reëstablishment of the nation's credit is sought through the help of the Kemmerer Mission, headed by Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, who has been financial adviser to Poland and to no less than six Latin American countries. It is expected that this reorganization of China's finances will require about a year. The corps of experts will be the largest ever employed in such a task.

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World

¶ It is Uncle Sam's turn now. Airplanes, submarines, fast cruisers will answer any question from any other nation, and this country should have the answer ready. — *The 'New York American,' Hearst daily.*

¶ We have an obligation to do something toward freeing the world of war. We must interest all of the people, make them think, make them work out the solution with us. War is a senseless slaughter of youth that takes as its victims the best in the land.

We are not so much concerned with armament as with the men behind the armament. We must educate them. The limitation of armament is helpful and should be encouraged. It is human nature, however, that makes the trouble. Now that war has become a matter of industries, we are the best prepared nation in the world. This brings us a frightful responsibility to do straight thinking on the subject. If we do not, who will? — *Major General John F. O'Ryan.*

¶ While there seems to be no danger of war in the immediate future, the modern young man remains inarticulate about the ethics of warfare. But the lure of another war still remains powerfully attractive in the background. It is probable that if it came he could not resist it; his education has deprived him of the power to think rationally about warfare. — *'Nation and Athenæum,' (London).*

¶ The proposals to prohibit the use of particular weapons of war, such as gas and other chemicals, are useless, and would not be worth a snap of the fingers once hostilities had begun. . . . When a nation finds itself at war it will stop at nothing. There is tremendous humbug in suggesting that one nation can be more savage or ruthless than another. . . . If you are going to war you use every weapon in your power to attain your ends. The mass of people are not yet convinced of the necessity of disarmament. The only means of approach to the question is to bring about a change of spirit. — *Charles George Ammon, M.P.*

¶ We rejoice in the many indications that the nations of the world are thinking less about the past and more about the future and desire to find better ways of intercourse than those which have so long prevailed. — *Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany.*

¶ I solemnly protest against making our festive events and ceremonies — and especially the inauguration of our President — the occasion for glorifying war and the taking of human life. If we want the world to believe us half civilized, let the instruments of killing, of wholesale murder and slaughter, be banished forever from our public parades. — *United States Representative, O. J. Kvale, (Farmer-Labor).*

¶ France alone among the Great Powers has a naval budget inferior to her pre-War budgets. . . . It is 26% below the budget of 1914. The budget for the American Navy has increased about 165% over that of the pre-War period. The Japanese naval budget has increased 120%. The Italian naval budget shows an increase of about 15% over that of 1914. — *Georges Leygues, French Minister of Marine.*

¶ The ordinary man in the street thinks that the prevention of war is an ideal, and he is shy of ideals. — *Major-General Sir George McKenzie Franks, former President Allied Sub-Commission of Organization in Turkey.*

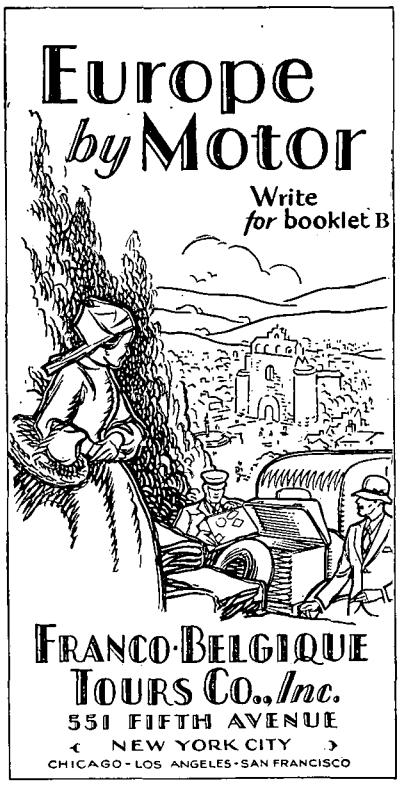
¶ So you want me to speak about the kind of war we may expect in future? My answer is brief: there shall be no future war of any kind! My programme is future peace and not future war. . . . The Minister for War, because of his official position, realizes most keenly the terrible significance of war, and it is his business to work against, not for, war. I am honestly convinced that, at least in civilized lands, there will be no more war. I do not conceal from myself the manifold difficulties which still threaten a lasting peace. — *Paul Painlevé, French Minister of War.*

¶ It is a unique paradox when each nation builds up its future potentialities solely on a foundation of peace and yet constantly allows huge sums to be swallowed up by armaments for war. I notice also that the negotiations of governments do not correspond accurately to the sentiments of the people, and that in the matter of peace the people are advanced, while the governments appear to be reactionary. — *Paul Löbe, President of the German Reichstag.*

¶ If one looks about in Europe and the world in general, one is not able to find to-day a state of mind productive of security or confidence. The peoples shroud themselves in mutual distrust. Many of them are armed to the teeth. Expenditures for defense are just as great now in Europe and America as they were before the War, when militarism had reached its highest point. Only four European states have disarmed. That cannot establish confidence. Often there is talk, in an irresponsible manner, of a 'next war,' as if it were an inevitable natural catastrophe. The danger of such a war depends entirely on the will of the people themselves. — *Fridtjof Nansen.*

¶ The answer to the question, 'Peace or war?' rests to a great extent on whether certain ideas will forge triumphantly ahead or retreat, on whether public opinion inclines decisively in the direction of peace. Without a disposition toward peace there can be no peace, or at best only a forced peace. . . . In general, the popular movement to-day is toward peace and understanding. But, although peace is unquestionably possible, it is not yet secure, and the dangers which threaten it proceed less from an actual, positive will to war (which hardly exists now in serious form) than from various misunderstandings that destroy good will. — *Norman Angell, British author, Editor of 'Foreign Affairs,' (London).*

¶ One should foster no illusions about the political situation of Europe: When the storm is approaching, everyone talks of peace as if driven by a deep-seated spiritual need. — *Mussolini, in the Italian Chamber.*



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World Records

(*Continued from page 2*)

¶ Advertising Copy. A world's record for skill in the preparation of advertising copy is believed to have been achieved by Mrs. Mae Chauncey, of Worcester, Mass., U. S. A., widowed mother of two small children. She recently placed an advertisement for a husband in a local newspaper. No photograph was used, but so alluring was the phrasing that no less than 125 applicants responded, of whom 25 appeared in person, urgently to press their suits. The name of the lucky man and the reasons for his success were not narrated, but four other women, two widows and two maidens, appealed to Mrs. Chauncey to turn over to them the applications she could not use.

¶ Suspension Railways. Visitors to the Bavarian Alps will soon have an opportunity to reach the top of the Nebelhorn by the longest suspension cable railway in the world. Cars with twenty-five seats each will carry the passengers for a distance of more than three miles to a point whence the summit of the mountain, 7,300 feet above sea level, can be easily reached.

¶ Air Mail. Thirty-two air mail planes recently left Toledo, Ohio, with the biggest shipment of mail in the history of the U. S. air service. It consisted of 700,000 advertising letters from an automobile company, which weighed 30,000 pounds and which were to be delivered to more than 6,000 towns in every state of the U. S. A.

¶ Dirigibles. The completion of the R-100, the world's largest airship, which has been under construction at Howden, Yorkshire, has just been announced by the Airship Guarantee Company, of London, England. She has been designed for passengers and cargo, and in the early summer of 1929 there will be a demonstration voyage to the United States, to show how easily confetti and cookies can be dropped upon the streets of New York City. If this demonstration is satisfactory, the Airship Guarantee Company promises immediately to build another airship twice the size of the R-100, which can carry double the cargo of cookies and confetti and twice the number of young English couples on their honeymoons.

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